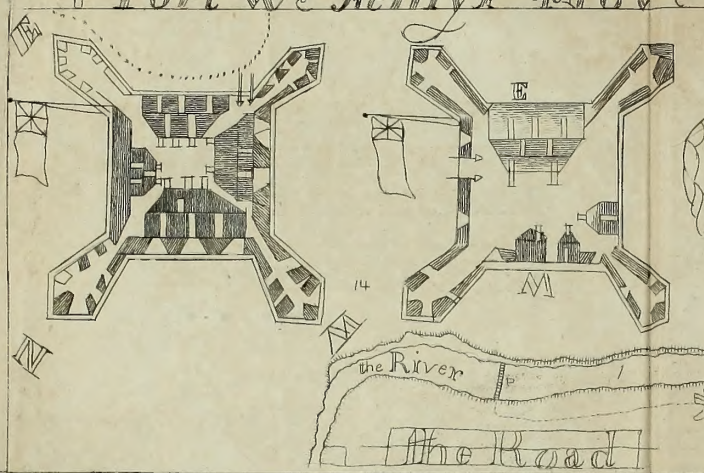
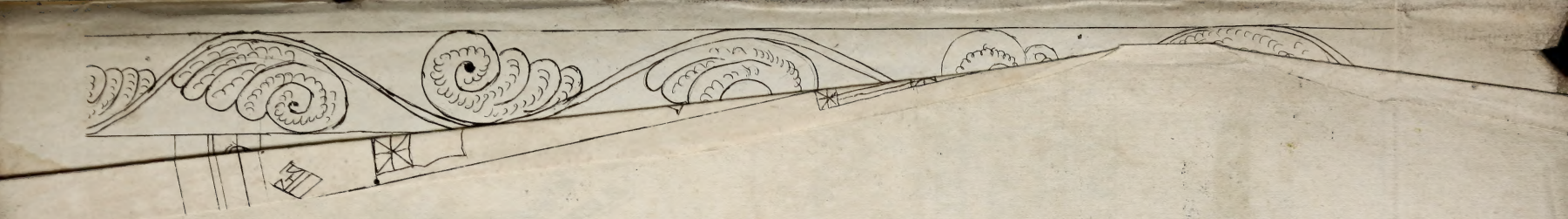
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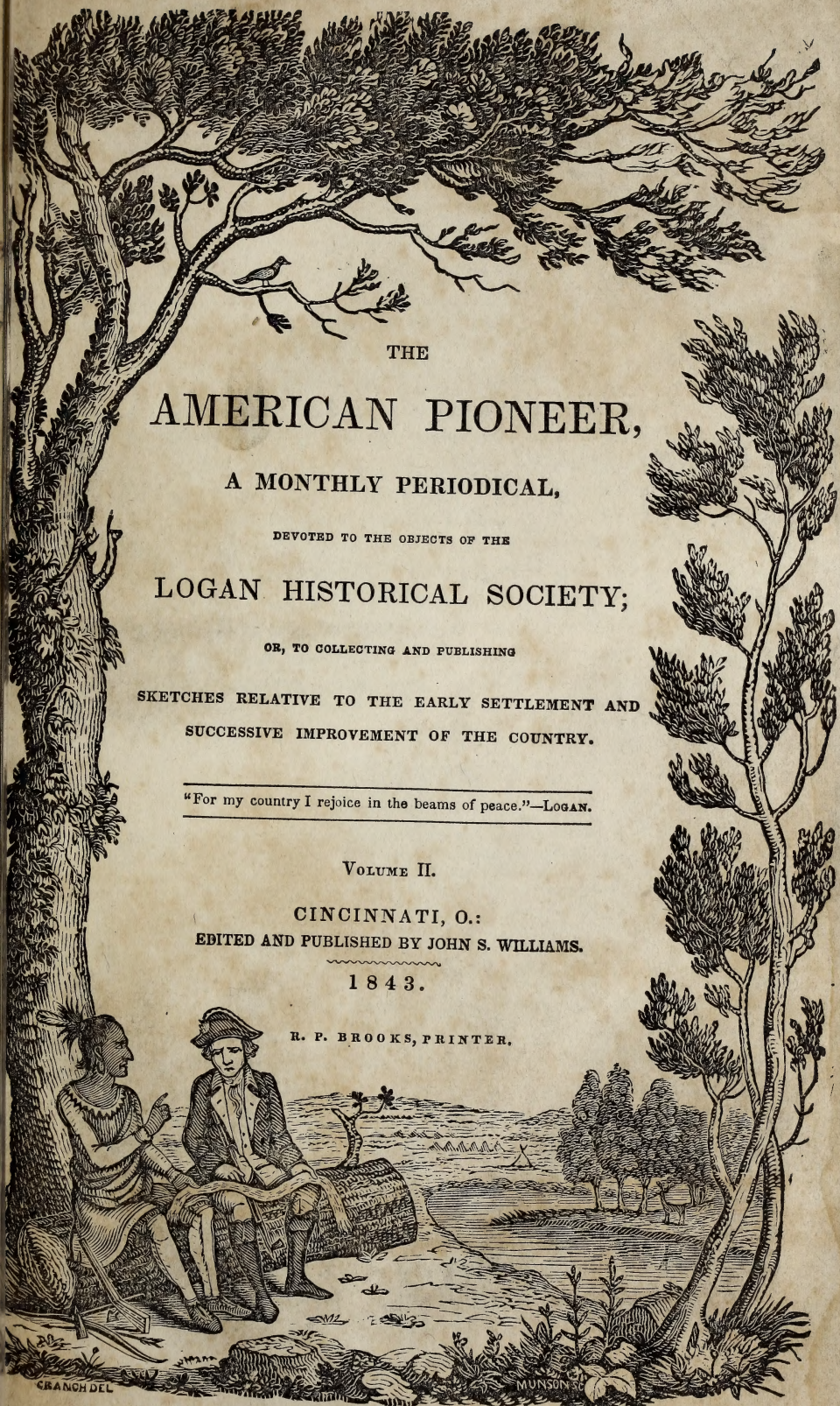
Israel Putnam's Horn made at
Fort Wm Henry Novr the 10th A: 1756



a plan of the stations
From albony to
Lake George

When bows and weighty Spears were usd in Fight
Twe re nervous Limbs Declrd a man of might
But now Gun powder scorns such Strength to own
And Heroes not by Limbs but souls are shown





THE

AMERICAN PIONEER,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO THE OBJECTS OF THE

LOGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY;

OR, TO COLLECTING AND PUBLISHING

SKETCHES RELATIVE TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND SUCCESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

"For my country I rejoice in the beams of peace."—LOGAN.

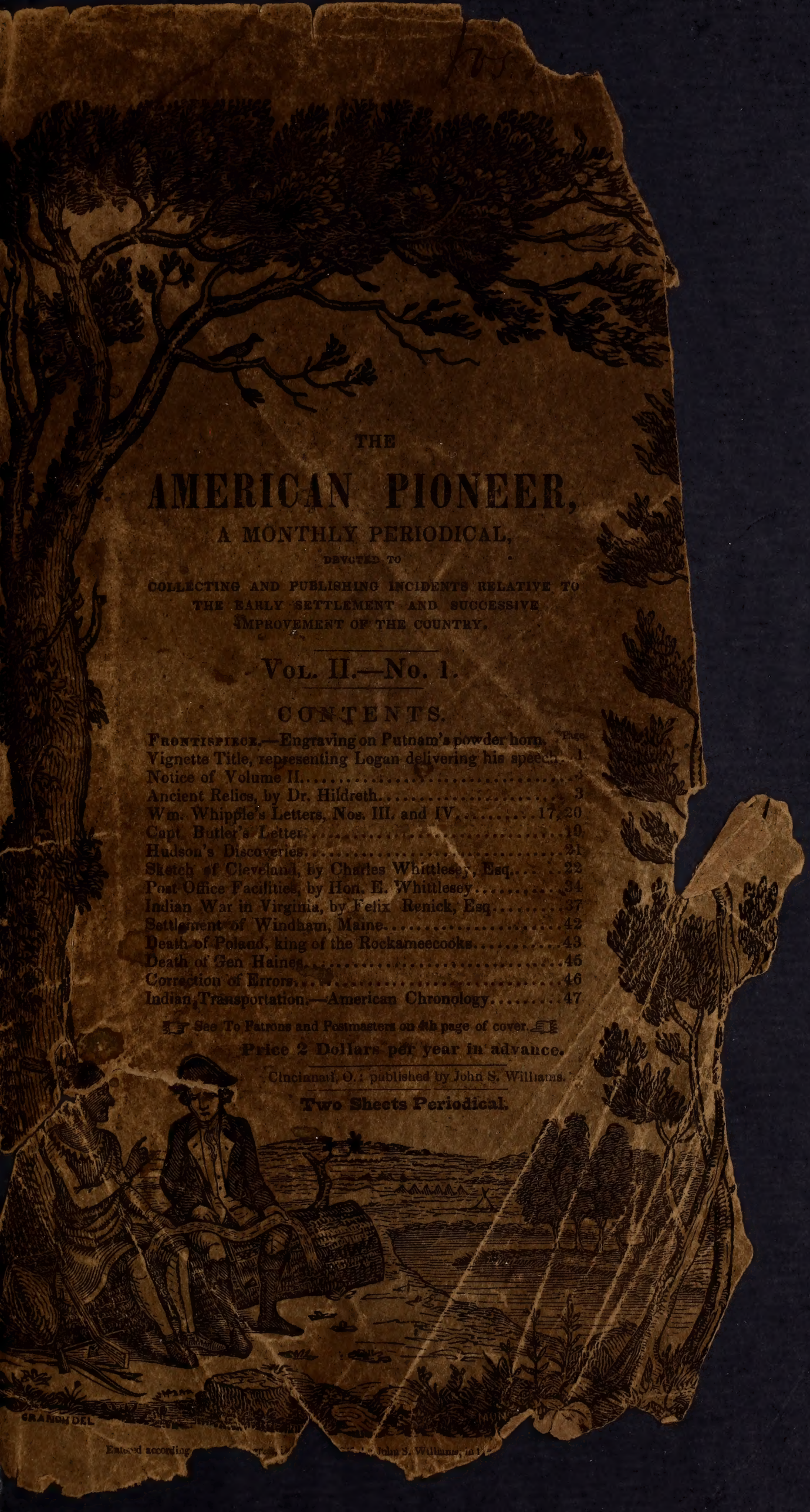
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VOL. II.—No. 1.

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☞ See To Patrons and Postmasters on 4th page of cover. ☜

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AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1843. NO. I.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

In presenting this volume to its readers, it is perhaps necessary just to say that the objects presented in the first volume will be pursued with increased ardor, and, it is to be hoped, with better effect. We have become, if possible, more thoroughly convinced of the necessity that exists for a work of this kind. It is our intention not to continue articles from one number to another where it can be avoided. In order to enable us to give long and interesting articles entire, but most especially to favor subscribers, we have arranged to increase the size of each number: for particulars, see volume I, page 440. Our American Chronology and Table of Indian Tribes must necessarily be continued; and when these reach one hundred years nearer our time, not only the tables themselves but the work also, will become more interesting.

ANCIENT RELIC.

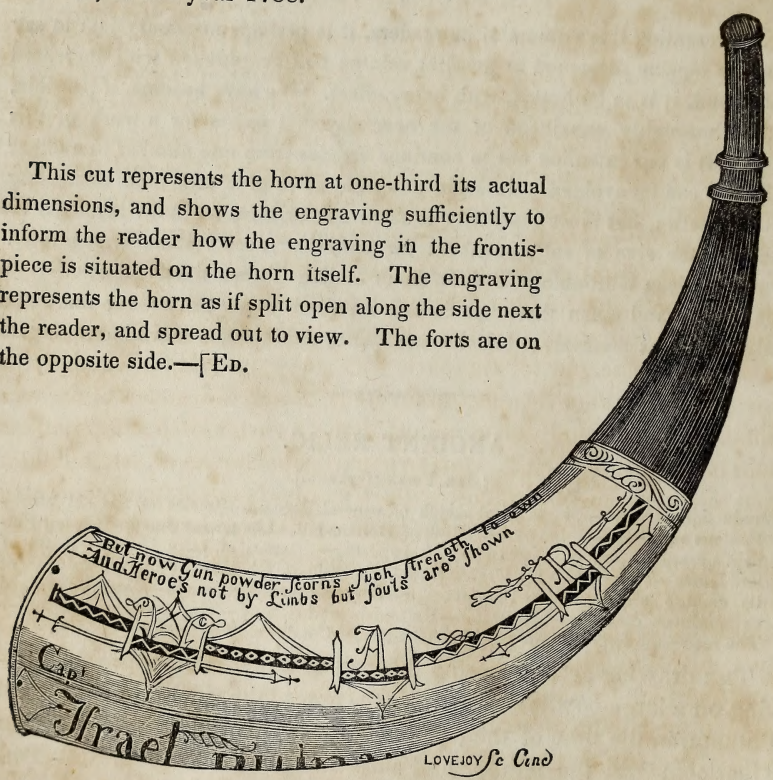
[See Frontispiece.]

Introduction—Object—Biographical sketch of general Putnam—Service of the old horn—Perilous adventure—Promotion—Battle of Bunker-hill—Lieutenant Small—General Putnam's death—Value of the drawing—Lake George—Battles of Lake George—Death of lord Howe—Ticonderoga and Crown-point—Sir William Johnston—Fort William Henry; its capture and remains—Fort George—Fort Edward—Drawings—Fort Miller, and extraordinary escape at—Stillwater—Half-moon and Albany—The drawing described—The road—the forts—Saratoga—The horn itself—Condition of the country in 1758.

The drawing accompanying this article represents a curious engraving on a large powder horn, that once graced the side of general Israel Putnam, in the time of the old French war. It has descended as an "heirloom" in the family, and now belongs to William Pitt Putnam, of Belprie, Washington county, Ohio, to whom it was given by his paternal grandfather, colonel Israel Putnam, one of the early Ohio company adventurers. The horn is still in fine preservation, and will descend to W. P. Putnam's eldest son. It is eighteen inches in length, of a proportionate thickness, and of a capacity to hold one and a half pounds of gunpowder. Were it no more than a common horn, yet its age, and the fame of the man to whom it belonged, would render it an interesting relic; but, when to this is added the curious engraving which embellishes it, the value is doubly enhanced.

It will be the object of this article to give a brief biography of the celebrated man whose name it commemorates, with a few incidents in his life, and then to explain, as far as we are able, the engravings of the forts and military stations on the Hudson river, as portrayed on the horn. The artist, whoever he was, has executed the work with great nicety; his name is lost, but probably some man attached to the company, of which general Putnam was then captain. The biographical portion is chiefly taken from the "Life of Putnam," written by colonel David Humphreys, and printed at Hartford, Connecticut, in the year 1788.

This cut represents the horn at one-third its actual dimensions, and shows the engraving sufficiently to inform the reader how the engraving in the frontispiece is situated on the horn itself. The engraving represents the horn as if split open along the side next the reader, and spread out to view. The forts are on the opposite side.—[Ed.



"Israel Putnam, who through a regular gradation of promotion became the senior major-general in the army of the United States, and next in rank to general Washington, was born at Salem, in the province, now state, of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718. His father, captain Joseph Putnam, was the son of Mr. John Putnam, who, with two brothers, came from the south of England, and were amongst the first settlers of Salem." His youth was distinguished for courage, enterprise, and activity. In the year 1739, he removed from Salem to Pomfret, in Connecticut, and applied himself

successfully to agriculture. It was here that he had the celebrated rencounter with the wolf, the reading of which story in our school books, has excited the wonder and admiration of many an American youth. Mr. Putnam was thirty-seven years old when the war broke out between England and France, well known to Americans as that of the "old French war." His reputation must have been favorably known to the government, since among the first troops that were levied in Connecticut, in 1755, he was appointed to the command of a company in Lyman's regiment of Provincials. "His popularity enabled him soon to enlist his complement of men from the most hardy and enterprising youths of his neighborhood." "The regiment joined the army not far distant from Crown-point." Here he became acquainted with the famous partizan Rogers, and was engaged with him in many hazardous enterprises, in reconnoitering the enemy's lines, taking straggling prisoners, &c. For these purposes a corps of rangers were formed from the provincial troops. "The first time that Rogers and Putnam were detached with a party of these light troops, it was the fortune of the latter to preserve with his own hand the life of the former, and to cement their friendship with the blood of one of their enemies." The object of this expedition was to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position and state of the works at Crown-point. It was impracticable to approach with their party near enough for this purpose without being discovered; alone, the undertaking was sufficiently hazardous, on account of the swarms of hostile Indians who infested the woods. Our two partizans, however, left all their men at a convenient distance, with strict orders to continue concealed until their return. Having thus cautiously taken their arrangements, they advanced with the profoundest silence in the evening, and lay during the night contiguous to the fortress; early in the morning they approached so close as to be able to give satisfactory information to the general who had sent them on the several points to which their attention had been directed. But captain Rogers, being at a little distance from captain Putnam, fortuitously met a stout Frenchman, who instantly seized his fuzee with one hand and with the other attempted to stab him, while he called to an adjacent guard for assistance. The guard answered. Putnam seeing the imminent danger of his friend, and that no time was to be lost, or further alarm given by firing, ran rapidly to them while they were yet struggling, and with the but-end of his piece, laid the Frenchman dead at his feet. The partizans, to elude pursuit, precipitated their flight, joined the party, and returned without loss to the encampment." The time for which the colonial troops had engaged to serve, terminated with the campaign. Putnam

was reappointed and took the field in 1756." It was during this year, and while stationed at Fort William Henry, that the famous old horn was made, and these curious devices traced on it by the hand of no common artist.

The writer of the present article, has taken the liberty to suppose, as more than probable, that "the horn," fresh and new from the hand of the maker, was slung at the side of captain Putnam, during the following adventure:

"Few are so ignorant of war as not to know that military adventures in the night are always extremely liable to accidents. Captain Putnam, having been commanded to reconnoitre the enemy's camp at 'the ovens,' near Ticonderoga, took the brave lieutenant Robert Darkee as his companion. In attempting to execute these orders, he narrowly missed being taken himself in the first instance, and killing his friend in the second. It was customary for the British and Provincial troops to place their fires round their camps, which frequently exposed them to the enemy's scouts and patrols—a contrary practice, then unknown in the English army, prevailed amongst the French and Indians—they kept their fires in the centre, lodged their men circularly at a distance, and posted their sentinels in the surrounding darkness. Our partizans approached the camp, and, supposing the sentries were within the circle of fires, crept upon their hands and knees with the greatest possible caution until, to their utter astonishment, they found themselves in the thickest of the enemy. The sentinels, discovering them, fired, and slightly wounded Darkee in the thigh. He and Putnam had no alternative—they fled. The latter, being foremost and scarcely able to see his hand before him, soon plunged into a clay pit; Darkee, almost at the same moment, came tumbling after. Putnam, by no means pleased at finding a companion, and believing him to be one of the enemy, lifted his tomahawk to give the deadly blow, when Darkee, who had followed so closely as to know him, spoke, and asked whether he had escaped unhurt. Captain Putnam, instantly recognizing the voice, dropped the weapon; and both springing from the pit, made good their retreat to the neighboring ledges, amidst a shower of random shot. There they betook themselves to a large log, by the side of which they lodged the remainder of the night. Before lying down, Putnam said he had a little rum in his canteen, which could never be more acceptable or necessary; but, on examining the canteen, which hung under his arm, he found that the enemy had pierced it with their balls, and that there was not a drop of liquor left. The next day he found fourteen bullet holes in his blanket."

Amidst such adventures as these, several of which were more hazardous, captain Putnam continued to serve during the continuance of the French war. At its close, Great Britain became engaged in a war with the Spaniards, in which the Provincials were also employed. He was at the siege of Havanna in 1762, and had the command of a regiment under general Lyman. The troops sent from the colonies amounted to twenty-three hundred men, few of which ever returned, having fallen victims to the fatality of the climate. Putnam, however, was amongst those who escaped disease; and after a period of ten years' military service, he laid aside his uniform and returned to the plough. Ten years after this time, or in April, 1775, as he was ploughing in his field, with two yoke of oxen, the news of the attack of the British at Lexington reached him—"he instantly left his plough in the middle of the field, unyoked his team, and without waiting to change his clothes, mounted one of his fleetest horses and set off for the theatre of action, riding one hundred miles in the course of one day. Finding the British had retreated to Boston, he came back to Connecticut, levied a regiment under authority of the legislature, and speedily returned to Cambridge. He was now promoted to a major-general of the Provincial staff, by his colony; and in a little time confirmed by congress in the same rank, on the continental establishment."

"On the 16th of June, 1775, it was determined in a council of war, at which general Putnam assisted, that a fortified post should be established at or near Bunker-hill. General Putnam marched with the first detachment, and commenced the work; he was the principal engineer who traced the lines of the redoubt on Breed's hill, and he continued most of the night with the workmen. At sunrise, on the morning of the 17th, he had taken his station; and he participated in the danger as well as the glory of that day. He was considered as having the general superintendence of the expedition. As the enemy advanced, general Putnam rode through the line of his own troops and ordered that no one should fire till they arrived within eight rods or about forty-four yards, nor any one until commanded; powder was scarce and must not be wasted; they must not fire at the enemy until they could see the white of their eyes, and then fire low and take aim at their waistbands; 'you are all marksmen,' he added, 'and can kill a squirrel at a hundred yards; reserve your fire and the enemy will be destroyed.' During the heat of the battle, Putnam was seen riding from front to rear, and from place to place, where his presence was most needed, animating both officers and men; his sword waving in the air, threatening to cut down the first who should disobey orders or act a cowardly part." "At one time the gallant major Small was

left standing alone, every one shot down about him; the never-erring muskets were levelled at him, and a soldier's fate was his inevitable destiny had not Putnam at the instant appeared. Each recognized in the other an old friend and fellow-soldier; Putnam threw up the deadly muskets with his sword, and arrested his fate—he begged his men to spare that officer, as dear to him as a brother. The general's humane and chivalrous generosity excited admiration, and his friend retired unhurt." "Both the poet and the painter have placed Putnam in the rear of the retreating troops" as they left the hill.—

"There strides bold Putnam, and from all the plains
Calls the tired hosts, the tardy rear sustains;
And 'mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,
Waves back his sword and dares the following war."
[*Barlow's Vision of Columbus, and Trumbull's Battle of Bunker-hill.*]

"In connection with this part of our subject, we cannot avoid adding the following letter from colonel John Trumbull, an officer in the revolutionary war, and now the president of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, to Daniel Putnam, esq., dated New York, March 30, 1818."

"In the summer of 1786, I became acquainted, in London, with colonel John Small, of the British army, who had served in America many years, and had known general Putnam intimately during the war of Canada, from 1756 to 1763. From him I had the following anecdote respecting the battle of Bunker-hill—I shall nearly repeat his words.—Looking at the picture, which I had then almost completed, he said, 'I don't like the situation in which you have placed my old friend Putnam; you have not done him justice; I wish you to alter that part of your picture, and introduce a circumstance which actually happened, and which I can never forget. When the British troops advanced the second time to the attack of the redoubt, I, with other officers, was in front of the line to encourage the men; we had advanced very near the works undisturbed, when an irregular fire, like a feu de joie, was poured in on us—it was cruelly fatal. The troops fell back; and when I looked to the right and left, I saw not one officer standing. I glanced my eye to the enemy, and saw several young men levelling their pieces at me; I knew their excellence as marksmen, and considered myself gone. At this moment my old friend Putnam rushed forward, and, striking up the muzzles of their pieces with his sword, cried out, 'for God's sake, my lads, don't fire at that man; I love him as I do my brother.' We were so near each other, that I heard his words distinctly. He was obeyed—I bowed, thanked him, and walked away unmolested."—[*National Portrait Gallery—Life of Putnam.*

General Putnam continued to serve in the army, filling some of the most important stations. At one period he acted as commander-in-chief, during the absence of general Washington on a visit to congress, from May 21 to June the 6th, executing the duties in a manner the most effectual and satisfactory. At the close of the year 1779, he was attacked with a paralytic affection, under which he continued to suffer till the 29th of May, 1790, when his honorable and useful life was terminated at Brooklyn, Connecticut, aged seventy-two years.

Who would not be anxious to preserve and perpetuate any memorial of so distinguished and valuable a man, especially this curious relic, so intimately connected with his first essays in the trials of a military life. It is not only *curious* but *valuable*, as depicting the only drawings of Fort William Henry and Fort Edward, now known to exist in America. There may possibly be plans of them amongst the old papers in the colonial war office of Great Britain; but this is very doubtful. From the fact of its being executed at Fort William Henry itself, there can be little doubt of its being an accurate copy of that ill-fated garrison. It was in being only two years previous to its being taken and destroyed by Montcalm, the French commander; yet in that brief space it was the scene of more blood-shed than that of many forts which have stood a hundred years. The following brief history of these two forts, and the military posts on the banks of the Hudson, between Albany and Lake George, as engraved on the old horn, will serve to recall to our memories some of the most interesting occurrences of the colonial history long since passed away, and nearly forgotten, amidst the more recent and thrilling events of our own revolutionary war.

—

Lake George.—This celebrated lake, near the southern extremity of which Fort William Henry was erected, lies partly within the limits of Warren county, and forms the boundary between this and Washington county, New York. It is bordered with hills, or mountains, of an elevation from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet, which terminate a few miles south of the lake in an elevated plain, across which was the old military road, or carrying place, between the waters of the Hudson and Lake George. The distance, according to the sketch on the old horn, was fourteen miles, ending on the river at Fort Edward, and on the lake at Fort William Henry. The whole region at that day was a perfect wilderness, having but few clearings north of Albany. It was for several years the battle ground of two of the most powerful nations of Europe, who had chosen to decide their quarrels and their prowess in the wilds of America.

Thousands of brave men here poured out their blood in the cause of royalty. This beautiful sheet of water is thirty-five miles long, and only from one to three miles in width. It is said to have as many islands as there are days in the year. When first known to the French, it was called the "lake of the Iroquois," after the Indians on its borders; the original Indian name, according to Mr. Cooper, was "Horican." At the period when monsieur Champlain was the commandant of Canada, he named it "Lac Saint Sacrament," from the purity of its waters, and from the fact of the water from this lake being used by the Catholic priests, in preference to that of any other, in their sacred founts for baptism, and sprinkling the people in the church services. It was known by this name for many years, until the time of sir William Johnson's building Fort William Henry, when he gave it the name of "Lake George," in honor of the then king of Great Britain. By this name it was known to the English annalists of the events on its borders, and by all later writers. The waters of this lake are discharged by a narrow outlet into Lake Champlain; near which, on an isthmus, was planted the noted garrison of "Ticonderoga," built by the French; and the scene of many interesting events, both in the old French and more modern revolutionary wars. It was built in 1755, and commanded the passage between the two lakes, which made it a very important post; as nearly all the invasions made, either from or into Canada, were conducted by water on these long narrow lakes, which stretched away south far into the colonial territories.

—

Battles of Lake George.—"This most beautiful and peaceful lake, environed by mountains, and seeming to claim an exemption from the troubles of an agitated world, has often bristled with the proud array of war, has wafted its most formidable preparations on its bosom, and has repeatedly witnessed both the splendor and the havoc of battle." "Large armies have been more than once embarked on Lake George, proceeding down it to attack Ticonderoga and Crown-point. This was the fact with the army of Abercrombie, consisting of nearly sixteen thousand men, including nine thousand troops from the colonies and a very formidable train of artillery, which, on the 5th of July, 1758, embarked at the south end of Lake George, on board of one hundred and twenty-five whale boats and nine hundred bateaux." What an armament for that period of this country; what a spectacle on such a narrow, quiet lake! Little did this proud army imagine that within two days they would sustain before Ticonderoga a most disastrous defeat, with the loss of nearly two thousand men,

and of lord Howe, one of their most beloved and promising leaders."—[*Silliman's Tour.*

In this attack, Putnam acted a conspicuous part, and there is little doubt that the old horn witnessed the death of lord Howe, as all the officers of the partisan corps carried fuzees as well as swords. The particulars of this event are thus given in the Life of Putnam. "The troops advanced in columns—lord Howe, having major Putnam with him, was in front of the centre. A body of about five hundred men, the advance or pickets of the French army, which had fled at first, began to skirmish with our left. 'Putnam,' said lord Howe, 'what means that firing?' 'I know not, but with your lordship's leave will see,' replied the former. 'I will accompany you,' rejoined the gallant young nobleman. In vain did major Putnam attempt to dissuade him by saying, 'My lord, if I am killed the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but the preservation of yours is of infinite importance to this army.' The only answer was, 'Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am determined to go.' One hundred of the van under major Putnam, filed off with lord Howe. They soon met the left flank of the enemy's advance, by whose first fire his lordship fell."

"In July of the next summer, 1759, Lake George was again covered with an armament little inferior in numbers to that of general Abercrombie, but vastly superior in success; for Ticonderoga and Crown-point were abandoned at its approach, and general Amherst obtained an almost bloodless victory."—[*Silliman's Tour.*

"In August, 1755, general, afterwards sir William, Johnson, lay at the head of Lake George with an army about to proceed to the attack of Crown-point; they were raised by the northern colonies. Baron Dieskau, who commanded the French forces in Canada, leaving Crown-point, came down Lake Champlain, through South Bay, and was proceeding to the attack of Fort Edward, which contained not five hundred men, and had been reported to Dieskau to be without cannon. To the succor of this fort, general Johnson detached one thousand men and two hundred Indians, under colonel Williams. Dieskau's army having, in the mean time, learned that there were cannon at Fort Edward, and being assured that Johnson's camp was without artillery or entrenchments, importuned their general to change his purpose and attack Johnson's camp. Dieskau yielded to their wishes and turned his course accordingly. The mountains which form the barriers of the lake, continue to the south after they leave the lake, forming a rugged, narrow defile of several miles in length, most of which was then and still is (1819) filled with forest trees."

"In this defile, about four miles from Johnson's camp, colonel Wil-

liams' party, very unexpectedly, fell in with the army of Dieskau, the 6th of September, 1755. The two armies met in the road, front to front—the Indians of the French army lay in ambuscade upon both declivities of the mountains; thus it was a complete surprise. A bloody battle ensued—colonel Williams was killed and several hundred of his men." The remainder retreated into camp, closely pursued by Dieskau, and were saved from greater loss by a party of two hundred men sent out by general Johnson to cover their retreat. Dieskau pursued the retreating foe, and made a spirited attack on the entrenched camp of Johnson, which was defended by nearly three thousand men. He was defeated with great slaughter, and himself wounded and taken prisoner. The remainder of his army retreated on to the ground where they defeated colonel Williams in the morning; and while taking some refreshment after a day of hard fighting, were themselves attacked by a party of two hundred men, who were on their way from Fort Edward to reinforce general Johnson; and, after a stout resistance, were entirely dispersed. Thus were three battles fought in one day by the spirited Frenchmen and Indians of Dieskau's army, which, when it left Crown-point, consisted of two hundred regulars, eight hundred militia, and eight hundred Indians, in all eighteen hundred men.

—

Fort William Henry.—In the autumn of 1755, after the foregoing events had transpired, general Johnson turned his attention to the erection of a regular fort near the head of the lake, and named it after one of the princes of the reigning family, "William Henry." It was distant fourteen miles from Fort Edward, as noted on "the horn," and about sixty-six miles from Albany. "It was a square, with four bastions. The walls were made of timber, filled in with earth, with a ditch outside, and was capable for a time of resisting a cannonade and bombardment."—[*Manuscript Memoirs of general Rufus Putnam.*

—

Capture of Fort William Henry.—The marquis de Montcalm, who now commanded the French forces in Canada, was a man of intelligence and vast enterprise. After one or two ineffectual attempts to surprise the fort without the trouble of a regular siege, he finally mustered all the troops in his power and set about the work in a determined manner. He came up the lake with a formidable array of boats, and on the 3rd of August landed an army of ten thousand men, with a heavy train of artillery, and invested the fort in regular form. Colonel Monroe, who commanded the fort, had arrived only the day before with his regiment from Fort Edward to reinforce the

garrison. He was a brave man, and made the best defence in his power; but the troops under his command were too few in number to hold out long against so powerful an array; many of his cannon burst, and the ammunition failed. A capitulation was entered into with Montcalm for the surrender of the fort on the 9th of August. "About half a mile east of the fort, separated from it by a swamp and creek, lay a body of fifteen hundred Provincials, encamped within a low breast-work of logs. On these Montcalm made no serious attack, and they might at any time have made their escape by forcing their way through the enemy posted in that quarter; but the next morning after the surrender, viz. on the 10th of August, as the Provincials were paraded to march to Fort Edward, agreeably to capitulation, the Indians fell on them, and a horrid butchery ensued. Those who escaped with their lives, were stripped almost naked; many were lost in the woods, where they wandered several days without food. One man in particular was out ten days, and there is reason to believe that some perished, especially the wounded. The number murdered and missing was some hundreds. General Webb lay all the time of the siege at Fort Edward with not less than four thousand men, and for a considerable part of the time with a larger number, by the coming up of the militia of New York. General Webb was informed every day of the siege, by an express from colonel Munroe, of the affairs at the lake; and he knew that the French had made no attempt on the Provincial camp. It was the opinion of many officers that he might have relieved the fort, and that he was much to blame for not attempting it. The general opinion amongst the soldiers was, that he was a coward; for he took no care to bury the men butchered in the manner above mentioned, or to seek after the wounded, should there be any yet living among the dead. I was on the ground a short time after, and saw the dead bodies as much neglected as if they had been wild beasts."—[*Manuscript Memoir of general Rufus Putnam.*] Thus perished "Fort William Henry," whose form stands figured on the left hand corner of the map.

In the year 1819, professor Silliman, in his tour through this region, thus speaks of the old fort:—"The remains of this old fort are still visible; they are on the verge of the lake, at its head; the walls, the gate, and the outworks, can still be traced; the ditches have, even now, considerable depth, and the well that supplied the garrison is there, and affords water to this day."

Fort George was built in July, 1758, by the troops under general Abercrombie, after their return from the defeat before Ticonderoga. It stood half a mile east of the site of William Henry, on the ground

occupied by the Provincial troops during the siege of that fort in the year 1757.

—

Fort Edward.—This celebrated old fort stood on the east or left bank of the Hudson river, about fifty-two miles above Albany. It was built in the year 1755, by the colonial troops under general Lyman; and named after Edward, duke of York, the eldest son of king George II. of England. The main body of the fort is thus figured on "the horn," as facing the cardinal points of the compass; while the bastions of William Henry are directed to these points. "The river washed one side of its walls; the form was somewhat irregular, having two bastions and two half bastions. The walls were high and thick, composed of hewed timber and earth; a broad rampart, with casements or bomb-proofs; a deep ditch, with a draw-bridge, a covered way, glacis, &c. I have been particular in this description, because, in 1777, there was by no means so great an appearance of there having been a fortification there, as we find in the ancient works at Marietta and other parts of the Ohio country."—[*General Rufus Putnam's Manuscript.*] In the year 1819, Mr. Silliman says:—"Its walls, built of earth, were raised thirty feet high, with ditches of corresponding depth;" "the walls appear to be, in some places, still twenty feet high, notwithstanding what time and the plough have done to reduce them; for the interior of the fort, and in some places the parapet, are now planted with potatoes." "It formed the medium of communication with Lake George, whence provisions were brought forward in general Burgoyne's campaign for the use of the British army, at and near which he was detained on this account nearly six weeks, and lost the best part of the season for military operations."

The next point to be noticed on the old plan is the crossing place over the Hudson; the road to Albany passing down on the west side of the river. It is indicated by something, which looks a little like a bridge, but is probably only intended to represent the ford. Fourteen miles below, indicated by the figures on the course of the river, stood old Fort Miller. At this post an interesting adventure occurred, which is thus related by Mr. Humphreys.

"As, one day, major Putnam chanced to lie, with a bateau and five men, on the eastern shore of the Hudson near the rapids by Fort Miller, his men on the opposite bank gave him to understand that a large body of savages were in his rear, and would be upon him in a moment. To stay and be sacrificed, to attempt crossing the river and be shot, or to go down the falls with the almost absolute certainty of

being drowned, were the alternatives presented to his choice. So suddenly was the latter adopted, that one man was left who had rambled a little from the party and fell a victim to savage barbarity. The Indians arrived on the shore soon enough to fire many balls on the bateau before it could be got under-way. No sooner had they escaped, by favor of the rapidity of the current, beyond the reach of musket shot, than death seemed only to have been avoided in one form to be encountered in another, not less terrible. Prominent rocks, latent shelves, eddies, and abrupt descents, for a quarter of a mile, afforded scarcely the smallest chance of escaping without a miracle. Putnam, trusting himself to a good providence whose kindness he had often experienced, was now seen to place himself sedately at the helm, and afford an astonishing spectacle of serenity. His companions, with a mixture of terror, admiration, and wonder, saw him incessantly changing the course to avoid the jaws of ruin that seemed expanded to swallow the whirling boat. Twice he turned it fairly round to shun the rifts of rocks. Amidst these eddies, in which there was the greatest danger of its foundering, at one moment the sides were exposed to the fury of the waves, then the stern and next the bow glanced obliquely onward with great velocity. The savages beheld him with amazement, until at length they saw the boat gliding on the smooth surface of the stream below; at this sight they were struck with a superstitious awe, and deemed the man invulnerable whom their balls would not touch, and who was seen steering in safety down the rapids that had never before been passed."

The next station, as indicated on the plan by the figures 10 and by a fort on the margin of the river, is "Stillwater." This was a military station in the old French war, and the site of one of the severest battles with Burgoyne in the war of the revolution. It is twenty-five miles above Albany.

Fourteen miles below "Stillwater" is the mouth of Mohawk river. At the junction of this stream with the Hudson, was a place called the "Half-moon," and was a post often mentioned in the old French war as a station for troops in their passage up and down from Albany to Fort Edward. In the war of the Revolution, it was the most southerly point to which the American troops retreated, under general Schuyler, before the victorious invading army of Burgoyne. Here they took post and began a fortified camp, in August, 1777. On the 19th of that month, general Gates superceded him in the command of the northern army, colonel Morgan's rifle regiment arrived on the 23d, and on the 8th of September the American troops marched northward to Stillwater to oppose general Burgoyne.

Twelve miles below the "Half-moon," as indicated on the plan, lies the town of Albany, which terminates the sketch along the Hudson.

The ornamental engraving around the margin of the map is neat and fanciful, and every part is finished in a masterly manner. Above the inverted tents and marques, appears the word *war*, written in large capital letters. The poetry is harmonious and appropriate, if not very elegant, and well suited to the place it occupies.

The dotted line along the margin of the right bank of the river, indicates the military road from the crossing place near Fort Edward to the town of Albany. The straight line, upon which "the road" appears to be written, is doubtless intended for the meridian of Albany.

The drawbridge and main gate-way of Fort Edward were in the north curtain of the fort, and are indicated by two parallel lines terminating in arrow-heads, representing two demi-bastions that defended the gate-way on the inside of the fort. The officers' houses, storehouses, &c., are represented no doubt with fidelity, and on each fort is displayed the flag and fiery cross of St. George, as at this day. The drawbridge and gate-way of Fort William Henry, are figured as in the angle of the south bastion at the point where it joins the southerly curtain, or main wall of the fort, opening on to the lake, the shore of which is represented by the dotted line.

"Saratoga," so celebrated in after years as the place where Burgoyne surrendered his army, is two miles below old Fort Miller.

"The horn" itself measures, on the outer curvature, eighteen inches, and the space occupied by the engraving is twelve inches in length by nine inches in circumference, while the drawing is only ten inches by seven in size. The capacity of the horn is sufficient to hold more than one pound and a half of powder.

In proof of the wild uncultivated condition of the country in the year 1758, or eighty-four years ago, even in the region between Albany and Massachusetts, it is stated by general Rufus Putnam, who had just marched through there and was personally engaged in the old French war, "that there was but one house in the whole distance between Northampton street, in Massachusetts, to Greenbush, opposite to Albany, with the exception of Pontoosock fort, a small stockade with a few Provincial soldiers on Housatonic river. The whole route was through a wilderness." And this region, it must be recollected, was that along which now passes the railroad from Boston to Albany.

Yours, &c.

S. P. Hildreth

Marietta, Ohio, September 3d, 1842.

WILLIAM WHIPPLE'S LETTER.

No. III.

Baltimore, 7th February, 1777.

My Dear Sir,—I have received your favor of 2d December, but not till the 26th January; what occasioned this delay in the post I know not, but suppose the fault must lay with the post master general; he has lately had a rap, which I hope will have a good effect. I am sorry there is such backwardness in colonel Long's regiment to march, but it's what I always feared. I hope the new army will soon be raised, for this method of calling out the militia to march such a distance, is the most ruinous plan that ever was invented. I am sorry you want any thing to keep up your spirits, I should think the glorious cause in which we are engaged is sufficient for that purpose. The prospect of laying a foundation of liberty and happiness for posterity, and securing an asylum for *all* who wish to enjoy those blessings, is an object, in my opinion, sufficient to raise the mind above every misfortune. The loss of forts Washington and Lee, is not I hope to be imputed to treachery or cowardice, but rather to a want of experience—this defect time will supply, and the enormous ravages committed by the enemy wherever they have passed will teach the people wisdom and inspire them to noble deeds. The principal object of attention is, to raise and supply the army, and prevent the depreciation of the currency; the last is the most difficult, but I hope not impracticable. The proceedings of your convention at Providence, has been transmitted to congress by governor Trumbull, and in general highly approved of; but the recommendation to issue money on interest universally condemned. I hope there will be no necessity for issuing any; but if that cannot be avoided, I sincerely wish the evil may not be accumulated by adding interest. I could wish New Hampshire had followed the example of her neighboring sister states in laying a large tax: that is certainly one of the wisest steps that can be taken—nothing, in my opinion, can tend more to establish the currency, and the people never can be better able to pay a tax than at present. I hope a recommendation will soon go to the several states to sink the money emitted by them as soon as possible. There is more unanimity in congress than ever, the *little* southern jealousies have almost subsided, and the Dickasonian politics are banished. Rev. *J. Adams* and *Lovell* are arrived from Massachusetts, an exceeding good representation from Virginia, a new member from North Carolina, (one Mr. Burk,) who I think is the best man I have

seen from that country. Business goes on smoothly within doors, and I am told the recruiting service goes on briskly without. By private letters from *Spain* of the 17th November, there seems to be no doubt of a *general war* in Europe, and on the whole I think affairs wear a *favorable* aspect, though we have heard nothing from our commissioners, but are in daily expectation of very pleasing intelligence from them. France, Spain, and Prussia, it is probable are meditating some grand scheme—*I believe we may as well cede Hanover to Prussia, and give Great Britain to France.* What think you of their scheme? I suppose you have seen the British tyrant's speech; but lest it may have escaped you I inclose it. I don't know how it may strike your fancy, but it pleases me much. He now thinks the contest arduous, and notwithstanding the assurances of amity from the several courts of Europe, he thinks it necessary to take care of himself. I fancy the wretch begins to see his danger. Some authentic accounts of the cruelties exercised by the enemy in New Jersey are being collected, and will soon be published. We are now sending off about six hundred men to suppress a tory faction in two of the counties of this state on the eastern shore. This business I expect will soon be effected, when the troops are to march on to join general Washington. The men-of-war now lying in Chesapeake Bay have taken several vessels, one in particular, outward bound, with a cargo of tobacco for the public account.

It's a long time since I received a line from New Hampshire—the latest was by Mr. Betton, which was dated in December. It gives me great pain that Mr. Betton should be so long detained, but there was no possibility of avoiding it, the treasury being almost empty, and the most pressing demands from all quarters, so that we have been in a perplexed situation, but have now got pretty well over the difficulties, there being only one demand of consequence now on the treasury. I wish the accounts may be sent forward and a requisition for more money as soon as possible, so that the money may be forwarded when an opportunity offers. I have given it as my opinion to the president that he advance four hundred dollars to Mr. Betton, and charge it to the state of New Hampshire; and he (Mr. Betton) be accountable to the state for that sum; the whole of his expenses will then be a fair charge against the continent. When do you think of coming this way again? I shall not be able to stand it above three months longer, and *colonel Thornton* seems determined to return home in May; so I hope you'll get a good colleague to relieve us the beginning of May at the farthest—if you'll give me timely notice of your coming I'll meet you half way. I already find the

want of exercise, notwithstanding I have had a ride of one hundred miles within two months. This place (Baltimore) in so intolerable muddy there is no such thing as walking, and I have really no time to ride. Your sincere friend and very humble ser'vt.



HON. JOSIAH BARTLETT,
In Congress.

From the Zodiac.

THE following letter from the celebrated WALTER BUTLER to general SCHUYLER, may throw some light on certain points of history.

Cherry-Valley, Nov. 12, 1778.

SIR,—I am induced by humanity to permit the persons whose names I send herewith, to return, lest the inclemency of the season, and their naked and helpless situation, might prove fatal to them; and expect that you will release an equal number of our people in your hands, amongst whom I expect you will permit Mrs. Butler and family to come to Canada: but if you insist upon it, I do engage to send you moreover an equal number of prisoners of yours, taken either by the Rangers or Indians, and will leave it to you to name the persons. I have done every thing in my power to restrain the fury of the Indians from hurting women and children, or killing the prisoners who fell into our hands, and would have more effectually prevented them, but that they were incensed by the late destruction of their village of Anguaga, by your people. I shall always continue to act in that manner. I look upon it beneath the character of a soldier to wage war with women and children. I am sure you are conscious that colonel Butler or myself have no desire that your women or children should be hurt. But be assured, that if you persevere in detaining my father's family with you, that we shall no longer take the same pains to restrain the Indians from prisoners, women and children, that we have heretofore done. I am, your humble servant,

WALTER N. BUTLER, *Capt. Com. Rangers.*

Extract of a letter from an officer at Charleston, S. C., to his friend in the army under his excellency General Washington, dated 6th June, 1779.

"THIS state deserves great credit for its exertions. Gentlemen of the first property act as private sentinels, not for a day but for months; delinquents are esteemed dastardly and infamous. The same spirit reigns here that prevailed among us at the beginning of the war. The enemy have twice been foiled in their endeavors to reduce it, and we hope a third trial will not be more successful."—*Zodiac.*

WILLIAM WHIPPLE'S LETTER.

No. IV.

Portsmouth, 1st June, 1778.

My Dear Sir,—I hope this will find you safe arrived at York after an agreeable journey, or perhaps it may follow you to Philadelphia, for I cannot suppose the enemy will long be in possession of that city; we have a rumor that they are preparing to leave it: if that is the case I hope our army are in a condition at least to give them a kick, though I should be much better pleased to hear they were stopp'd with all their effects. That would be a grand stroke, but I fear there is not a sufficient spirit of enterprise in our army to make the attempt; however, I shall be satisfied if we can get entirely rid of the barbarians in the course of this campaign. I find they are making little incursions and attacking defenceless places in the neighborhood of Rhode Island, but these I take to be the last struggles of expiring tyranny—however, I could wish we had a sufficient body of soldiers there to prevent the ravages, which I doubt not would be the case, were it not for the infamous spirit of privateering that so generally pervades at this time. I understand that about one hundred and fifty men from this state have joined general Sullivan, not one hundred from Massachusetts, none from Connecticut—on the whole, he has about five hundred men with him, a grand army for a major general's command.

Since I have mentioned privateering I must beg leave to observe something further on that subject. I wish some method could be adopted to abate the rage for that business, which appears to me the most baneful to society of any that ever a civilized people were engaged in. The officers that command these vessels are generally the most profligate fellows that are to be met with, and if by chance a man of a fair moral character engages in the business, he very soon degenerates and falls into all the vices of his associates.

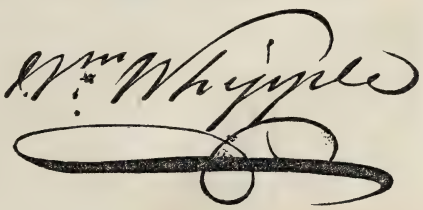
The passion for this business daily increases; there is no less than six privateers now in this port belonging to Massachusetts, besides three or four fitting out here; three have at least sailed from here this spring that came from other places to fill up their complement of men, and I have heard of great numbers that have sailed from the neighboring ports, besides those that have called here: in short the sea is swarming with these—I had almost said freebooters—indeed they are but little better. I am very apprehensive that unless some measure can be adopted to check the voracity of these people, they will ex-

ceedingly disgrace the American flag, and how this is to be done I know not, unless a total stop is put to the business. This I think ought to be done immediately, for besides preventing the mischief that will certainly happen if you do not stop them, I know of no way else to get your public ships manned; for give what encouragement you will, those who are concerned in privateering will find means to prevent men from engaging in the public service. Your ships of war must lay by the walls, or perhaps some of them may get half manned—if they do not go to sea in that condition the officer is blamed, and if they do he is sure to be disgraced. Under these circumstances can it be expected that an officer of reputation would choose to serve the public? I heartily wish to see the American navy respectable, but I do not expect it until privateering is discouraged and the business of the navy put wholly into the hands of men whose private business does not militate with that of the public. I hope to hear from you soon, and as often as your leisure will admit of it.

I have no news to tell you: the convention meets next week at Concord. I shall take care to inform you of what passes then; in the meantime wish to be informed of what is doing in the grand councils of America so far as may be consistently communicated. I should be glad to know the characters of any new members that have joined congress since I left it. I expect you will have to contend with British commissioners, and perhaps with British gold. If I could be as sure of the firmness of every individual as I am of some, I should be perfectly easy about negociations.

Please present my best respects to your colleague, also to Messrs. Lovell, Adams, Gerry, Ellery, colonel Lee, and Mr. Robert Morris, if he is with you, and accept for yourself the best wishes of your

Very affectionate friend and faithful humble servant,



Hon. Josiah Bartlett,
In Congress.

Henry Hudson, during his third voyage of discovery, on the 2'd of September, 1609, discovered the highlands of Neversink, and the next day entered the bay of New York; and it is supposed ascended the river, called after him, as far as the mouth of the Mohawk, or where Albany now stands. During his next voyage he discovered Hudson's bay.—*Dunlap.*

SKETCH OF CLEVELAND.

We here introduce another correspondent, from whom we are permitted to hope for many valuable contributions to our work. We have more matter from his pen, which we shall take a pleasure in presenting.

He gives us almost too much credit for excluding all but pure history; for while facts are alone the real object of this work, and the foundation of it, yet we do not restrain our enlightened contributors from giving their conclusions or opinions respecting subjects which they narrate. Where the naked truth *cannot* be had, the next best is circumstantial evidence; which will be more likely to be valuable from the writers themselves, than from others distant in time or space from the scenes narrated, or the subject matter of the history. Are there no cities except Marietta, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Brownsville,* that have citizens sufficiently qualified, and who are so true to their interests, as to give us like history of their early struggles for existence, or of their local advantages?

—

Cleveland, August 11, 1842.

Jno. Williams, Esq.

My Dear Sir—Agreeably to your request, I enclose a little historical matter for your work, the Pioneer. In writing a notice of this city, I have found it difficult to confine myself to purely historical subjects. I am greatly pleased with your rule on this subject. When historical societies adhere to the doctrine that every thing not history shall be excluded, they will then have facts and not essays. Pure history is like a plea in a court of law, compact in expression, though clear and full of the subject, but from it every thing which relates to other matters is carefully expunged.

You are, I think, opening the pure fountains of historical knowledge, by securing the simple narratives of the Pioneers. They are full of incident, and the best evidence of facts within our reach; and when they shall have recorded their testimony in a permanent form, then, and not before, the real history of Ohio can be written. The deeds of these men will constitute its most interesting portion.

Yours, very respectfully,

Chas. P. Whittlesey.

* A sketch of "Red-stone Old Fort," by our correspondent there, with a view of captain Michael Cresap's house, unavoidably postponed till our next.

A SKETCH OF THE LOCATION, SETTLEMENT, AND PROGRESS OF THE CITY OF CLEVELAND.

This city is situated on a dry, sandy plain, between Lake Erie and the Cuyahoga river; sloping gently towards the lake, from which the water view is exquisitely fine. This plain has an elevation of seventy-five feet on the lake side, ninety-six at the public square, and about one hundred and fifteen at the highest point on *High street.* It appears to have been occupied in ancient times by the "race of the mounds," or a people between them and the present Indian race. Within the corporate limits of the city, there were traces of two slight works, or lines of earthen embankment, in existence when the white settlement began. One of them is said to have been located on the bluff, west of the Light-house; another overlooked the river from a point west of the intersection of *Kinsman* and *Pittsburgh* streets. A few low mounds of earth are scattered over the plain.

In the journeyings of the Indians this seemed to be an important point. It is situated at a great southerly bend in the shore of the lake, though not the *most* southerly one, which is near the mouth of Huron river. But the Cuyahoga river enabled their canoes to proceed about thirty-five miles inland, to the "*old portage path;*" from thence a portage of seven miles brought them to the Tuscarawas, a navigable branch of the Muskingum, which communicated with the Ohio. By land, various well-known trails concentrated at the mouth of the Cuyahoga. The opposite banks of the stream seem to have been subject to different jurisdictions from a remote period. The Six Nations and the Wyandot confederacy, nations often engaged in war against each other, both upon land and water, made the Cuyahoga and the portage path a part of their boundary.

After the war of the revolution, the British refused to yield possession of the lake country west of this stream, and occupied to its shores until 1790. Their traders had a house in Ohio city, standing north of the Detroit road on the point of the hill near the river, when the surveyors first arrived there. By the treaty of Greenville (May, 1795,) the western Indians, defeated at Wayne's battle the season previous, relinquished all claim to the lands east of the Cuyahoga, the path, and the Muskingum as low down as Fort Laurens, which is near Bolivar in Tuscarawas county. At a council, held at Buffalo in 1796, by general Cleveland and the representatives of the Six Nations, the latter people gave the whites peaceable possession of that part of the Reserve east of this river. It thus remained the line of partition between the white and the red men until July 4, 1805, when the general government extinguished the Indian title to the remainder of the Reserve, by treaty.

When the first county north-west of the Ohio was erected (July 27, 1788) the Cuyahoga was a part of its western boundary, and the lake its northern. After the delivery of the western posts by the English, the *county of Wayne* was set off by the territorial government, with the county seat of Detroit, extending north and west as far as the dominions of the United States; its eastern limit was defined to be the course of the Cuyahoga, the Muskingum, and the old portage path. From the time when *La Salle* made the voyage of the lakes in the "*Griffin*," until the abandonment of Canada by the French, in 1763, their traders traversed these regions, and are supposed to have established houses a few miles up the river. After them, the *British fur companies* occupied their place, and kept a few small vessels upon the lake. Some years before the settlement here, a schooner, commanded by captain Thorn, was wrecked a short distance below town, and the crew wintered on shore near the remains of the vessel.

From an early day, the leading Virginia statesmen regarded the mouth of the Cuyahoga as an important commercial position. George Washington, in his journey to the French forts, Venango and Le Boeuf, in 1753, obtained information which led him to consider it as the point of divergence of the future commerce of the lakes, seeking the ocean. Virginia being then regarded as the state through which this trade must pass to the Atlantic, Mr. Jefferson, in his notes upon that state, points out the channel through which it will move to the ocean. He considers the Cuyahoga and Mahoning as navigable, and separated only by a short portage, to be overcome by a canal. Once in the Ohio, produce, in his opinion, might ascend its branches and descend the Potomac to the sea.

In 1795, the Connecticut Land Company was organized at Hartford, Connecticut. On the 5th of September, the fifty-six individuals composing it, received a deed from the state of Connecticut of three million of acres, in what was called the Western Reserve. They sent out forty-three surveyors the next year, who were directed to divide that part lying east of the Cuyahoga into townships of five miles square. On the 16th of September, Seth Pease, (a brother of the late judge Pease of the Supreme court,) and Augustus Porter commenced the survey of the "city of Cleveland," as it is called in the minutes. General Moses Cleveland, the agent of the company, had the honor of furnishing it with a name. This ground had been the source of much controversy between the states, and also the government. Connecticut laid claim to all north of the forty-first degree of north latitude, as far as forty-two degrees two minutes north, and westward to the great South sea, by virtue of a patent from Charles II., king of

England. New York procured a patent conflicting with this claim. Pennsylvania and Virginia had also their paper titles upon parts of the same territory. By deed, dated September 13, 1786, Connecticut released all claim to the western lands, excepting and *reserving* New Connecticut, since called "the Reserve." This embraces that part of Ohio north of the forty-first degree, and east of the meridian, one hundred and twenty miles west of the Pennsylvania line. By the deed of cession, Virginia had transferred most of her rights northwest of the Ohio to the United States, March 1st, 1784. Notwithstanding the claims of Connecticut to the Reserve, the United States assumed jurisdiction so far as political sovereignty was concerned, by the ordinance of July 13th, 1787. In 1792, Connecticut made a grant of *half a million* of acres, on the west end of the Reserve, to the sufferers by fire, and therefore called the "fire lands." She still claimed, but did not exercise, jurisdiction of her western province. At length, on the 30th of May, 1800, the United States having relinquished all claim to the soil of this tract, the state of Connecticut gave up the rights of government to the Union at large.

The members of the Land Company, on the same day they received the deed from the state of that part east of the fire lands, conveyed to John Morgan, John Caldwell, and Jonathan Buce, all their lands, *in trust*, for specified purposes; and it is through the *quit claim deeds* of these trustees that title to lands in this city and throughout the company's purchase is derived. The company paid the state one million two hundred thousand dollars for three million acres; each owner being a tenant in proportion to his stock.

By the close of 1797, the portion east of the Cuyahoga had been laid off into townships. Six of them, including Cleveland, were reserved for private sale, on account of some highly valuable advantages. Four were surveyed into lots of one hundred and sixty acres each, making four hundred in all, to be annexed to the poorer townships, in order to equalize them with *Poland*, the richest of all. The remaining ninety-three were drawn in a lottery, a township for every twelve thousand nine hundred and three dollars twenty-three cents interest, and conveyed by the trustees. The first drawing took place in February, 1798. In 1836, all the trustees first appointed were living, retained their trust, and executed deeds; Mr. Morgan still survives.

The original plat of the city represents two hundred and twenty lots, seven streets, and four lanes—Superior street, one hundred and thirty-two feet wide; Lake, Huron, and Ohio, each one hundred; and all parallel with the lake were original streets. Water street, Ontario, and Erie, perpendicular to the others, and a public square, thirty-eight

by forty rods, were laid out in 1796, and also Mandrake, Union, Vineyard, and Maiden lanes. In November, 1802, Amos Spafford made a resurvey of the streets, altering some and establishing others. Superior lane was laid out by him. The minutes of this survey, in an informal state, were copied into the records of Trumbull county; but for the most part, no legal record exists of the streets in Cleveland.

With the surveyors, or about that time, came Mr. Job Stiles with his family, and became the first resident. Judge Kingsbury, now of Newburg in this county, came about the same time, but left his family at Conneaut. Mrs. Stiles was the mother of the first, and Mrs. Kingsbury of the second white child born on the Reserve. Mr. Stiles left the county in '98, and Mr. Kingsbury removed to his present farm in the same year. In 1797, Lorenzo Carter became a permanent inhabitant; and soon after him, Nathaniel Doane, who went to Doane's corners in 1798. Between this time and 1802, Mr. Hally, Mr. Gunn, Stephen Gilbert, Amos Spofford, David Clark, and Samuel Huntingdon, arrived and settled in Cleveland and its vicinity. Mr. Huntingdon afterward removed to Newbury Mills, and thence, in 1807, to Panesville. He was a judge of the Supreme court of Ohio, and governor of the state. Mr. Carter's first cabin stood under the hill, between River street and Mandrake lane, near St. Clair lane. Mr. Clark died in 1806, on the farm across Kingsbury run, on the Pittsburgh road.

In August, 1805, the Cuyahoga was made a port of entry, and John Walworth appointed collector. His first official duty, was the furnishing a clearance to the schooner "Good Intent," which was lost immediately after, near Long Point, crew, vessel, and cargo. He was also made postmaster, clerk of the court, and recorder; and died in September, 1812.

In July, 1797, the county of Washington was divided, and this place fell within the county of Jefferson, seat of justice at Steubenville. July 10, 1800, the county of Trumbull was established, county seat at Warren; and embracing all of the Reserve. December 31, 1805, a new division took place, which left Cleveland in the county of Geauga; organized March 1st, 1806. On the 10th of February, 1808, the county of Cuyahoga was erected; organized May 1st, 1810, with Cleveland as the county seat. The first court of Common Pleas was holden June 5, 1810. Of this court, Benjamin Ruggles was presiding judge, major Nathan Perry, Timothy Doane and Augustus Gilbert, associates. Of the first grand jury, James Kingsbury was foreman; a place to which, by long usage, he seems to have acquired a kind of prescriptive right. The Supreme court held its first sitting

on the 13th of August, 1810; judges, William W. Price and Ethan Allen Brown. At the April term, 1812, an Indian of the Chippeway tribe, by the name of John-O-Mic, was indicted for the murder of Daniel Buel, a white man, at Pipe creek, near Sandusky city. And also, as an accomplice with, *Semo*, an Indian of the same tribe, in the murder of Michael Gibbs, at the same place. It appears that O-Mic killed Buel with his tomahawk, and Lemo shot Gibbs with a pistol at the same time. Their object was merely the plunder of a few articles of goods and clothing. Semo retreated to his tribe, at Cedar Point, for protection. The officers of justice pursued after him, and, arriving at the camp, found his body stretched upon the ground without life. Through fear of the United States he had been bound, for the purpose of being delivered up to justice. To avoid this, he rolled himself to a tree, against which there stood a loaded gun. Though pinioned with his arms behind, he contrived to place the muzzle to his throat, and discharged the piece with his toe. O-Mic was convicted and sentenced to be hung on the 26th of June, 1812. He had been confined since the onset, by a chain and staple, to the floor of Mr. Carter's ball room, in the old red house, formerly standing between Water street and Union lane, near Superior lane, and had grown fat and strong. At the hour of execution, he objected to going upon the scaffold; this difficulty was removed, however, by the promise of a pint of whisky, which he swallowed, and took his departure for the land of the great spirit. This event was witnessed by large numbers of citizens, from this and adjoining counties, at the centre of the public square. They were assembled with arms, under apprehensions of an attempt, on the part of the Indians, to rescue O-Mic.

The declaration of war, in June of the same year, placed our city in an important and dangerous position. In 1813, it became a depot of supplies and rendezvous for troops destined for operations farther west. A small stockade was erected at the foot of Ontario street on the bank of the lake, the outlines of which are still visible. A permanent garrison of infantry, under major Jessup, now quarter-master general of the United States army, occupied the place.

Although the British vessels appeared frequently off the town, no attempts at landing were made here. The greatest alarm was occasioned by the approach of boats containing the prisoners surrendered by Hull at Detroit, who were at first mistaken for British and Indian troops advancing to storm the place.

At length peace came; and the alarms of war being past, the occasion was thought to be worthy of celebration, by libations of whis-

ky, and the discharge of cannon. During the performance, the present sexton of the graveyard, Abram Hitchcox, carried the powder in an open tin pail upon his arm; to fire the gun, another carried a stick with fire at the end, kept alive by swinging it through the air. Amid the general excitement, a spark from this brand found its way into uncle Abram's powder about the time the gun was discharged. The body of the worthy sexton was seen to rise through the air as high as the eaves of the house, and returned to the earth blackened and destitute of clothing. According to his own vociferations he was already dead, but the bystanders thought differently; and carried him to a room, where it was found he was not dangerously wounded.

By an act of the legislature, dated December 23, 1814, the village was incorporated with limited powers, administered by a president, recorder, and three trustees. In March, 1836, a more extensive charter was obtained; with full municipal authority, exercised by a council, composed of the mayor, three aldermen, and of councilmen, three from each ward.

The Ohio canal was commenced at the northern extremity in 1825, and connected with the Cuyahoga near its mouth. By means of the experiments at Buffalo and Erie, it was now settled that artificial harbors might be made of the still water at the mouths of lake streams. Here a harbor was indispensable, to connect the lake and canal navigation. Mr. A. Kelly, then one of the canal commissioners of Ohio, considered the construction of one at this point practicable, and reported to the legislature that five thousand dollars would be sufficient for the object. Upon the importunity of citizens, backed by the authority of this report, congress, with great reluctance, appropriated five thousand dollars in the winter of 1824-5. It was confided to A. W. Walworth, esq., collector of the port, without surveys or even instructions as to the manner of disbursement. Upon consultation it was determined to start a pier from the shore, outward into the lake, nearly at right angles, being in the direction north thirty-two degrees west, beginning about, say forty rods east of the point where the river then discharged itself. Here, as at all other streams on the lakes, there was a channel at times, at others not. To those acquainted with the action of waves which strike obliquely upon a shore, it is known that a lateral current is created of much force. It is thus that huge masses of sand travel up and down the coast according to the prevalence of the wind. Here, the north-*eastern* winds predominate, and therefore the eastern bank of the stream has a tendency to prolong itself *westward* at the mouth, and cause the river to enter the lake obliquely. The object of this single pier was to catch

this drift from the east and to prevent it from filling the channel. In the natural state, it was very seldom that a schooner of fifty tons could enter without lighterage, and many times a common row-boat would touch. The pier was extended into the water six hundred feet, with the five thousand dollars first appropriated. As usual, the majority predicted unfavorably to the success of the project; even some of those concerned had doubts. The pier being now finished, no particular change in the capacity of the channel was observed. Congress had given all that was asked to complete a harbor; it had been disbursed, and no apparent benefit had followed. The faithless had the satisfaction of seeing the mouth of the river more often clogged with sand than heretofore, and, in one instance, a bar of dry land extended entirely across its entrance. This they said was the port of Cuyahoga.

But faith still remained to some of the citizens, and a meeting was called late in the fall of 1825, speeches made, and two committees of five appointed. One of them was charged with the selection of an agent to proceed to Washington and solicit more aid from congress; the other with the duty of raising one hundred and fifty dollars for his expenses. A. W. Walworth, esq., was engaged to visit the federal city, which he reached in January, 1826. Prospects were by no means encouraging. Cleveland at that time presented itself to the minds of the eastern members, as a straggling village on the frontiers of civilization. Its relations were not understood;—its few inhabitants shaking with the ague, and only thirty or forty arrivals of vessels in a year! It is, therefore, not strange that amid the moves and counter-moves of the great capital, such a city should lack influence, or its claims fail to receive attention. Mr. Walworth found that personal statements would not be received in the committee on commerce, and that Mr. Cambreling, of New York, was decidedly opposed to granting assistance to any of the western ports. Governor Tomlinson, of Connecticut, also a member of the committee, took an opposite view, and entered warmly into the project. Mr. Whittlesey, of Ohio, labored assiduously on the same side. But it was notorious, that with the five thousand dollars, which was all that had been at first demanded to complete the work, no certain benefit had been derived. On the other side, the "Washington," the "Erie," and the "American Eagle," had been stranded in sight of the proposed harbor, and property to the amount of thirty thousand dollars lost to the owners. It was thus made evident that commerce must cease or harbors be built. If our government would not make them, the shipping interest would, in the end, be compelled to do it.

In 1818, a steamboat made its appearance on these waters, called the "Walk-in-the-water." In anticipation of the construction of artificial harbors along the shore, as had been already done at Buffalo, these craft had increased in number. The Walk-in-the-water, unable to make shelter, was lost in a storm in the fall of 1821. The steamboats "Superior," "Henry Clay," "Enterprize," "Pioneer," and others, made the passage of the lakes in fear and without regularity. Passengers could be landed as well at one point of the coast as another, but only when calm weather prevailed. There were at times exceptions to this rule at Erie and Sandusky; but persons destined for this place were carried by twice, or even thrice, without being able to land.

Finally, the rule of the committee on commerce requiring statements in writing was rescinded, and Mr. Walworth appeared before them in person. This had the desired effect. Shortly after, they reported in favor of granting ten thousand dollars in addition to the sum of five thousand dollars heretofore expended, being now fully the amount supposed to be necessary to complete the work. Ten thousand dollars was finally appropriated by law, but not in time for use in 1826. In the spring of 1827, major T. W. Maurice, of the corps of engineers, arrived and examined the premises. He made a survey and reported a plan for the work, of which the present piers are the result. It was determined that the channel, instead of being formed *west* of the pier, as constructed by Walworth, should be formed on the *east* side of it, between this and another thrown out nearly parallel and about two hundred feet distant. A few piles had been driven in the river to turn the current across as originally desired, but without effect. Major Maurice ordered a dam to be built directly across the river, opposite the south end of the west pier. The construction of this barrier occupied the season. An opening had been left for the passage of such craft as were able to enter the river, until late in the fall, when it became necessary to test the principle of the work, close it up, and direct the water of the river across the neck of land to the lake. To many of the lake captains and proprietors of vessels, the idea of forming a channel where nature had failed, appeared to be absurd, and the expenditure of money for such a purpose equivalent to throwing it away. They saw the natural harbor, poor as it was, about to be closed. The prospect of forming another by that means, they considered as nothing at all. It appeared to them that their natural rights of navigation were to be taken away by an audacious display of federal authority, and from harmless abuse of this work and the workmen, they passed to more serious talk, and some to

threats of violence. The gap in the dam was closed. The schooner "Lake Serpent," captain Foster, entered the river, and was soon after shut in below the dam by a bar at the mouth. The captain dug a way out for her, and set sail in a rage, declaring that he only required a lease of life until they should have formed a harbor upon the plan now under experiment. The moment of trial had now come, and the fall rains began to raise the Cuyahoga, as was expected. Men with saws and axes, and oxen with chains and scrapers, were put to work to make a trace across the neck and lead the current in its destined course. On the morning of the 22d of October, after the work had been prosecuted many hours amid the cold storms of the season, and while the dam appeared about to yield to the pressure of the flood, the water began to flow, direct to the lake, through the land and floodwood east of the first pier. By the time this flood subsided, there was *two* feet water in the new channel, which was continually enlarging. When the "Lake Serpent" returned from her cruise, she found the new harbor capacious enough to admit her keel without difficulty. The old channel, through which water no longer passed, was soon sealed up with sand. In the spring of 1828, the eastern pier was commenced, beginning at the water's edge. The work has progressed steadily until 1840, at a cost of, say $124,000.

The western pier was soon connected with the dam, and the eastern continued in a southerly direction across the neck to the river. Both have been carried outward into the lake, making twelve hundred feet in length. About four hundred feet of the eastern pier, having partially decayed, has been replaced by heavy cut stone masonry, having a foundation upon the original work, the piles and stone removed below the surface of low water in the lake. It is proposed to renew the whole in this manner, which will leave it in an imperishable state, a monument of the liberality, grandeur, and utility of the national Union when, perhaps, that institution itself shall be known only in the history of things that were.

In the year 1830, a light-house was built on land—its base seventy-five and its light one hundred and thirty-five feet above the lake. Since that time, a beacon-light has been erected at the extremity of the eastern pier about forty feet in height, and, in a measure superseding the light on Water street.

The elevation of the surface of the lake fluctuates, in the extreme, about five and a half feet, and consequently the expression of a height above its surface, is true only for the precise time when it was taken. The rise and depression of each year, is from ten to eighteen inches, being at high water late in the spring and low water late in the fall

or early in winter. The general period of high water may be half a century, or even more. In June, 1838, the rise had reached its greatest known height at this place. The surface on the 25th of that month, corresponded with the lower face of the *second* course of masonry, from the top, as it now stands, of the east pier at its southern extremity—it has been raised one course since the measurement. At this time it ranges about two and a half below that mark. The height of water in the lakes, like that in swamps and rivers in general, is controlled by the character of the seasons, and needs no other explanation. It is probable that the settlement of the country has a tendency to increase the volume of water discharged to these reservoirs above that of former times, by causing a more rapid drainage. If this is true, we may expect a higher stage in future than has been experienced for the past fifty years, varying directly with the *rain gauge* of the lake country and the mean temperature of the atmosphere.

The anticipated importance of a harbor at the Cuyahoga, has been fully realized. In 1840, there passed the piers, inward bound, one thousand three hundred and forty-four vessels and one thousand and twenty steamboats. *Seven* steamboats, fifty-four schooners, and two brigs, with an aggregate tonnage of nine thousand five hundred and four, belonged to this port. The tonnage of steamboats entering was three hundred and fifty-seven thousand, of vessels one hundred and twenty thousand nine hundred and sixty. The exports for that year were estimated at five million dollars; of which two million one hundred thousand bushels of wheat, and five hundred thousand barrels of flour formed a great proportion.

New York, by way of Buffalo and Albany, is seven hundred and six miles; by the New York and Erie railroad, six hundred. To Philadelphia by canal, six hundred and nine; by road, through Pittsburgh and Chambersburgh, four hundred and thirty-two. To Baltimore, by Cumberland and the Point of Rocks, four hundred and fifty-three. We thus perceive how much reason general Washington and Mr. Jefferson had to suppose that produce would seek the Atlantic ports at the south, rather than at the north, so far as the *distances* are concerned. Furthermore, it was probably known to them, that the lake is open for navigation from Cleveland west, earlier in the spring, than it is farther east. From 1829 to 1837, inclusive, the average difference between Cleveland and Buffalo, in this respect, was thirty-three days—the greatest difference sixty-five days, the least three. This is occasioned not so much by the climate as other causes. In winter, the lake is supposed never to be wholly closed by ice. At this place its width is nearly full and about ninety miles. Its surface is frozen to a distance exceeding twenty miles from the shore, but probably not

much further; for when the south wind blows long off shore, the ice along this shore is seen to move away in a body, and frequently passes beyond the range of vision from the top of the light-house. To effect this, it must proceed twenty-five or thirty miles from the American side towards the Canadian. If it floats thirty miles from shore, there are sixty miles (or less) occupied by ice formed along both shores when driven together by the winds. Now when the ice breaks up in the spring, the westerly winds and the natural flow of the water towards Niagara force it toward the outlet at Buffalo, and the vacancy in the central part of the lake affords room for much or all of the ice of the western half. Here it remains, choking up the lake, as far as Ashtabula, and sometimes to Fairport, until dissolved by the influence of the sun, or broken up by the winds, and borne by the current over the cataract of Niagara.

Since the settlement of the town, the waters of the lake have encroached upon its site at the rate of forty rods or one eighth of a mile in a century The distance from the water's edge to the bend of the Cuyahoga, along Ontario street and the public square, is but little over half a mile; and therefore it will be seen that if this advance should go on unchecked, the Cuyahoga might discharge itself between Seneca and Ontario streets within five hundred years. If the slope of the ground, which is already gone, was the same as that which remains and upon which the town is built, it would descend to the lake level within two miles. This distance would consequently be the measure of the recession of the shore at this place, and fix the ancient mouth of the Cuyahoga within two miles of the present shore. It is almost certain, that when the French missionaries rowed along these shores, in 1673, the bluff in Ohio city and that in Cleveland were united, and the river passed into the lake at the old mouth one mile westward.

An artificial protection against the inroads of the lake was made along a part of the front of the city, from Ontario to Seneca streets, in 1841. It consists of a breakwater of piles and stone, and a grade of the bank to an angle of quiescence, which is about fourteen degrees of slope. If it shall prove to be an effectual barrier, the work will doubtless be extended so as to cover the town.

The population of Cleveland in 1840, was 6,071. The largest church in this city is the Presbyterian; there is one Episcopal, one Methodist Episcopal, and one Methodist Protestant church; also one Congregational, one Dutch Reformed church, and a synagogue of Jews.

Chas. L. Whittlesey.

POST OFFICE FACILITIES.

Auditor's Office, Post Office Dep't., Nov. 3d, 1842.

Sir—Only one account book kept in the post office department from its establishment, in 1775, to the adoption of the constitution in 1789, is now in the department. The other books, with many highly interesting and valuable papers, were in the garret of the General Post Office building, and were consumed with it in December, 1836. The book referred to, is the first that was opened for the general accounts in 1775. The first writing in it is as follows: "2 qr. Foolscap, 8." As it was probably purchased in Philadelphia, the price was designated by the Pennsylvania currency—which was seven shillings and sixpence to the dollar.

The book is half bound, the leather broken on the back; the paper of good quality and in good condition. It contains the general accounts for more than two years, and only about two-thirds of it is written over. It may be inferred, from the accounts, that the post masters paid out a part of the money they received in defraying expenses, of which they made no return, and only accounted for the excess to the general post office; and yet, I see nothing to conduct to this conclusion, but the small sums which were paid into the general treasury. The difficulty, if not the impracticability, of adopting a plan by which the postmasters should pay the carriers, (who were undoubtedly employed by the officers of the department,) without returning their accounts in detail, may well be opposed to the inferences above mentioned. The following is a copy of the only account in this book with Dr. Franklin, when he was postmaster general, by an appointment of congress:

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, esq., postmaster general, in account with Richard Bache. Cr.

1776.			1775.		
Oct. 5.	To cash paid him by the postmaster at Albany, £25 N. York currency	£23.8.9	August 7.	By cash paid William Goddard,	£100.0.0
	To do. paid him by the postmaster at Cambridge, $4,	£1.10.9	1776. October 5.	By amount of salary up to this day,	£447.18.4
		24.18.9			
	Balance due Benj. Franklin,	522.19.7			
		£547.18.4			£547.18.4

Richard Bache, son-in-law of Dr. Franklin, was comptroller of the post office for the fiscal year ending 5th of October, 1776. As the accounts were then kept, one quarter of the year ended on the 5th of January, 5th of April, 5th of July, and 5th of October. That book contains an account of Mr. Bache, as comptroller, for the year men-

tioned; and the credit page of his account, with additional information, designated in the caption I have put to it, is as follows, to wit:

STATEMENT of the net amount of postages received into the treasury, from the several post-offices in the United States, for one year, ending October 5th, 1776—the same being a true copy of the original account of R. Bache, comptroller: to which three columns are added, rendering Pennsylvania currency into Federal money; and three other columns, which contain the amount of postages, in the same offices, for one year, ending June 30th, 1841.

		Pennsylvania currency reduced to Federal money.					Postages in 1841.	
1776		£.	s.	d.				
Oct. 5	By cash rec'd from Phia. post office, the bal'ce due	125	3	9	$333	83 1/3	167,677	50
	By " " " Cambridge office " "	53	6	6	142	20 1/2	1,657	46
	By " " " Bristol " " "	6	9	2	17	22 1/4	1,135	97
	By " " " Trenton " " "	10	16	11	28	92 1/4	3,153	49
	By " " " Princeton " " "	12	10	3	33	34 3/8	2,466	76
	By " " " Elizabetht'n "	3	15	0	10	00	1,431	93
	By " " " Stanford "	5	7	6	14	33 1/3	714	91
	By " " " Fairfield "	8	15	0	23	33 1/3	348	79
	By " " " New Haven "	39	6	6	104	86 2/3	10,518	74
	By " " " New London "	40	18	9	109	16 2/3	2,322	08
	By " " " Salem "	37	2	4	98	97 7/8	5,094	76
	By " " " Ipswich "	4	3	8	11	15 5/8	641	63
	By " " " Newbury "	49	14	2	32	55 1/2	2,560	14
	By " " " Middletown "	18	11	5	49	52 1/2	2,986	51
	By " " " Springfield "	2	17	8	7	68 3/8	4,025	51
	By " " " Wilmington "	2	14	0	7	20	4,317	99
	By " " " Head Elk "	5	8	7	14	47 7/8	586	88
	By " " " Charlestown "	4	19	10	13	31 1/2	2,227	40
	By " " " Harford "	4	18	6	13	13 1/3	10,272	84
	By " " " Baltimore "	155	13	9	415	16 2/3	85,296	92
	By " " " Annapolis "	18	3	4	48	44 1/2	976	78
	By " " " U. Marlboro' "	20	10	0	54	66 2/3	485	94
	By " " " Bladensburg "	12	16	8	34	22 1/4	298	70
	By " " " New Castle " (on Delaware)	1	2	6	3	00	679	07
	By " " " Chestertown "	20	8	2	54	42 1/3	662	15
	By " " " Queenstown "	10	11	8	28	23	66	11
	By " " " Talbot* "	20	11	7	54	87 7/8	*	
	By " " " Lancaster "	16	12	8	44	35 5/8	4,059	62
	*Talbot office cannot be identified with any one now in existence.	713	9	11	1902	63	316,666	58

The number of offices at that period contributing to defray the expense of the department, was twenty-eight. The number of offices on the 14th day of August, 1842, was thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty-four. If the amount of postage indicated the relative population and business of towns and cities, the above statement is not devoid of interest and importance.

Accounts were kept with each of these offices, and from them this general account was stated. In other instances, as with the offices in New York and Albany, accounts were opened and balanced, which did not contribute directly to the general fund. No account with Boston is entered on the books, and I have not ascertained why it was omitted.

The account with the post office in the city of New York for one year, commencing on the 5th of January, 1776, and ending January 5, 1777, is as follows:

The Post Office at New York,

Dr. *Contra,* *Cr.*

		N. Y. currency £	s.	d.	Penn. currency £	s.	d.	$	cts.			N. Y. currency £	s.	d.	Penn. currency £	s.	d.	$	cts.
1776										1776									
Jan. 5,	To an overcharge in commissions on this account,	3	13	2½	3	8	7½	9	14½	Jan. 5,	By balance due Eben'r Hazard, treas'er, as per account, settled up to this day,	43	17	4	41	2	6	109	66⅔
Nov. 7,	To balance of quarterly account, ending 5th October,	58	9	6	54	16	4	146	18	April 5.	" do. of his quarter's acc't ending this day	22	9	4½	21	1	3½	56	17
										July 5,	" " " " " " this day	16	11	2	15	10	4	41	37⅞
1777												82	17	10½	77	14	11½	207	21½
May 7,	To cash paid Ebenezer Hazard as per receipt,	53	9	½	50	2	1	133	1	1777 Jan. 10	" do. of do. ending the 5th instant,	32	13	9½	30	12	11	81	72
		115	11	8	108	7	7½	288	93½			115	11	8	108	7	7½	288	93½

The Post Office at Albany,

Dr. *Contra,* *Cr.*

		N. Y. currency £	s.	d.	Penn. currency £	s.	d.	$	cts.			N. Y. currency £	s.	d	Penn. currency £	s.	d.	$	ct.
1776										1776		25	0	0	23	8	9	62	50
Jan. 5,	To balance as per account rendered, ending this day,	12	9	1	11	13	6	31	13⅓		By cash paid Mr. Franklin,								
April 5,	" ditto of quarterly ac't ending this day	29	19	0	28	1	6	74	86⅔	1777									
Sep. 26,	" ditto. of ditto. ending July 5th	19	00	7¾	17	16	10	47	58	May 13	" cash received this day,	55	3	4	51	14	4	137	91
Oct. 5,	" ditto. of ditto. ending Oct. 5th	25	9	4				63	66		" balance as per contra,	82	11	7½	77	8	4¼	206	45
	Amount of returns for the year ending October 5, 1776,							217	24										
1777																			
Jan. 5,	To balance quarterly ac't, ending Jan. 5	5	10	1½															
April 5,	" ditto. of ditto. ending April 5	1	16	7															
1778																			
July 5,	" balance of five quarterly accounts ending July 5,	54	3	1															
Oct. 5,	" balance of account ending Oct. 5,	14	7	1¼	94	19	7¼	253	28										
								406	86									406	86
	Balance,	82	11	7½	77	8	4½	206	45										

The account with the post office at Albany is for seven quarters, and is also on the preceding page. The amount of nett proceeds of postages at the post office at New York for the year ending June 30, 1842, is $328,323 92; and the nett proceeds at Albany for the same time is $31,125 04.

In 1776, the amount of postage in the office at Baltimore, was greater than in the city of New York, by more than one quarter; and Philadelphia exceeded New York by nearly one-sixth: and yet in 1841 the postages in the city of New York exceeded the amount received in the same year of 1841, in the twenty-eight offices (excluding Talbot, which is not found) which are enumerated in Mr. Bache's account, and leaves an excess of more than six times the amount that the said twenty-eight offices paid into the general treasury in 1776.

In whatever we compare the present with the past, we have reason to be grateful that we live in this period of improvement and general prosperity. Respectfully, yours,

G. Whitlesey

Jno. S. Williams, esq.

MR. RENICK'S LETTER.

It is with pleasure we insert the following letter. It corrects an erroneous impression entertained by us, and perhaps by others, and gives further accounts of things done in days gone by. It would have been inserted in the first volume of the Pioneer, had it been received in time. Its reception was exactly two months after its date, which delay may be accounted for by the removal of the editor to Cincinnati at that juncture. We owed and had prepared an apology to Mr. Renick for the late appearance of his "Second Trip to the West," but by some oversight it was omitted.

Indian Creek Farm, near Chillicothe, Sept. 24, 1842.

Jno. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—Your note, by the hand of your son Joseph, is just received, and I perceive you have fallen into some mistakes as to matters of fact by a misconstruction of a paragraph near the close of my "Second Trip to the West;" * for the late appearance of which you offer a sufficient apology. That paragraph is not to be construed as intended to convey the idea that captain Parsons belonged to colonel Lewis' division of Dunmore's army, but merely as reminding the reader of the general state of feeling, not only in that army, but throughout the American colonies. It is generally supposed that Dunmore's course

* See vol. i. p. 332.—[Ed.

toward the Indian's at that time, had in view the services of the Indians against the colonies in the event of a civil war. Captain Parsons and his company belonged to Dunmore's division.

One of the Indian towns, as I mentioned, was built on each side of Congo creek, near the Chillicothe road, the suburbs of which was where Wm. Renick's house now stands. Lewis' camp was on Congo creek about two and a half miles east of Mr. Renick's; with the location of this camp I was well acquainted, having seen it on my first trip to this country, and very often afterwards. It was immediately on one of the first traveling traces used between Chillicothe and the Pickaway plains. It differed in some respects from Camp Charlotte. There was no appearance of any thing having been done toward fortifying it. Lewis and his men seem to have been willing and anxious to meet the enemy on their own ground and fight them their own way, for you see how near they had approached the towns they intended to destroy, before they could be restrained or stopped by Dunmore.

From your note now before me, it seems you think such insubordination as was manifested by captain Parsons and his men, would not be ventured upon in Dunmore's division so close to the commander-in-chief. In this you are mistaken. Had you been as well acquainted with many of the men in that campaign as I was in early life, you would be of a different opinion. A great portion of Dunmore's division of the army, was made up of the same materials as Lewis'; reared in the same region of country, of the same habits, with like feelings toward the Indians. They adhered to the principles of Indian warfare, that after a battle is commenced every man is his own commander. Lewis' men had had an opportunity of testing their bravery and winning laurels to carry home: they were only seeking revenge for their loss at Point Pleasant; but many of Dunmore's division panted for an opportunity of gaining like honors. They were strangers to fear and impatient of restraint, and almost regardless of subordination.

To give you some idea of the sort of stuff captain Parsons and his men were made of, I will give you some account of one of the sorest battles that was ever fought in the valley of the south branch of the Potomac between the whites and Indians. In this battle Parsons, then quite a youth, bore a conspicuous part. He was a very large, athletic man, some six feet four or five inches in height, and that without any surplus flesh. He must have weighed upwards of two hundred and thirty in the prime of life, and, from accounts, came to his growth at a very early age. When about fourteen or fifteen, as

he has often told me, the Indians broke in on the settlement, committed sundry depredations, and drove all the inhabitants into forts, which had been previously erected for safety in times of danger. The Indians, after loitering round, reconnoitering all the forts, taking care never to show themselves in full force, and finding the forts too well fortified to risk taking them by force, concluded to try a stratagem, which too well succeeded. They divided into small squads and appointed a time and place of combining their force at a large spring at the lower end of the valley, a few miles below Fort Pleasant, the lowermost fort. According to arrangement, a part of them made their appearance before that fort early in the morning and fired a few shots at the fort, and then marched off down the valley in full view of the fort. Encouraged by the small number that made their appearance, spies were immediately sent out to ascertain if any other signs or trails could be discovered. They soon returned and reported that there was no other signs or trails, and that there could be plenty of men spared from the fort to follow and avenge the depredations recently committed by them. Immediate preparations were accordingly made for hot pursuit. Among the volunteers who offered their services, was young Parsons. His size was ample, but his age and premature growth was such that the officers did not think it prudent to give him much encouragement. His parents, peremptorily refused letting him go, and standing at the gate kept him back, and locked the gate as soon as the men were out. Our young hero was not to be balked in this way; he soon slipped out of sight of his parents and got a young friend to assist him in scaling the fort wall and hand him his gun. He was soon in the front rank of the pursuit. The Indian trail crossed the river about a mile above the said spring, at which the Indians had been in the habit of stopping and preparing something to eat on their passages up and down the valley. Here the whites expected to overtake them; and in this were not disappointed. Soon after crossing the river their smoke was discovered, but in place of taking their repast at the spring, as usual, they had advanced up to the head of a small branch entering into the Potomac immediately below the spring. A point projected down to the bottom on each side of this branch; the right hand point being somewhat easiest of ascent, the whites concluded to ascend that point to bring on the battle. The Indians, expecting to be followed, had their spies out, and as soon as it was discovered which point the whites took, a part of the Indians slipped down the other point and got in the rear of the whites without their being aware of this movement. The battle soon commenced, and raged with great fury for some time on both sides, but the whites

found that they were outgeneraled as well as largely outnumbered; they were soon beat back and compelled to force their way through the enemy in their rear. In doing so, many lost their lives and many were wounded. Those that succeeded in breaking through, had each to shift for himself—some plunged into the river, which was not far from the spring; some took up the bottom, on the route they had pursued the Indians. Among the latter was young Parsons, and, as was expected, for want of maturity of muscle and nerve, he soon found himself in the rear in place of the front rank which he occupied in the pursuit. Having about a mile to run to the river, he said, many of the Indians were close at his heels when he got to the bank; he sprang down the bank, threw down his gun, and plunged into the river head foremost, kept under water and swam for life as long as he possibly could, and rose to catch his breath, as he supposed, about the middle of the river; and as soon as his head appeared above water, the bullets, he said, popped into the water on each side of his head as thick as hail. He put under again and came up near the shore he was aiming for, the river not being very wide at that place. Most of the Indians in pursuit also threw down their guns and put into the river, tomahawk in hand, and was close on them when they cleared the river—they then had a cornfield of some width to run through to reach the road leading to the fort. Young Parsons said there were several Indians close on him when he got into the road; he then exerted himself to the utmost extremity, and maintained his distance pretty well. The Indians beginning to despair of getting close enough to strike, several of them threw their tomahawks, which whistled by his head, but fortunately did him no injury, and he got into the fort with the skin of his teeth, covered with sweat, dirt, and blood. The blood he supposed proceeded from numerous lacerations and scratches received in running through brush, greenbriers, &c. All was confusion and no time for examination; the men were immediately put on duty to defend the fort, and so remained all night. Next morning, when it was found that the Indians were not in the immediate vicinity of the fort, young Parsons was prevailed on by his mother to wash the blood and dirt off his face and hands, and let her comb out his hair, which was a mat of dirt and blood. In doing this, she discovered a small, hard protuberance on the top of his head, and on examination it was found to be a small bullet or buck shot that had entered the skin at the edge of the hair in the forehead, ranged up between the skin and skull bone to the top of his head, and there had lodged for want of force to drive it through the skin. It was soon extracted without difficulty or pain, and in a few days he was as well in head and body as ever, and much

better in mind; for that, with the incidents of Dunmore's campaign and some others, lasted him his life time. He told these incidents with so much life, and gratification to himself, that had they been even destitute of interest, they could hardly fail to gratify the hearer.

This battle was a very memorable one in the annals of that valley on account of its severity and the great loss sustained by the whites; it was called the Trough-hill battle, it being fought on the side of a hill or mountain of that name. I was well acquainted with the battle ground, having lived from my birth to the age of thirty years within three miles of it; have often viewed it and admired the sagacity of the Indians in its selection, and wondered at the imprudence of the whites in going into battle on such unequal terms. My parents at the time, as they informed me, were in a fort higher up the valley.

This instance, among many other similar ones that has come to my knowledge, has sometimes almost led me to the conclusion that the whites have often been impelled by an influence that they were not aware of, to rush into conflict at such great odds, that they might be punished or scourged for the great injustice done the red people. In my youth I was ready to sanction almost every thing done to them by the whites; but a mature age, with much reflection on the subject, has convinced me of my former error; and now, taking an impartial view of the past, I fear we have a great debt on this score that must at some time and in some fearful way be cancelled, unless we make them proper amends.

The valley I have been speaking of, perhaps affords one among the strongest and most striking proofs of injustice done to that people that is to be found in the annals of their history. Though small in extent compared with many of those in the west, yet in beauty and fertility of soil, it is not surpassed by any; and I venture to say, that no place could be found better suited to the habits and pursuits of their life. With a fertility of soil so well calculated to supply their wants with so little labor, (a great desideratum with them,) and surrounded on all sides as it is with hills and mountains, as well calculated as nature could well make them to afford an abundant and everlasting supply of game—what more could they ask or desire? From appearances, they had been there in the enjoyment of their claim to the soil, time immemorial; and, for aught we know, from or soon after the creation of the world. And, I would ask, where is the people to be found that would not struggle hard to maintain such a right? and if driven from it by the strong arm of power, without compensation, that would not

use all the means in their power to avenge the wrong? And I ask again, is there such a people or nation to be found on the face of this globe? I may answer with safety—no, not one.

Yours, very respectfully,

Felix Renick

WINDHAM, MAINE.

We have hardly done justice to Mr. Sawyer, who furnished us with the centennial address of T. Laurens Smith. It is indeed full of facts and incidents. Our apology is (a rule to which sometimes, with reluctance, we adhere) to give original productions precedence of printed matter, which is more likely to be preserved. We extract now the part to which Mr. Sawyer alludes, and in future shall give more, if not the whole.

—

Raymond, Maine, June 24, 1842.

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—I take the liberty to send you by to-day's mail, a copy of an address, delivered in Windham, in the county of Cumberland, state of Maine, not doubting but that you will be pleased in the perusal of said pamphlet. And if in perusing you should chance to find any part of which you shall think deserving a place in your valuable publication, (the American Pioneer) you are at liberty to publish such part as you think proper. The facts stated in the address, are adjudged by all who are in any way acquainted with the first settlement of Windham, to be remarkably correct; and a large number of the descendants of the hardy pioneers who first settled in said town are still living in it. I was present at the time of the delivery of the address, and chanced to be seated near one of the descendants of Manchester, who killed Poland, king of the Rockameecooks; and when the speaker came to name the circumstance, the old man's frame began to tremble: and when the speaker said that Poland king of the Rockamecooks fell, the old man burst into tears and said, in a tremulous voice, "Yes, and my grandfather killed him." A large collection of people convened in a grove from the adjoining towns, and sat during the time of the delivering the address with the utmost order and attention. Notwithstanding the great length, all seemed to be highly gratified, and many of the inhabitants of Windham requested the selectmen to insert an article in the warrant for the annual town meeting, to see if the town would instruct the selectmen to request a

copy of the address for publication; which was accordingly done, and a specific number was ordered to be published, at the expense of the town, for distribution among its inhabitants.

I have not been able to procure more subscribers, as you wished in your last. People speak well of the prospects of the work, but plead poverty as an excuse.

Respectfully, yours, in haste,

John Sawyer

Extract from T. L. Smith's Centennial Address.—"The next and last 'tug of war' between the inhabitants of this town and the Indians, was May 14, 1756.

"On the morning of that day, Ezra Brown and Ephraim Winship left the fort for the purpose of laboring on Brown's lot, which was about one mile to the rear or north-east of the fort. They were accompanied by a guard consisting of four men and four boys: the names of the men were, Stephen Manchester, Abraham Anderson, Joseph Sterling, and John Farrar; the names of the boys were Timothy Cloudman, Gersham Winship, Stephen Tripp and Thomas Manchester. In going to Brown's lot they had to travel through a piece of woods. Brown and Winship being about sixty rods in advance, and in the thickest part of the woods, were fired upon by a body of from fifteen to twenty Indians who lay in ambush. The Indians were of the Rockameecook tribe, (so called,) commanded by Poland, their king. Brown was shot dead upon the spot. Winship received two balls, one in the eye and another in the arm, and fell to the ground, when both were scalped by the Indians. Upon hearing the report of the guns, part of the guard, viz. Joseph Sterling, John Farrar, and two of the boys, Stephen Tripp and Thomas Manchester, hastened back to the fort. The residue, Abraham Anderson, Stephen Manchester, and the two lads, Timothy Cloudman and Gersham Winship, determined to pursue the Indians and avenge the blood of their fallen companions, or perish in the attempt. Accordingly, this little band of heroes, cheered by the voice of Anderson calling out 'follow on, my lads,' gallantly pressed onward to the attack. They turned to the right, took a circuitous route, and came upon the enemy before they had left Brown and Winship. The Indians immediately concealed themselves behind the trees. But they were no longer to fire from covert places upon men unconscious of their presence. They had now to deal with the intrepid descendants of Englishmen,—men whose presence of mind never forsook them, and whose courage never faltered. Poland, the Indian chief, who was concealed behind a tree, and who had previously shot Brown, was the first to begin the bloody combat. He discharged his musket at Anderson, but without taking effect. In his eagerness to reload his piece, the body of Poland became uncovered and exposed to the view of Stephen Manchester, who was about thirty feet on Anderson's right, when Manchester

instantly levelled his musket, took deadly aim and fired; swift as lightning the fatal ball sped its way, and Poland, the warrior king of the Rockameecooks, falls to rise no more. The Indians instantly gathered around their fallen chieftain and made the woods resound with their infernal yells, to which our little band of Spartans replied by giving them the contents of their muskets, when two more of the Indians were killed or mortally wounded. The Indians finding the place too hot for them, fled from the scene of action, carrying with them their dead and wounded, and leaving behind 'five packs, a bow, and a bunch of arrows, and several other things.'

"The alarm having been given at the fort, a small number of armed men from the upper garrison house, (Mayberry's) together with Seth Webb, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians in the previous war, went in pursuit. At a place called 'the Meadows,' between Canada hill in this town and Westbrook line, they discovered an Indian carrying a quarter of beef upon his shoulder; two of the party gave him a very strong invitation to divide the spoils with them, by discharging their muskets at him. But the Indian considering a possessory title paramount to any other, continued on his course, when Seth Webb, who was a celebrated marksmen, fired and brought him to the ground. He however arose, relieved of his burden, and made his escape, but died of his wounds during the following night—making the whole loss of the Indians four, in killed and mortally wounded; the mortally wounded died during the succeeding night.

"The bodies of Brown and Winship were carried back to the fort, presenting to the inhabitants, particularly the wife and children of Brown, and the children of Winship, a scene beyond the power of language to describe. In less than two hours from the time they had left the fort in the full vigor and strength of manhood, the lifeless remains of one was brought in, and the body of the other so shockingly wounded and mutilated that his life was despaired of. Those who have been called to experience similar scenes, may form a correct idea of the sufferings of the bereaved wife and children of Brown and the children of Winship; and to those who have not, vain would be any attempt of mine to describe the anguish of mind and the heart rending feelings of the families and relatives of the victims of Indian barbarity.

"The death of Poland put an end to all troubles with the Indians in this quarter: they were never known to attack the settlements in this or the adjoining towns after his death, although they continued the war in some parts of this state until the fall of 1758. The inhabitants, however, could not feel secure until the close of the war with France, in 1763, making a second period of war with the Indians and French of nine years. Thus it will be seen that from the first settlement of this town, in 1737, until 1763, a period of twenty-six years, fifteen years were consumed in war with the Indians and French."

"Ephraim Winship, anterior to his being wounded by the Indians, had been married, but at the time he was wounded he had no wife, she having deceased before, leaving six children. Winship recovered of his wounds, notwithstanding the Indians had taken two scalps from his head and gave him a blow with a hatchet, leaving him for dead.

The Indians took two scalps from Winship in consequence of his having two crowns on his head. They left a narrow strip of skin extending from the forehead directly over the top to the back part of the head, between the two scalps they had taken off. In consequence of this 'searching operation' of the Indians upon the head of Winship, it ever afterwards presented a very singular appearance. Some time after this, Winship was married to his second wife, by whom he had five more children, thereby strictly fulfilling the commands given to Noah and his sons, 'Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth.' He was a native of Lexington, Massachusetts, and died in Windham, June 4, 1766, aged fifty-five years."

DEATH OF GENERAL HAINES.

We clip the following notice from the Ohio State Journal of November 22d, not only in justice to the memory of the deceased, but to ask his friends and relations, if a biographical sketch of his life cannot be written for the pages of the American Pioneer? Many such, we know, ought to be written in justice to both our posterity and ancestry.

Died—At his residence in Marion county, Ohio, on the 8th instant, the worthy and respected major-general Joseph Haines, in the ninetieth year of his age. The deceased was among the first settlers of this country, and suffered the privations and hardships experienced by frontier settlers. Possessing in an eminent degree all those qualities that constitute an enlightened patriot and virtuous citizen, he commanded the respect and admiration of all who enjoyed the happiness of his acquaintance. He has left numerous highly respectable relatives and friends to mourn his loss, and bereft the country of one of its brightest ornaments.

P. S. H.

Religious Opinion of Indians.—I have frequently enquired into the ideas and opinions of the Indians in regard to futurity, and always found that they were somewhat different in different individuals. Some suppose their souls to remain in this world, although invisible to human eyes; and capable themselves of seeing and hearing their friends, and also of assisting them in moments of distress and danger. Others dismiss from the moral scene the unembodied spirit, and send it to a distant world or country, in which it receives reward or punishment, according to the life it had led in its prior state. Those who have lived virtuously are transported to a place abounding with every luxury, with deer and all other animals of wood and water, and where the earth produces in their greatest perfection all her sweetest fruits. On the other hand, they believe those who have violated the duties of this life, are removed to a barren soil, where they wander up and down, among rocks and morasses, and are stung by gnats as large as pigeons.—[*Henry's Captivity.*

CORRECTION OF ERRORS.

It is not the part of wisdom to err; but when errors are made it is wise to profit by them, and endeavor to remember what is erroneous and to avoid their recurrence. The best means of doing this is to aim at the correction of all errors of our own, and those of others, for the sake of truth. We have then a witness to the truth, with the attention to that particular fact. For the truth of this, we will refer to several corrected errors in the first volume of the Pioneer, particularly those referred to in the index, many of which are of great importance. Another we will now mention. In the Appendix to Jefferson's Notes on Virginia it was by mistake said, that Logan, after the murder of his family, made his first attack upon a white settlement on the *Muskingum* instead of the *Monongahela* river. On the Muskingum, at that time, there were no whites, except perhaps one or two missionaries; yet such is the propagation of error, when our attention is not called to that particular fact, that the above error has been transferred to several histories of excellent merit and reputation.

A frequent source of error with us, is in the use of proper names and technics, when the writing is of dubious clearness. If we knew every thing, we would need no contributors; but unless we did, it is impossible to escape occasional errors in such words, toward a knowledge of which the sense contributes nothing. If we could always think of what we *do know* exactly at the proper time, we might omit some errors we make. But it is not so much our business to think about correcting the errors of the contributor while reading proof, as about a faithful record of what he has said.

In the first volume the following errors ran through the first impression, but were corrected in all subsequent ones:—On page 369, *Corco* instead of *Casco* bay; on pages 377 and 423, *Jonah* instead of *Josiah* Bartlett; on page 422, *Sonoro Dorcia* instead of *Sondro Doria;* and Mr. Whipple is made to write the last two lines at the bottom of page 423, when they are a note by the contributor. The above errors were committed on the autograph of two contributors whose writing in general is excellent: that of the first especially is most excellent and plain, yet we will venture the assertion, that on looking at the copy there is not one person in ten who would not fully excuse any compositor for making these errors, and any proof-reader for not correcting them. By much experience we know the impracticability, if not impossibility, for many men who write much to write every word plainly, even the proper names and technics. Their minds become engaged in the subject, and unavoidably forget the writing. We fully excuse them. What we ask of them is, that when we cannot, or do not, properly represent their intentions, that they bear our mistakes with like good humor as heretofore, and give us the earliest possible notice for their correction.

Arrangements have been made for several very material improvements without an increase of subscription price. We hope also to avoid some of

the difficulties which surrounded us during the last year; but others, unanticipated may overtake us. Our pages will be every way similar to those of volume I. in size, types, drawings, engraved signatures, &c., but we will give 480 instead of 448 pages, or 32 pages more, in ten numbers. These will be worked on such large paper as to diminish the postage to twenty sheets. Subscription price, as heretofore, two dollars, or ten dollars, for six copies, in advance.

INDIAN TRANSPORTATION.

By this means we were soon put in possession of four thousand pounds of dried venison, which, with our camping aparatus, was to be carried on our backs along with the rest of our wealth, in meat, furs, and peltries, acquired during this successful hunting expedition, the full distance of seventy miles, to the lake shore, at which, in the fall, we had left our canoes. This journey it was our next business to perform. The morning of departure being come, we set off at day-break, and contiuued our march till two o'clock in the afternoon. We then stopped and erected a scaffold, upon which we deposited the bundles we had brought, and returned to our encampment, which we reached in the evening. In the morning, we took fresh loads and deposited on the scaffold with the others, returning to the camp again in the evening. This we repeated till all was forwarded one stage. Then removing our camp to the place of deposite, we carried our goods with the same patient toil a second stage, and so on till we were at no great distance from the lake shore. Here we stopped and turned our attention to sugar making.—[*Alexander Henry's Captivity.*

Compare the above with transportation on good roads, on canals, and railroads, and also by steamboats, by the help of which, and the arts of civilized life, a thousand to one can subsist on the same soil; and without the least sanction of all the means we have used, we can see why Divine Providence has suffered civilized man to dispossess the savages of the lands to which, by nature, they were entitled.

AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.*

(Continued from volume I., page 264.)

1615. The Toratine and Wampanoags carry on an exterminating war.
1616. Argal succeeded to the government of Virginia, and administered it with great tyranny.
Rolfe and his wife, Pocahontas, sailed for England.
Sir George Yeardley attacks the Chicahominie Indians; kills some and takes twelve prisoners, who are ransomed by their friends.
1617. Sir Thomas Dale returned to England.
Pocahontas, with her husband, being about to embark for

* The editor intends more regularity and greater interest in the chronology in future.

Virginia, is taken sick, and died at Gravesend, aged twenty-two years.

Lord Delaware again embarked for America, and died in the passage.

A great mortality destroys many Indians in New England.

1618. Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas and chief sachem, died, and is succeeded by Opechancannaugh.

1619. Argal displaced, and is succeeded by Yeardley, who is deservedly popular.

Captain Thomas Dermer visits New England; also visits the Wampanoags, and redeems two Frenchmen from captivity.

June. The first colonial assembly met at Jamestown. This consisted of the governor, newly elected council, and two representatives from each of the eleven boroughs, and were hence called burgesses. This was the first popular representative assembly in the western hemisphere.

After twelve years' exertions, the colony consisted of only six hundred persons.

Ninety virtuous girls sent and married to the settlers.—[*Bancroft.—Marshall has it a year later.*

Useless patent for part of Virginia obtained by the Puritans.

1620. Sixty more virtuous girls sent over to Virginia, and the price of a wife now raised from 120 to 150 pounds of tobacco. In consequence of the importation of wives, the colony increased to twelve hundred in three years.

December 22d. One hundred and twenty Pilgrims landed at Plymouth-rock to settle in New England.

1621. Massassoit, sachem of the Wampanoags, visits the English and becomes friendly, and is visited in return at his residence in Pokanoket; he treats them kindly.

July 25. First constitution of Virginia formed.

The first treaty with the Indians in New England signed at Plymouth by nine sachems, September 13.

First African slaves sold in Virginia by the Dutch.

First culture of cotton in the colonies.

1622. County courts originated in Virginia.

March 22. Great massacre of the whites in Virginia by the Indians; three hundred and forty-seven killed, and the settlements reduced from eighty to eight.

Canonicus sends a challenge to the English at Plymouth.

1623. War declared against the Indians in New England, and several killed.

The king becomes jealous of the Virginia company and seizes their books, papers, &c.

Providential good harvest after a prospect of famine, and origin of public thanksgiving.

New Hampshire settled.

1624. The Virginia company dissolved.

1625. The king appoints Yeardley to the government of Virginia. To him and his council was committed the whole legislative and executive powers of the colony.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

Our Patrons.

We have some of the best that the world can produce.—Those of them who have paid us for the second volume are real patriots—they are the very soul of the enterprise. It is all due, and did those who are behind know how much we and our men suffer for want of what is due from them, and how much joy to our hearts, and energy to the enterprise, the reception of it would be, they would not keep back another day. All who shall have paid by the issue of the next number will have PAID marked on the cover.

Those of our patrons in arrears, who really wish us success, or wish to avail themselves of the *advance price*, ($2,) will send the money soon.

Post Masters,

We believe, have never refused to send us the subscription money, and kindly to give us information, free of expense. It is now generally known that this is no infringement of duty or instructions, and we heartily thank them, and ask a continuance of their favors.

Editors

Who notice the numbers and publish the contents as received, and send us their paper, will be entitled to the Pioneer in exchange, and to extract from it for their papers. ☞ We make monthly lists of their notices by which each month we send the Pioneer in Exchange.

To Contributors.

All who possess historical information relative to the first settlement and successive improvement of any part of the United States, are asked to contribute. Our aim is correctness of narrative, more than elegance of style. Some have declined because they could not write as elegantly as some of our able contributors—this is wrong. We love good style, but where that is not to be had, let us have the facts, though they be clothed in ever so plain a dress. Let them come in their "working clothes," if they have no better.

To Artists.

Drawings of ancient American relics are wanted.—Let the representations be true. We set accuracy of representation before elegance of execution—both together are acceptable. A good drawing entitles the artist to a volume of the Pioneer for his labor.

Volume II., 1843,

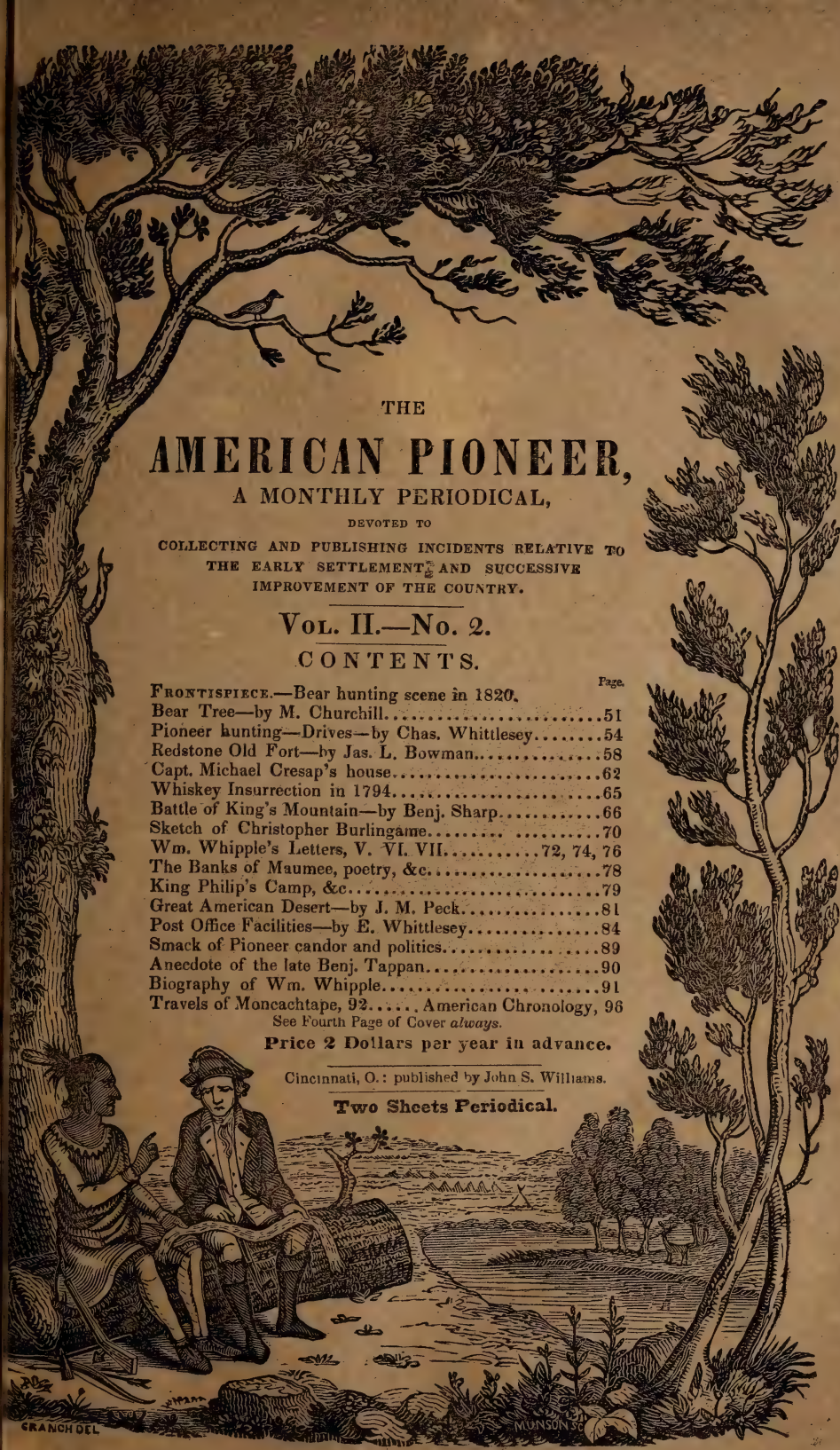
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Every enterprising person is solicited to aid us in extending the circulation and usefulness of the work. It will be seen, that for three new subscribers to both volumes, or six for either volume, (for which they remit us $10,) they will have $2 for their trouble. In addition to this, when their remittances shall amount to $30, they shall have one volume as a premium; and, when they shall have remitted $50, they shall be entitled to two volumes in like manner.

R. P. BROOKS, PRINTER.



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A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

COLLECTING AND PUBLISHING INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND SUCCESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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BEAR-HUNTING SCENE IN 1820.

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VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1843. NO. II.

THE BEAR TREE.

[See Frontispiece.]

We give below the description of the scene represented in the drawing; such heroic acts as are recorded of general Putnam and Mr. Merritt, which are sometimes necessary on account of the use they are to mankind, are and always shall have welcome place in the Pioneer. Those who undergo the hardships of a pioneer life, and are withal used to the dangers of a state of warfare as our pioneers were, produce a race of men that for bravery, presence of mind in peril and fortunate risk of life, will compare with those of any nation that ever lived. They are as much above that puny race of braves, whose fool-hardy daring impels them to exchange shots on the field of honor (falsely so called) as use is above abuse, and that of the worst kind. We anxiously anticipate Mr. Churchill's further contributions.

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Greensburgh, Ohio, August 10th, 1842.

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

I send you an account of an early incident and quite a perilous adventure, accompanied by a drawing. They are for the Pioneer, but you may dispose of them just as you think proper.

Among the first settlers of a new country, there are always found men of great courage. Indeed courage and daring are characteristic of the pioneers of any new place. All know (or ought to know) before starting for a wilderness, that they will be called to encounter great dangers and difficulties. But there is a kind of venturous daring peculiar to the first settlers of a new country. General Putnam exhibited a specimen of this fearlessness when he ventured into the wolf's den, at the time of the first settlement of Pomfret, Connecticut. A case in my opinion of as great risk, intrepidity and danger, took place at Greensburgh, Trumbull county, Ohio, soon after the commencement of the settlement at that place. In December, 1820, there being a light snow, a man named Ichabod Merritt, with two other companions (one of whom had been a sailor,) while upon a hunting excursion, came upon the track of a full grown bear, which after following for a time, they found had ascended a huge white-wood (or poplar) tree. This had been broken off some seventy feet from the

ground, and it was supposed that the bear must have secreted itself within its hollow at the top. Unwilling to lose their game, and ready for any daring enterprise, they looked about for ways and means to accomplish their object. They first proposed cutting the tree down. But this at the root was sound and not less than eighteen feet in circumference. This with only one axe, and that a dull one, they could not accomplish that day, and if left over night the bear would escape. The sailor proposed that if a smaller tree could be felled and lodged against the large one, he would climb it to the top and shoot the bear. A beech tree was then cut and lodged agreeable to their wishes. The sailor, who had often ascended the waving mast, had now a chance to show his intrepidity upon a forest tree. He prepared himself for the enterprise, and now he began to think should he succeed in gaining the top and miss his first shot, his situation would be dangerous in the extreme. The enraged bear would undoubtedly claim the premises, especially should it be a she one with her cubs, she would doubtless claim her right and title to that elevated position, and a battle would ensue. In this case all would agree that the bear would have its choice of location and the advantage of position. In the struggle, too, the beech might be dislodged from the white-wood, and he would either fall with it to the ground or be left at the top of the tree. The first would be certain death, and the other would be no enviable situation. These were solemn thoughts for the sailor, and they probably weakened his nerves so much that it was found when he attempted to climb, that he could not ascend, after repeatedly trying, one inch beyond the assistance of his companions.

This so vexed Merritt that he told him to come down and he would try what he could do towards climbing the tree. He then slung his rifle to his hunting belt with the muzzle downwards and began to ascend the tree. This he succeeded in doing, and of getting from the topmost branches of the beech upon the limbs of the white-wood just high enough to look over into the hollow. It was dark, and all he could see was a pair of eyes several feet below him. After informing his companions and charging them to shoot the bear the moment it came out of the tree, and that he should depend upon them for protection if he missed, he fired into the tree, and then retreated back into the top of the beech and immediately re-loaded. While doing this the bear with two cubs came out of the hollow of the tree. At this moment one of those below fired, but being so much agitated, he missed. The cubs took to a limb while the old bear made towards Merritt. She was in a menacing attitude and but a few feet above him when he made a second fire. This proved fatal

and the bear fell. In falling she just brushed against him. Another hunter now coming up shot one of the cubs, and Merritt at his leisure reloaded and shot the other. He then succeeded in getting safely to the ground.

The drawing is by my brother, E. M. Churchill, quite a youth, and is said by those who saw the sight to be an accurate representation of the scene. The odd soul you see on the left of the drawing, in his precipitation broke his ramrod, and likewise his knuckles, and could not get his bullet down. He thought all was over with Merritt, and jumped around crying out "you are gone, Ick ! you are gone, Ick !" but which Ick never heeded, but calmly re-loaded and shot the bear.

Until the present year this tree has been known in all this region as the bear tree. In March last it was cut and sawed into boards; at the height of sixty feet from the ground it was sound, and measured three feet exclusive of the bark.

Merritt still lives in this place, also the hunter who last came up. As will be inferred, Merritt has been one of those daring adventurous hunters whose exploits are worth a notice. I have known him to run down, and with halters catch the elk and tame them. Full grown elk would seldom live long, but half-grown ones would tame and then be driven to the eastern states as shows. Elk disappeared from this country about the year 1825.

My health is in a poor state; but should my life be preserved I purpose to write a piece for the Pioneer: it will probably be "Incidents in the Life of a Hunter," in which I can give many anecdotes of undoubted truth, which I have obtained from the actor himself. In this will be described more particularly the habits of the elk and other animals. Yours, &c.

Major Churchill



Wit.—An Ottaway chief, known to the French by the name of *Whitejohn*, was a great drunkard. Count *Frontenac* asked him what he thought brandy to be made of; he replied, that it must be made of hearts and tongues—"For," said he, "when I have drunken plentifully of it, my heart is a thousand strong, and I can talk, too, with astonishing freedom and rapidity."—*Universal Museum for* 1763.

DRIVES.

THE following graphic and very interesting account of the drives, common in newly settled countries, from "A Sketch of the Settlement of the Township of Tallmadge, in Summit county, Ohio," is from the pen of our esteemed correspondent whose name it bears, and will be read with intense interest. The whole is well worth a place, but deferred for the present.

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This region was originally very well stocked with bear, wolves, deer and turkeys. The flesh of the two last was not only a luxury, but a necessary article of food. Deer skin breeches, and deer skin facings to woolen pantaloons, (after one season's service,) were the height of fashion. Red foxes were not common. The wolf made great havoc with the few sheep introduced here; committing depredations at the same time upon the wild deer. He has been known to attack cows. The bear confined himself to hogs; and many instances are given of his boldness in capturing and carrying away provisions of this kind. He springs suddenly upon his victim, grasps him in his arms or fore legs with a force which is irresistible, erects himself upon his hind legs like a man, and makes off in an instant with his load. The piercing squeal of the hog is the first warning of his presence to the owner. A large bear, who meets with no obstruction, will make his way through a thick wood in this manner, with a hog of good size, faster than a man on foot can follow. The groans and struggles of the animal in his embrace become weaker and weaker, and soon cease entirely. One of these creatures took a shoat from a drove belonging to captain J. Hart, of Middlebury, in his presence. The captain followed him closely, but the bear evidently gained in the race till he came to a brush fence, and not being able to climb it with sufficient expedition, dropped the dying pig in order to secure himself. Mr. Edmund Strong was chopping on his land, when one of his hogs was taken near by. After a severe contest with clubs, Mr. Strong recovered the body of his hog; and, using it as a bait, afterwards caught the offender in a trap. Another seized a full grown hog belonging to A. Whittlesey, near the centre, and, notwithstanding men were near by and made close pursuit, he carried it off without difficulty.

When Mr. Ephraim Clark lived in a log house, a few rods north of the parsonage, on the same side, his hogs were fed across the road at a trough in the field. One morning, as he returned from feeding them, a large bear fell upon the hogs before he had reached the house. By the time he had seized his rifle and re-crossed the road, the bear

had secured one, and as he rose preparatory to a retreat, received a bullet in the chest. He then let the hog fall and made fiercely toward Mr. Clark, but in making an effort to scale the bars, fell backward and died.

Mr. John Caruthers and his dogs fell in with one of a moderate size while traversing the woods near the east line of the township, in search of horses. An engagement followed, in which the bear had apparently the advantage. To an early settler, the loss of a dog, his companion and faithful sentinel, was a misfortune that affected, not only his interest, but the best feelings of his heart. Mr. Caruthers had nothing in hand but a bridle, and could therefore bring no weapons to the assistance of his friends, but such dry clubs as lay about him. The animal paid very little attention to these; but at length finding a young sapling, he broke it into a good stick, and managed to give several hard knocks repeatedly on the same spot just behind the ear. By this means he was killed, and the dog released.

By the assistance of a large and valuable wolf dog, Mr. D. Preston and Mr. Drake Fellows killed one with clubs and stones at the south end of "Stony Hill."

If the body of a hog was recovered partly eaten, the same bear could generally be taken in a trap within the next twenty-four hours. He invariably returned for the remainder, and showed little or no sagacity in avoiding his fate. For this purpose a heavy steel trap was used, with smooth jaws and a long drag chain, with iron claws at the extremity. It was not fastened to the spot, because the great strength of the animal would enable him to free himself, but as he ran, after being caught, the claws would catch upon the brush, retarding his flight, and leaving a distinct trail. He was generally overtaken within two miles, exhausted of strength. Here the dogs were first allowed an opportunity to exhibit their courage and natural animosity, before the rifle put an end to his degradation and sufferings. In these conflicts, if the shackles were upon his hind legs, leaving the fore paws free, there were but few dogs desirous of a close combat the second time.

In the winter of 1824-5, the inhabitants of this and the adjoining townships, determined to make an effort to clear the country of the bear, and of the wolf at the same time. There were four *drives*, or large hunts, organized during the winter; *two* in Brimfield, one in Springfield, and one in Portage. They were frequently got up in the new country by those who were not professed hunters, for the purpose of taking a few deer and turkeys, then so common. A large tract of wild land, the half or fourth of a township, was surrounded by lines of

men, with such intervals that each person could see or hear those next to him, right and left. The whole acted under the command of a captain and at least four subordinates, who were generally mounted. At a signal of tin horns, or trumpets, every man advanced in line towards the centre, preserving an equal distance from those on either hand, and making as much noise as practicable. From the middle of each side of the exterior line, a blazed line of trees was previously marked to the centre as a guide, and one of the sub-officers proceeded along each as the march progressed. About a half or three-fourths of a mile from the central point, a ring of blazed trees was made, and a similar one at the ground of meeting, with a diameter at least equal to the greatest rifle range. On arriving at the first ring, the advancing lines halted till the commandant made a circuit and saw the men equally distributed and all gaps closed. By this time a herd of deer might be occasionally seen driving in affright from one line to another. At the signal, the ranks move forward to the second ring, which is drawn around the foot of an eminence, or the margin of an open swamp or lake. Here, if the drive has been a successful one, great numbers of turkeys may be seen flying among the trees away from the spot; deer, in flocks, sweeping around the ring, under an incessant fire, panting and exhausted. When thus pressed, it is difficult to detain them long within the ring. They become desperate, and make for the line at full speed. If the men are too numerous and resolute to give way, they leap over their heads, and all the sticks, pitchforks, and guns raised to oppose them. By a concert of the regular hunters, gaps are sometimes made purposely to allow them to escape. The wolf is now seen skulking through the bushes, hoping to escape observation by concealment. If bear are driven in, they dash through the brush in a rage from one part of the field to another, regardless of the shower of bullets playing upon them. After the game appears to be mostly killed, a few good marksmen and dogs scour the ground within the circle to stir up what may be concealed or wounded. This over, they advance again to the centre, with a shout, dragging along the carcasses which have fallen, for the purpose of making a count.

It was at the hunt in Portage that the bear were either exterminated or driven away from this vicinity. It embraced the "Perkins' Swamp," and several smaller ones, rendered passable by ice. At the close of this "*drive*," *twenty-six* were brought to the centre ground, and others reported.

Wolves were taken with difficulty in steel traps, but more readily in log pens, prepared like the roof of a house, shelving inwards on all

sides, and containing the half devoured carcass of a sheep, upon which they had made a previous meal. The wolf easily clambered up the exterior side of the cabin, and entered at the top, which was left open; but once fairly within it, he could neither escape or throw it down.

Turkeys were taken in square pens, made of lighter timber, and covered at the top. They entered at an open door in the side, which was suspended by a string that led to a catch within. This string and catch were covered with chaff, which induced them to enter, and while engaged in scratching about the chaff to get at the grain mingled with it, some unlucky companion would strike the catch and let the door down behind them all.

This town was much infested with rattlesnakes during the first ten years of its settlement, though but one instance is known of a bite among the inhabitants. There were two kinds, the large yellow, *(crotalus durissus* of naturalists,) and the small venomous black rattlesnake, *(crotalus miliarius,)* or massassauga. The massassauga frequented the low grounds, to the terror of all cranberry hunters. The yellow rattlesnake, which was very large and more numerous, kept the open dry ground, particularly fields of standing grown wheat. It is said that eleven were killed in one day in a wheat field one mile north of the centre. They resorted in the winter to a den in the rocks at the south-west part of the Stony Hill. On the approach of spring, attracted by the warmth of the atmosphere, they would come out in a half torpid state, and were killed by the inhabitants by scores. At this day, a rattlesnake, a bear or a wolf, would be equally an object of curiosity.

Chas. L. Whittlesey.

We will just remark, in respect to turkey pens, as they were called, the more southern pioneers constructed them as above described by Mr. Whittlesey, but instead of the door and catch, they made an excavation in the ground under one side of the pen large enough for turkeys to enter. In this, and in the pen, they strewed plenty of bait. The turkeys would enter while busied in picking up the bait, but would always look up for an opening at which to escape, and thus miss their only chance. Great numbers have been taken in this way.

If Indians lose their fire, they take two sticks of wood, one harder than the other, and the drier the better. In the soft one they make a hollow or socket, the hard one they point at one end. Then taking the soft one between their knees, they insert the point of the hard one in the socket, and whirling it round like a drill, soon kindle a fire.

REDSTONE OLD FORT.

Situation of the ancient fortifications—The name of Redstone—Importance of the locality—Expedition of colonel Burd—Bridges at Brownsville—Building the fort—Goodness of Braddock's road-location—Name of the fort—Michael Cresap—His house—First and second settlers—Brownsville—Pack horses—First wagoning—First blast furnaces west of the mountains and west of Ohio—First steamboat voyage from New Orleans to Pittsburgh—First paper mill west of the mountains and the first west of the Ohio river—Whisky insurrection—Anecdote of Samuel Jackson and judge Breckenridge—Conclusion.

On an elevated and commanding bank on the east side of the Monongahela river there was once one of those ancient fortifications, similar to others which have been discovered at different points through the valley of the Mississippi. When or by whom erected, remains in doubt to this day. The military skill displayed in the location and laying out of these forts, and the remains of some articles of mechanism found therein, have impressed the idea upon the public, that this country was once the abode of a race of people more advanced in civilization and the arts than the present aborigines. It is known that nothing of the kind is now resorted to for defence by any of the tribes of Indians. If then those fortifications were the work of the ancestors of the present race, a retrogression in civilization must have taken place. The scite of the one to which we have reference, was a judicious one. On the north-west the Monongahela river washed the base of the hill, on the north-east and south were deep ravines, and on the east a flat of some extent. An approach by a hostile force from either direction, could easily be discovered by those within, nor could the weapons of attack at that day used, reach the fort from the adjacent ground. Several acres were enclosed within; and near to, without, were springs of pure and limpid water.

The hills around abounded with bituminous coal, and along the water courses, where the earth had been washed off, the coal was left exposed. The inflammability of that mineral must have been known to the inhabitants at that early period, for where those exposures happened, fire had been communicated and an ignition of the coal taken place, and probably continued to burn until the compactness and solidity of the body and want of air caused its extinguishment. These fires, in their course, came in contact with the surrounding earth and stone, and gave to them a red appearance; indeed, so completely burned were they, that when pulverized they have been substituted, in painting, for Spanish brown. Many of these red banks are now visible. The more prominent one, perhaps, is that near the junction of a creek with the Monongahela river, a short distance below the fortification, and which bears the name of Redstone, doubtless from the red appearance of the bank near its mouth.

The location of this ancient work, was placed at a high navigable point of that immense valley of fertile land stretching far to the south and west, and which was at that day, if we may judge from the antiquarian evidences so frequently presented to view throughout, *the favored ground*, which is now the admiration of travelers, and which may one day form an empire, and give sustenance to millions. This was the most eastern of those ancient works and the only one in that region of country. Situated, as we have already stated, at the head of the immense Mississippi valley, it appears as if intended, as a junctional point, between the east and west, and to which the *main trail* over the intervening mountains was directed. Hence, we may suppose, it was a prominent point with the aborigines, as it was evidently of attraction to the whites in their trading excursions with the Indians. It was first known as the "Old Fort:" as those excursions were extended farther west, and similar works discovered, it was designated as the "Old Fort at Redstone;" and in after years it became known as "Redstone Old Fort," by which name it is familiar to hundreds of the early settlers of Kentucky, as the place of their embarkation when emigrating to the "bloody ground." After the successful campaign of general Forbes, in 1758, and the capture of Fort Du Quense, it became necessary to form a more intimate and accessible communication between the settlement and that distant but important post, and also the establishment of others appurtenant thereto, to prevent the predatory incursions of the savages into the settled parts of the territory.

The manuscript journal of colonel Burd, which is said to be minute and written in a very legible hand, and now among the archieves of the state at Harrisburg, states that in 1759, he was despatched with two hundred men to cut a road from Braddock's road to the Monongahela river, so as to form a more direct communication with Fort Pitt. That he proceeded along said road to the base of Laurel-hill, to the settlement of Mr. Gist or Gest, the same who is mentioned by colonel Washington in his first trip with despatches to the Indians, and also in Braddock's war, as having given some pioneer aid to that army. That plantation is now known as Mount Braddock, the family domicil of the late colonel Isaac Meason, and his descendants to the present day.

From Gist's, he diverged to the west, and at the angle of di vergement marked a tree, J. B., 1759; pursuing that course, by the way of Coal run, to Redstone creek, he crossed the same to the left bank, not far from where *Plumprock* or Middletown now stands. Whilst the men were employed in cutting out the road, he reconnoi-

tered the country by pursuing that stream to its junction with the Monongahela river, thence up that river about a mile to where it is joined by the *Nemocalling* creek, now known as Dunlap's creek, separating the two boroughs of Brownsville and Bridgeport, and over which there has been a succession of bridges of different descriptions and structures, one of which was a chain bridge, of the kind patented by the Hon. James Finley of this county. This bridge, suspended partly over the land and partly over the water, at the height of twenty-five to thirty feet, fell with a terrible crash early in the year 1820. It was covered with snow to a considerable depth, and gave way under that and the weight of a large road wagon heavily laden with merchandize. The teamster fell into the water, and escaped with very little injury, his wagon upon land, which prevented much damage to the goods. The wagon and team were much injured, several of the horses being either killed or drowned. Over this creek now, on the route of the national road, there is a bridge entirely of cast iron. This bridge is about eighty feet span, built at the expense of the United States government. It is the only one of the kind, and probably the most splendid piece of bridge architecture in the United States. It is worth a journey of hundreds of miles to view it.

To return to colonel Burd. On the high bank of the Monongahela and *Nemocalling* creek, he built a fort. We have seen it stated in a creditable work, that the fort at that time was built by captain Paull; that was doubtless an error, as the journal of colonel Burd is ample evidence to settle that matter. The probability is, that after the accomplishment of the object for which the commanding officer was sent, he placed captain Paull in command, and returned to report. We have been more minute in detailing the route of colonel Burd than we should otherwise have been, for the purpose of evidencing the accurate knowledge of the country at that day, and the judicious selection of the route; inasmuch as colonel Williams, Thomas Moore, and John Kerr, the first commissioners appointed by government for locating the national road, after a laborious and minute examination, very nearly pursued the route of Braddock's road and that of colonel Burd to reach the same point; and although a departure took place at the formation of the road, we believe it has ever been considered by those acquainted with the two routes, that the original location of the commissioners was the most practicable and of easy grade. The gentleman from whom we received the information relative to the journal of colonel Burd, has been engaged in collecting materials for a work. From his apparent qualifications and industry, it will doubt-

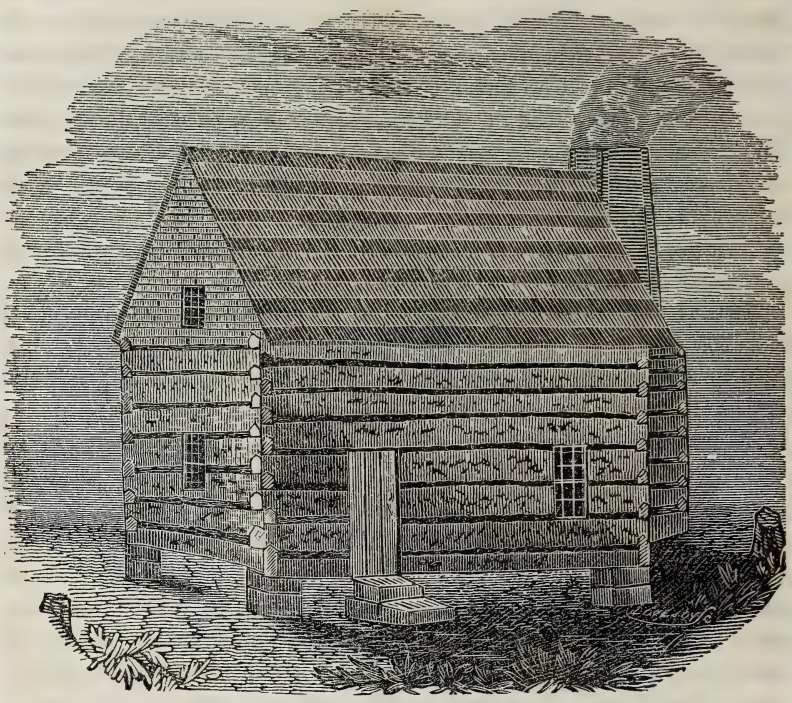
less be interesting, and we hope he will give copious extracts from that journal.

The name given to the fort at that time constructed, was "Fort Burd." Novelty had not so much charm then as in more modern times. They were tenacious of changing their old for new names, and so accustomed had the traders and hunters been with that of "Redstone Old Fort," that they did not abandon it. Hence, Fort Burd was merged into Redstone Old Fort, and never acquired much celebrity from its paternity. Block houses were also erected, but how long it remained a stationed military post we cannot state; certain it is, however, that it retained its pre-eminency as a place of rendezvous for the white men, who acted as *spies* to watch the movements of the numerous tribes of Indians inhabiting the head waters of the Ohio and tributaries; and when settlements were made on the west side of the Allegheny ridge, it was resorted to as a place of concentration for defence in cases of alarm or expected attacks.

Amongst the distinguished men of that day, for endurance and boldness in savage warfare, was captain Michael Cresap; and, although coupled and stigmatized with the unfortunate murder of Logan's family, we are nevertheless disposed to admire his brave and adventurous disposition, and award to him a credit for the many rescues of the whites, by the timely notices of the savages' approach, acquired by him in his vigilant watchfulness of their warlike movements. This fort was captain Cresap's rallying place for himself and those under his direction. Thither they resorted at stated periods to interchange views and adopt plans for future action; or at more congenial times, when the warlike dispositions of the red men were lulled into inaction, and the tomahawk and scalping knife, stained with the blood of innocent victims, were converted into emblems of the chase. To those hardy men, these were periods of conviviality. The days were spent in athletic exercises, and in the evenings, around a "huge log fire," they would recount their respective adventures and hair-breadth escapes; or if perchance a *fiddle* or a *jewsharp* was possessed by any of the inmates, it was occasionally brought into requisition, and the monotony disturbed by the hilarity of a *stag dance.*

The scrutinizing mind of Cresap discovered, at that early day, that this location would, at a future period, become valuable, and accordingly took measures to secure a Virginia title, by a tomahawk improvement, to several hundred acres, embracing the fortification. Not content, however, with girdling a few trees and blazing others, he determined to make his object sure, and that a construction of the act for the deed could not be given to his measures, he built a *hewed log*

house with a shingle roof nailed on—a drawing of which is herewith given. That is believed to have b n the first shingled house west of the mountains in that part of the great domain. We have not the data to fix the precise year of its erection, but from circumstances suppose it to have been about the year 1770. He retained the title for years, and disposed of it to Thomas and Basil Brown, brothers, who had come from Maryland.



[Michael Cresap's house at Redstone Old Fort.]

The establishment, from 1770 to 1774, of several stockade forts at different points on the Ohio, with intermediate private ones and block-houses, restricted the operations of the savages, pretty much, to the west side of that stream, and intercepted marauding parties upon the settlements on the east side. Security being thus measurably given to the settlements on the Monongahela, induced others to join, and the country became rapidly populated. The emigration was principally from Maryland and Virginia, many bringing with them their slaves and the impression that they would be within the limits of the "Old Dominion;" nor were they apprised of the mistake until the line was actually run by the commissioners of the two states. Such of them as retained a prepossession for the customs, habits, and laws

of their native state, disposed of their improvements and descended the river to Kentucky, as more congenial to their desire. These removals gave place to many of the society of Friends from Chester county, Pennsylvania, and from New Jersey. In 1785, the town of Brownsville was laid out on the scite of the old fortification. The rapid settlement of Kentucky, which was then taking place, gave to this point a celebrity as a place of embarkation. Employment was given to mechanics of different kinds, particularly *boat builders*, for the construction of *Kentucky boats*, as they were called, in contradistinction to the *Orleans boats*, which were of a larger and better finished kind, having a longer voyage to undergo. By means of these boats, the emigrants, with their families, slaves, and horses, descended to the place of debarkation, which was generally at Limestone, now Maysville. Supplies necessary, not merely for their consumption during the voyage, but for six and twelve months thereafter, were generally procured and carried with them, as well as agricultural and other necessary heavy implements, which could not easily be brought with them from the east. This was of great benefit to the farmers and mechanics, as it gave a market for their productions and an impetus to the improvement of the town and country.

Hitherto the settlers had to depend principally for their necessaries, such as iron, nails, salt, and many other things, upon the towns of Hagerstown and Winchester, whither they resorted with their packhorses carrying furs, ginseng, snakeroot, &c., to barter. In 1787, several stores, with what was then considered good stocks of goods, were established, and finding it their interest to supply the articles necessary for a new country, they necessarily drew the attention of the settlers, and in a few years dispensed with their eastern trips for the obtainment of supplies. The merchandise, salt, &c., was still brought out on pack-horses; two men could manage ten or fifteen horses, carrying each about two hundred pounds, by tying one to the other in single file; one of the men taking charge of the lead horse to pioneer, and the other the hinder one to keep an eye on the proper adjustment of the loads and to stir up any that appeared to lag. Bells were indispensable accompaniments to the horses, by which their position could be more easily ascertained in the morning when *hunting* up, preparatory to a start. Some grass or leaves were inserted into the bell to prevent the clapper from operating during the travel of the day.

The *first wagon load* of merchandise that was brought over the mountains on the *southern route* or that now nearly traversed by the national road, was in 1789. They were for Jacob Bowman, who

had settled at Brownsville as a merchant in 1787, and is still residing at that place. The wagoner was John Hayden, who also resided in Fayette county, until his death, a few years ago. He drove four horses, brought out about twenty hundred pounds, for which he received three dollars per hundred, and was nearly a month making the trip to and fro, from Hagerstown, Maryland, a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. By means of the great improvement in the road, six horses will now haul seventy or eighty hundred, between the same places, in seven days, for one dollar per hundred.

The great demand for iron in its various ramifications, and the expense of transportation from the east, caused an early and successful discovery of the ore in the mountainous regions thereabouts. The first blast furnace west of the mountains was erected on Dunbar creek, about fifteen miles east of Brownsville, by colonel Isaac Meason, John Gibson, and Moses Dillon, the latter of whom afterwards settled in Ohio and erected similar works on Licking, near Zanesville, and, for aught we know, it was the first furnace in the "Buckeye state." The first abovementioned was called "Union furnace," and was successfully carried on for many years. Others were soon added, and the number increased in a few years to fifteen or twenty, such being the great demand for their productions to supply that immense and fertile western valley. To several, forges were added as accompaniments, by which the metal was converted, by means of heavy hammers, into bar iron.

The facility of obtaining the raw material and the abundance of bituminous coal for working it, caused the establishment of various manufactories in this section. Amongst them we may name that of a steam engine shop, under the direction of David French, in Bridgeport, from which emanated an engine which was put on board the hull of the steamer Enterprize in 1814. The hull of this boat had also been built and belonged to a company there. *She was the first steamer that ever ascended the Mississippi and Ohio rivers from New Orleans to Pittsburgh.* Some notice was taken of this boat on pages 37 and 69 of the first volume of the Pioneer.

[We believe this first voyage was prosecuted from New Orleans to Brownsville.—Ed.]

In 1796, Samuel Jackson and Jonathan Sharpless, two ingenious mechanics of the society of Friends, who had been raised in the neighborhood of the extensive paper mills of the Gilpins, on Brandywine, erected and put into operation the "Redstone Paper Mill," four miles east of Brownsville. This was the first manufactory of the

kind west of the mountains. The second was that on Little Beaver creek, erected in 1805-6, by John Beaver, Jacob Bowman, and John Coulter, and called the "Ohio Paper Mill," being within the limits of that state.

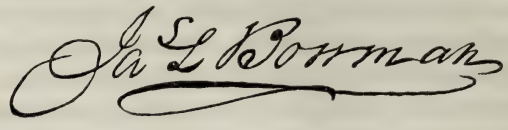
In 1794, an opposition was manifested by many of the citizens of the four south-western counties of Pennsylvania to the act of congress, levying a tax on distilled liquor, which eventually broke out in open resistance, and is known as the "whisky insurrection." The territorial centre of their operations was at Parkinson's Ferry, now Williamsport, on the Monongahela; but as some of the citizens of Fayette county participated, and that county was famous for her numerous distilleries, meetings of the insurgents were held at Brownsville.

Samuel Jackson, who was of the society of Friends, and conscientiously opposed to distillation, favored the acts of government as a means of suppression. He had *dubbed* one of the insurgent meetings a *scrub congress.* It gave umbrage to them, and at a subsequent meeting it was proposed that a file of men should be dispatched to the residence of Samuel, about a mile distance therefrom, and bring him before them for condemnation and punishment. Samuel did not altogether like the *visit* nor the *intent* of his visitors, and being a large athletic man, might have given them some *trouble* had he laid aside *broad-brim* and *drabby;* but being a man of *peace,* he submitted without resistance, and accompanied his escort, with his peculiar and accustomed step, his long arms thrown crosswise behind, with as much *thoughtfulness* as if he were going to one of his own "*fourth day meetings.*" The late judge Breckenridge, who was of the assemblage, was personally acquainted with Samuel and entertained a friendly regard for him, mounted the stand and commenced a harangue, in which he admitted that Samuel had been remiss in applying so *opprobrious* an epithet to so *august* and *legitimate* an *assembly* of *sovereign people,* but that he attributed it more to a want of reflection on his part than to any enmity or design; and the best retaliation would be to pay him in his own coin, by stigmatizing him as a *scrub Quaker.* It had the intended effect. The insurgents took with it, and Samuel was discharged with the appellation of being a *scrub Quaker.* Had it not been for the turn thus given to it by judge Breckenridge, it is very likely that Samuel would have been injured in his person or, as others had been, in the destruction of his property.

We might proceed to name other manufactories claiming priority of establishment; but having already *drawn out* this article to a

greater length than originally intended, we shall for the present desist by expressing a hope for success in your undertaking.

Respectfully, yours,



BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Forces collected—Pursuit of the enemy—Position of the armies—Battle and victory—Loss and gain—Retreat—Condemnation and execution of nine tories—Generosity of major Mc'Dowel and return home—Diet of the army—Tribute of respect to the officers.

MR. J. S. WILLIAMS,

As well as I can remember, some time in August, in the year 1780, col. McDowel, of N. Carolina, with three or four hundred men, fled over the mountains to the settlements of Holstein and Wataga, to evade the pursuit of a British officer by the name of Ferguson, who had the command of a large detachment of British and tories. Our militia speedily embodied, all mounted on horses—the Virginians under the command of colonel William Campbell, and the two western counties of North Carolina (now Tennessee) under the colonels Isaac Shelby and John Sevier, and as soon as they joined McDowel, he recrossed the mountains and formed a junction with colonel Clieveland, with a fine regiment of North Carolina militia. We were now fifteen or eighteen hundred strong, and considered ourselves equal in numbers, or at least a match for the enemy, and eager to bring them to battle; but colonel McDowel, who had the command, appeared to think otherwise, for although Ferguson had retreated on our crossing the mountains, he kept us marching and counter-marching, for eight or ten days without advancing a step towards our object. At length a council of the field-officers was convened, and it was said in camp, how true I will not pretend to say, that he refused in council to proceed without a general officer to command the army, and to get rid of him, the council deputed him to general Green, at head-quarters, to procure a general. Be this as it may, as soon as the council rose colonel McDowel left the camp, and we saw no more of him during the expedition.

As soon as he was fairly gone the council reassembled and appointed colonel William Campbell our commander, and within one hour after we were on our horses and in full pursuit of the enemy. The British still continued to retreat, and after hard marching for

some time, we found our progress much retarded by our footmen and weak horses that were not able to sustain the duty. It was then resolved to leave the foot and weak horses under the command of captain William Neil, of Virginia, with instructions to follow as fast as his detachment could bear. Thus disencumbered we gained fast upon the enemy. I think on the seventh day of October, in the afternoon, we halted at a place called the Cow Pens, in South Carolina, fed our horses and eat a hearty meal of such provisions as we had procured, and by dark mounted our horses, marched all night and crossed Broad river by the dawn of day, and although it rained considerably in the morning, we never halted to refresh ourselves or horses. About twelve o'clock it cleared off with a fine cool breeze. We were joined that day by colonel Williams, of South Carolina, with several hundred men, and in the afternoon fell in with three men who informed us that they were just from the British camp, that they were posted on the top of King's mountain, and that there was a picket-guard on the road not far ahead of us. These men were detained least they should find means to inform the enemy of our approach, and colonel Shelby, with a select party undertook to surprise and take the picket; this he accomplished without firing a gun or giving the least alarm, and it was hailed by the army as a good omen.

We then moved on, and as we approached the mountain the roll of the British drum informed us that we had something to do. No doubt the British commander thought his position a strong one, but the plan of our attack was such as to make it the worst for him he could have chosen. The end of the mountain to our left descended gradually to a branch; in front of us the ascent was rather abrupt, and to the right was a low gap through which the road passed. The different regiments were directed by guides to the ground they were to occupy, so as to surround the eminence on which the British were encamped; Campbell's to the right, along the road; Shelby's next, to the left of him; Sevier's next, and so on, till last the left of Clieveland's to join the right of Campbell's, on the other side of the mountain, at the road.

Thus the British major found himself attacked on all sides at once, and so situated as to receive a galling fire from all parts of our lines without doing any injury to ourselves. From this difficulty he attempted to relieve kimself at the point of the bayonet, but failed in three successive charges. Clieveland, who had the farthest to go, being bothered in some swampy ground, did not occupy his position in the line till late in the engagement. A few men, drawn from the

right of Campbell's regiment, occupied this vacancy; this the British commander discovered, and here he made his last powerful effort to force his way through and make his escape: but at that instant Clieveland's regiment came up in gallant style; the colonel, himself, came up by the very spot I occupied, at which time his horse had received two wounds, and he was obliged to dismount. Although fat and unwieldy, he advanced on foot with signal bravery, but was soon remounted by one of his officers, who brought him another horse. This threw the British and tories into complete disorder, and Furguson seeing that all was lost, determined not to survive the disgrace; he broke his sword, and spurred his horse into the thickest of our ranks, and fell covered with wounds, and shortly after his whole army surrendered at discretion. The action lasted about one hour, and for most of the time was fierce and bloody.

I cannot clearly recollect the statement of our loss, given at the time, but my impression now is that it was two hundred and twenty-five killed, and about as many or a few more wounded; the loss of the enemy must have been much greater. The return of the prisoners taken was eleven hundred and thirty-three, about fifteen hundred stand of arms, several baggage wagons, and all their camp equipage fell into our hands. The battle closed not far from sundown, so that we had to encamp on the ground with the dead and wounded, and pass the night among groans and lamentations.

The next day, as soon as we could bury our dead and provide litters to carry our wounded, we marched off to recover the upper country for fear of being intercepted by a detachment from the army of lord Cornwallis, for we were partly behind his quarters, between him and the British garrison of Ninety-six. A British surgeon, with some assistants, were left to attend their wounded, but the wounded tories were unprovided for, and their dead left for their bones to bleach upon the mountain. That afternoon we met captain Neil coming on with his detachment, and encamped for the night on a large deserted tory plantation, where was a sweet potato patch sufficiently large to supply the whole army. This was most fortunate, for not one in fifty of us had tasted food for the last two days and nights, that is, since we left the Cow Pens. Here the next morning we buried colonel Williams, who had died of his wounds on the march the day before. We still proceeded towards the mountains as fast as our prisoners could bear.

When we had gained a position, where we thought ourselves secure from a pursuit, the army halted for a day, and a court was detailed to enquire into various complaints against certain tories for

murders, robberies, house-burnings, &c. The court found upwards of forty of them guilty of the crimes charged upon them, and sentenced them to be hung; and nine of the most atrocious offenders were executed that night by fire-light, the rest were reprieved by the commanding officer.

We set off early next morning, and shortly after the rain began to fall in torrents, and continued the whole day; but, instead of halting, we rather mended our pace in order to cross the Catawba river before it should rise and intercept us; this we effected late in the night and halted by a large plantation, when major McDowel (brother to the colonel, and who commanded his brother's regiment the whole route, and was a brave and efficient officer) rode along the lines and informed us that the plantation belonged to him, and kindly invited us to take rails from his fences and make fires to warm and dry us. I suppose every one felt grateful for this generous offer, for it was rather cold, being the last of October, and every one, from the commander-in-chief to the meanest private, was as wet as if he had been just dragged through the Catawba river. We rested here one day, and then proceeded, by easy marches, to the heads of the Yadkin river, where we were relived by the militia of the country and permitted to return home, which those of us who had not fallen in battle or died of wounds, effected some time in November.

During the whole of this expedition, except a few days at our outset, I neither tasted bread or salt, and this was the case with nearly every man; when we could get meat, which was but seldom, we had to roast and eat it without either: sometimes we got a few potatoes, but our standing and principal rations was ears of corn, scorched in the fire or eaten raw. Such was the price paid by the men of the Revolution for our independence.

Here I might conclude, but I cannot forbear offering a small tribute of respect to the memory of our commanding officers. Colonel Williams fell; Clieveland I have already spoken of; Sevier I did not see in the battle, but his bravery was well attested; three times my eye fell upon our gallant commander, calm and collected, encouraging the men and assuring them of victory. At the close of the action, when the British were loudly calling for quarters, but uncertain whether they would be granted, I saw the intrepid Shelby rush his horse within fifteen paces of their lines and command them to lay down their arms and they should have quarters. Some would call this an imprudent act, but it showed the daring bravery of the man. I am led to believe that three braver men or purer patriots never trod the soil of freedom than Campbell, Shelby, and Sevier.

On page 334, vol. i., for "Wm. Cook" read "Wm. Cock;" on page 335, instead of "preserve," say "*pursue* my father," and instead of "Robert Hasold," read "Robert Harrold."

Very respectfully, yours,

Benj. Sharp

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

MR. BURLINGAME'S LETTER.

We have several times, in some sort, attempted to apologize to contributors for the delay of some of their valuable contributions; and if apologies were ever necessary we think it is here. There are several causes why these delays occur, besides those that become known to the contributors. Sometimes pieces are in type and are found to be either too long or too short for the space consigned to them; they are then set aside, and perhaps it may be some months before a place can be assigned them. We had one piece last year near six months in type before we could make it fit. The present length of our numbers will, to some extent, relieve us of this difficulty, and we hope there will be less need of apologies in future. We intend to act impartially; and having made this explanation and avowal, we shall make no more public apologies this year, at least. We do hope to hear from our friend Burlingame again, and that soon.

—

Near Zanesville, July, 1842.

Mr. Williams—You have expressed a hope that I would contribute to the pages of the Pioneer—that I would give you my pioneer anecdotes, my backwood's scrapes, my privations, &c. Now, as for myself, I have none of these to give. I was born in 1796, of course after the close of the Indian war. I am not accustomed to writing paragraphs for the press, but will give you a short sketch of my father's history.

Christopher Burlingame was born and brought up in Providence, Rhode Island; he died at his residence near Marietta, in this state, in July last, aged eighty-seven years. At the commencement of the war of the Revolution, he engaged in a cruise of privateering. While sailing among the West India islands he was taken prisoner by the British, and an effort was made by his captors to induce him to engage in the service of king George. He was kept on short rations for several days, and threatened with other punishment in case he did not yield, but he steadily resisted, and determined to escape from them if possible. This was effected in the following manner:—The vessel in

which he lay, rode at anchor about two miles from one of the islands, and having learned one day that the ship would sail the next, he resolved to leave her that night. Having made his observations through the day, he waited until "darkness covered the face of the deep," when he let himself down quietly into the water, and struck out boldly for the land. After swimming about half way, as he supposed, falling in with a ship's buoy and being weary, although a good swimmer, he rested himself upon it, and tried to cut it loose, but lost his knife in the attempt. Leaving the buoy, he swam until within about half a mile of the shore: he came alongside of a ship at anchor, and, feeling very much exhausted he thought to give himself up. Getting on board, he found a sailor on deck asleep: he gave him a shake or two to arouse him; but as the sailor slept hard he let him sleep on, and having rested himself sufficiently took to the water again and escaped to land. After beating about the island for several days, and until the deserted vessel had left the coast, Mr. Burlingame got on board of a vessel that lay in the harbor, which was to leave for the American coasts in a day or two. This vessel was subsequently taken by the Yankees, and Mr. Burlingame was again in the hands of those who treated him as an enemy, notwithstanding he protested that he was an American citizen, and related the incidents of his voyage, capture, re-capture, &c. He was finally set at liberty, chiefly through the instrumentality of a fellow apprentice of his, by the name of Barton, afterward general Barton, father of Robert C. Barton, one of general Harrison's captains at the battle of Tippecanoe.

Soon after Mr. Burlingame's return to Providence, he joined a company of minute men, and ere long entered the army under Washington. He was at the battle of Princeton, and his account of that affair, the stream of water, the fires kept up by a small party to deceive the British, &c., corresponds with the account of Mr. Berry, published in the Pioneer, vol. i. p. 184.

When peace was restored and the soldiers of the Revolution returned to private life, Mr. B. married a daughter of general Rufus Putnam, and emigrated to the Ohio, with him. Here he shared in the hardships and privations common to the pioneers of that day. I suppose that Mr. B. was one of the first captains of militia in Ohio; and I have heard him say, that Lewis Cass, our present minister to France, was his orderly sergeant. Thus general Harrison commenced his military career as an humble ensign, and general Cass commenced his as a sergeant of militia. What may not young men of talents and enterprize aspire to in this land of liberty and equality!

During the Indian war my people were occupants of Campus Mar-

tius, or the stockade, as it was called for years afterward, and is to this day for aught that I know. I have drank water from the old well of Fort Harmer, whose wall "is now seen projecting from the upright face of the bank." The scite of the old fort was my play ground in my school-boy days. The ground-swallows made their nests in the steep banks of the river, and in the evening would be seen skimming over the water, while the king-fisher sat upon its bank, or with his shrill cry, darted to the surface of the water for his prey. The white-gull, too, was sometimes seen sailing over the face of the water.

I have often heard my mother tell of governor Meigs' danger, with other border incidents. In my boyhood, Marietta (on the river) was called "the point," Campus Martius, "the stockade," and Fort Harmer, "point Harmer."

Yours, &c.

Edwin Burlingame.

WILLIAM WHIPPLE'S LETTERS.

No. V.

Portsmouth, June 29, 1778,

My Dear Sir—I have sometime expected to be favored with a line from you, but have not yet been so happy, though by other hands I have had the pleasure to hear of your arrival. I hope by this time your colleague has happily passed through the small-pox—please present my best regards to him; I could wish to be informed of his health, how he likes his present employment, &c., &c. by his own hand.

Common fame says the British commissioners are arrived: if, as I suppose, you have had a message from them before this time, it would give me great pleasure to know how they or their message are received, though I doubt not they will be treated with a firmness and dignity becoming an American congress.

I wish I had something new or entertaining to give, but I have not; we have not even had any prizes lately arrived, but several of our privateers have been taken, and the jails at Halifax are full of American prisoners, where they are treated as usual, some compelled to go on board their ships, others starved to death in prison. By the last accounts, between four and five hundred were there treated in the most inhuman manner by those barbarians, who still laugh at our threats of retaliation, and well they may when our officers suffer

themselves to be insulted in the grossest manner by prisoners; general Phillips' letter to general Heath, is an instance of their insufferable impudence—but I must quit this subject, for I find the recollection of those matters will soon put me out of all temper.

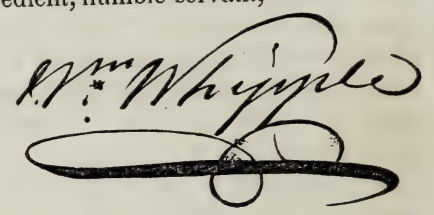
I find it is determined to go on with the ships that were originally designed for 74's, on a plan that is proposed by Mr. Landais. This plan I have been informed of, and am much surprised that the committee should adopt it, for sure I am those ships never will be got to sea with two tiers of guns. I cannot conceive what arguments Mr. Landais could use to persuade the committee that a ship with fifty-six twenty-four and eighteen pounders, on two decks, will fight as good a battle as a seventy-four that carries fifty-six, fifty-two, and eighteen pounders, besides her quarter-deckers. The fifty-six gun ship is under the same disadvantage of fighting her heaviest guns between decks, that a seventy-four is; her lower guns will be as near the water, within a small trifle, as the seventy-four's. But she is to cost much less, that is true; she will cost as much less as fifty-six guns will cost less than seventy-four, and that, I am sure, is all the difference in the cost. But then, again, she will require fewer men; that I also agree to: she will not require as many men by one hundred as a seventy-four. She is also to sail much faster, as she will swim two or three inches lighter; it is probable she may sail a trifle faster, but there can be no material difference in their sailing. I understand that Mr. Landais is appointed a captain in the American navy—perhaps he is to command one of these ships—I must allow that a two-decker will have much genteeler accommodations for officers than a ship that carries only one tier of guns; and experience has taught us, that our officers, both by land and sea, are fond of being genteely accommodated; perhaps this consideration may, in some measure, have influenced Mr. Landais' opinion in favor of two-deckers; otherwise, if he is really acquainted with maritime matters and the peculiar circumstances of America, I think he would give the preference to such ships as I sometime ago proposed to Mr. Ellery; which was to turn those ships that were designed for seventy-fours, into frigates that might mount thirty-two thirty-two-pounders on the gun deck, and fourteen twelve's on the quarter-deck and forecastle. They will carry their heavy guns between three and four feet higher than Mr. Landais' fifty-six gun-ship will carry her lower tier, consequently will be able to fight them as long as any two decker can fight her upper tier, and will have an inconceivable advantage in fighting those heavy guns on an upper deck. They would swim more than a foot lighter than the fifty-six gun-ship, and would

have much less top hamper; consequently, would sail much faster, and cost much less, and would not require so many men by one-fourth.

If it is not too late, I could wish the experiment might be made with one of them. I have not heard whether Mr. Morris is returned to congress or not; if he is, and should think worth while to consider my plan, I flatter myself he would not disapprove it, for I know him to be a very good judge of those affairs. But, perhaps, it is too late to make any alteration in the plan, I must therefore leave it to your discretion to take any notice of what I say on the subject or not; but I must take the liberty to predict that those two-deckers will never go to sea; and I believe I may venture to say, that the frigates that are in Boston will never get to sea till a stop is put to privateering. As to our state affairs I must refer you to those of your correspondents who are on the stage of action, as they can much better inform you than is in my power.

Please present my most respectful compliments to those gentlemen who you know I esteem, and accept for yourself the best wishes of your very affectionate friend and

Most obedient, humble servant,



Colonel Bartlett,
In Congress.

No. VI.

Portsmouth, 12th July, 1778.

My Dear Sir—Your much esteemed favor of the 20th ultimo, is now before me. The evacuation of Philadelphia is an event I had been some weeks expecting to hear of. I hope (with you) that congress may find some place more commodious than where you now are; but I think, were I with you, I should not wish to go to Philadelphia till the hot weather was over, nor then if a better place could be found; which, in my opinion, is not difficult. But that is a matter not for me to judge of, nor is it of much importance where they set, so long as they continue to act with that firmness which is so conspicuous in their conduct towards the British commissioners, a conduct that must do them eternal honor. No transaction of congress ever gave more general satisfaction in this quarter.

We had yesterday some imperfect account of a battle fought on the

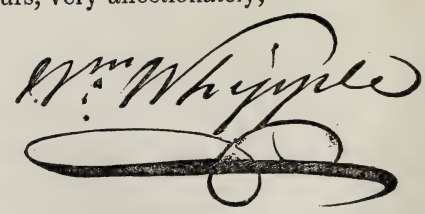
28th ultimo, in which it is said the enemy left three hundred on the field, and our army took one hundred prisoners; our loss not ascertained. This victory does not satisfy the *most* sanguine amongst us; others (with whom I place myself,) think this, with *better*, will do. I hope we shall have a particular account of all the movements, &c.

As I am happy in agreeing with you in opinion, in general, I should be exceedingly glad if there was a coincidence in our sentiments respecting privateering. I agree with you that the privateers have much distressed the trade of our enemies; but, had there been no privateers, is it not probable there would have been a much larger number of public ships than has been fitted out, which might have distressed the enemy nearly as much, and furnished these states with necessaries on much better terms than they have been supplied by privateers? However, I will not contend with you about the advantages or disadvantages that have been the consequences of that business; all I wish to convince you of is, that it is *now* attended with the most pernicious consequences; which there would be no need of my undertaking, if you were only to pass three months in this or any other town where the spirit for privateering rages with such violence as it does here. No kind of business can so effectually introduce luxury, extravagance, and every kind of dissipation that tend to the destruction of the *morals* of a people. Those who are actually engaged in it, soon lose every idea of right and wrong; and for want of an opportunity of gratifying their insatiable avarice with the property of the enemies of their country, will, without the least compunction, seize that of her friends. Thus far I am sure you would agree with me had you the opportunity, before mentioned, of making your observations. But perhaps you may say, these are evils attendant on this business to society in general. I will allow that to be the case, but then it must be allowed they will operate with more violence in this country, in its present unsettled state, than in a country where all the powers of government can be vigorously exercised; but besides these, there are many other mischiefs that attend this business peculiar to these states in our present circumstances. Some of the towns in this state have been obliged to give four hundred dollars bounty, per man, for men to serve three or four months at Rhode Island, exclusive of that allowed by the state. This is wholly owing to privateering. The farmers cannot hire a laborer for less than thirty or forty dollars per month, and, in the neighborhood of this town, three and four dollars per day, and very difficult to be had at that; this naturally raises the price of provisions—Indian corn is not to be purchased under six dollars per bushel. There is at this time *five* privateers fitting out here,

which, I suppose, will take four hundred men; these must principally be countrymen, for the seamen are chiefly gone and most of them are in Halifax jail; besides all this, you may depend, no public ship will ever be manned while there is a privateer fitting out. The reason is plain—those people who have the most influence with seamen think it their interest to discourage the public service, because by that they advance their own interest, viz. privateering. In order to do this effectually, every officer in the public service, (I mean the navy,) is treated with general contempt: a man of any feeling cannot bear this; he therefore, to avoid these indignities, quits the service, and is immediately courted and caressed to go a privateering. By this means, all the officers that are worth employing will quit the service, and you'll have the navy, (if you think it worth while to keep up that show) officered by *tinkers*, *shoemakers* and *horsejockeys;* no gentleman worth employing will accept a commission. This, you may depend upon, will soon be the case, unless privateering is discouraged and the business of the marine, in this department, more attended to and conducted with more regularity. In short, it would be much better to set fire to the ships now in port than to pretend to fit them for sea, for as matters now are, (if I am rightly informed, and my authority is very good,) the public are at an amazing expense to procure men for privates; for if they, the public ships, get two men one day they are sure to lose four the next, who take care to carry off with them the advanced pay, &c.

I think I have given you a long chapter on privateering, much longer than I intended when I began. I have said the more on the subject, as it is the last time I shall trouble you with my sentiments of that business; and as I have got to the end of my sheet, I will conclude the long scrawl with my best wishes for your health and happiness, and with the fullest assurances that I am

Yours, very affectionately,



Colonel Bartlett,
In Congress.

No. VII.

Portsmouth, 2d August, 1778.

My Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 13th ultimo, came to hand yesterday. I have no expectation that an alteration will take place

agreeable to my proposal, especially as my plan is objected to by a *Frenchman.* I have had a conversation with Mr. Landais, since he left congress, on that subject; he seems very fond of his own child, which is natural enough to suppose, but he can offer nothing of sufficient weight to alter my sentiments: on the contrary, since talking with him, I am more confirmed in my own opinion. These Frenchmen, who are not perfectly acquainted with our language, have a very convenient way of getting over difficulties—when they cannot answer your objections, they do not *understand* you. However, experience will bring us right in time, I hope. I am sure it will convince us that the plan for fifty-six-gun ships will never answer our purpose.

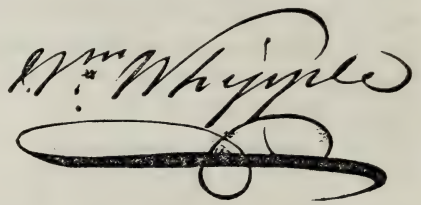
I am obliged for your particular account of the French fleet, which I find differs from the newspaper accounts. I heartily wish this fleet may answer our most sanguine expectations, but I am very apprehensive that (unless they are very quick in their motions) a fleet from Britain will be along side of them before they are ready to receive them. We are in daily expectation of hearing of some grand operations. *Sullivan,* it seems, is to attack Newport; but he cannot be ready for such an attack, by his making a requisition, very lately, of assistance from this state. No orders are yet issued from the executive authority here; it will be very difficult for this state to spare any men at this busy season—we are already thoroughly drained of men. I suppose we have as large a proportion as any state in the Union in the public service, that are sent by the state,—nearly as many more have enlisted in the Massachusetts' regiments, and vast numbers are gone a privateering, so that we have hardly any males left but old men and boys. If we send any more soldiers, I believe they must be *females*—we may spare a considerable number of that sort. * * * * * I don't learn that general Sullivan has more than five or six thousand men, and the enemy have seven thousand at Newport.

There has been no arrivals this way for some time past, all the intelligence from Europe must come from your way; I therefore wish *you* would furnish as much as possible. Mr. D., it seems, is or has been with you; I suppose whether his conduct is to be approved or disapproved is a matter of debate. Philadelphia, I imagine, has a different face from what it wore when you left it last—no doubt you find some new faces and miss many old ones—the Quakers, it is to be supposed, are as friendly as ever: among the rest, pray what has become of our old land-lady?

I hope the Chesapeake and Delaware bays will soon be open for our northern vessels, and the states bordering on them able to furnish

us with a little bread, which I assure you we are in great want of. One-third of the families in this town are one-half of their time without bread, though, if the information I have is true, very considerable quantities are in the country; but being in the hands of farmers who don't want money, therefore will not part with their corn. What little is brought to town is sold for seven and eight dollars per bushel; in short, the produce of the country is by far dearer than any foreign articles.

I understand, by colonel Langdon, that Mr. Wentworth has been ill—hope he is perfectly recovered and joined you long 'ere this. I hope the extra hot weather will not injure your health—it has had a very severe effect upon my intestines; but by the help of medicine I am in a fair way to be in a condition to go to Rhode Island, if I can be serviceable there. I am very sincerely yours,



HON. JOSIAH BARTLETT,
In Congress.

Gill, Franklin county, Mass., Dec. 7, 1842.

JNO. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

My Dear Sir—After a long silence on my part, occasioned by solemn events in the providence of God, I enclose you another poem for the American Pioneer. It may be sung to the air of Beattie's Hermit.

THE BANKS OF MAUMEE.

"Since the treaty, some of the Indians have said they will never leave this country; if they can find no place to stay, they will spend the rest of their days in walking up and down the Maumee, mourning over the wretched state of their people."—*Van Tassel's Journal in the Missionary Herald, Dec.* 1831.

I stood, in a dream, on the banks of Maumee!
'Twas autumn, and nature seem'd wrapp'd in decay;
The wind, moaning, crept thro' the shivering tree—
The leaf from the bough drifted slowly away:
The gray-eagle screamed on the marge of the stream,
The solitudes answered the bird of the free;
How lonely and sad was the scene of my dream,
And mournful the hour, on the banks of Maumee!

A form passed before me—a vision of one
Who mourned for his nation, his country and kin;
He walked on the shores, now deserted and lone,
Where the homes of his tribe, in their glory, had been:
And thought after thought o'er his sad spirit stole,
As wave follows wave o'er the turbulent sea;
And this lamentation he breathed from his soul,
O'er the ruins of home, on the banks of Maumee:—

"As the hunter, at morn, in the snows of the wild,
Recalls to his mind the sweet visions of night;
When sleep, softly falling, his sorrows beguiled,
And opened his eyes in the land of delight—
So, backward I muse on the dream of my youth;
Ye peace-giving hours! O, where did ye flee?
When the Christian neglected his pages of truth,
And the Great Spirit frowned, on the banks of Maumee.

"Oppression has lifted his iron-like rod
And smitten my people, again and again;
The white man has said there is justice with God—
Will He hear the poor Indian before him complain?
Sees he not how His children are worn and oppress'd—
How driven in exile?—O, can he not see?
And I, in the garments of heaviness dress'd,
The last of my tribe, on the banks of Maumee?

"Ye trees, on whose branches my cradle was hung,
Must I yield you a prey to the axe and the fire?
Ye shores, where the chaunt of the pow-wow was sung,
Have ye witnessed the light of the council expire?
Pale ghosts of my fathers, who battled of yore,
Is the Great Spirit *just* in the land where ye be?
While living, dejected I'll wander this shore,
And join you at last from the banks of Maumee."

King Philip's Camp.—Old "King Philip," once took up his winter quarters on the summit of a hill, near the residence of the late honorable S. C. Allen, in that part of Northfield lying west of the Connecticut river, contiguous to Gill—at least, so says tradition; and the old pine tree, about the trunk of which he constructed his lodge, is yet standing, bearing the marks of his camp-fire and of his hatchet. The site is a *sightly* one, overlooking the flat lands bordering the river, for a considerable distance; and the approach of a foe was thus easily detected. Had not the gray-headed fathers of our people "fallen asleep" before the "rise and progress" of the *Pioneer* press, that press might have given to history interesting and stirring scenes in the course of Philip's winter encampment upon the hill.

For that there was some bloody work then and there is a fact disclosed by the exhuming of human skeletons around the base of the mount; and it is but a short time since that a human skull was turned up by a workman, within gun-shot of the hill, with a bullet hole in it, through which the soul of the owner undoubtedly escaped to the spirit-land, in days "lang syne."

A Curious old Coin.—A curious old copper coin has been found on the banks of the river, in our neighborhood. It is a valuable relic for an antiquarian; and were it gifted with a tongue, might unfold an "unco strange" tale. I have seen the coin once, some time since, and the characters inscribed thereon were altogether beyond my "bent." I shall endeavor to get possession of the same, and send you a fac-simile of it as soon as practicable.

With many acknowledgments of your past kindness and notice of my poetry, [my name, by the way, is Josiah, not Joseph,] I remain, sir, Yours, respectfully,

Jos. D. Canning.

JOURNAL OF ST. CLAIR'S ARMY.

We are glad to receive the documents and the following letter from our reverend correspondent, and thank him much for his copy. We shall publish the journal in our next with, perhaps, some remarks. This will open the way for explanations on points which neither he nor I seem to be capable of making. Our friend may be assured that his is not the worst, among fifty-two different persons' manuscripts, from which we edited the first volume. He seems to be more out of patience with his own "scrawl" than we ever were, although we almost invoked the spirit of our fathers to help us decypher the Welsh name. We ardently wish always to have plenty of such contributions.

Mount Carmel, Ill., Dec. 9th, 1842.

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—Agreeably to my promise you have the journal of the proceedings of general Arthur St. Clair's army. It is not just the thing I expected, but a kind of defence or trial before a court martial, detailing the *marches*, &c. Well, it is such as suited the occasion. I had, however, to decypher it for you. I found it among lieutenant or captain Bradshaw's papers.

I must correct past errors—my misfortune is to write too rapidly; a habit contracted in a clerk's office at an early day, consequently, sometimes not plain, leading printers into blunders. Indeed, sometimes it has been my misfortune to do two things at *once*, write and talk too, as I am now doing—but enough of this.

In my letter of May 30th, 1842, for Owen ap "Zuinch," read "Guinedth;" for chaplin of "Union," read chaplin of "Mercer;" for 1186, read "1180." In my letter of Oct. 11th, 1842, for "speeches of congress," read "specimens of the presidents' autographs of the old congress." From an affliction by a *paralysis*, I find my letters contracted, and am astonished to find that you can decypher my scrawl.

With your prospects of an approaching new-year, I trust you may realize equal and more success than the present, in your zealous efforts to preserve the most interesting events that have ever occurred among men since the age of wonders.

Yours, very respectfully,

Th. S. Hinde

GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

Rockspring, Illinois, December 9th, 1842.

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—I regret that absence from home, for a year past, and pressure of business since my return, have prevented me from aiding in your invaluable periodical, The American Pioneer.

I will again say, after having read with no ordinary interest, all the numbers of the first volume, that it is just such a periodical as I have long desired to see, and as is *indispensable* to gather, collate and correct the scattered fragments of our Western History, and of its intrepid pioneers.

I purpose, from time to time, to give you "sketches," without attempting connection or method. They have been gathered from various sources, collated and examined with care, compared with other statements, and it is believed they may be relied on as facts.

ABSOLOM HICKLIN.

The following sketch I gathered from James Caldwell, Esq., who formerly lived in Madison country, Mo., and at whose house I saw Hicklin, nearly twenty years since.

Absalom Hicklin was taken prisoner by the Indians, in Kentucky, about 1788, he being then a boy twelve or fifteen years of age. He lived many years with the Indians, on the great prairies west of the Mississippi, and ranged over the vast regions betwixt that river and the Rocky mountains, and from the Red river of the northern ocean to the Texan and Mexican regions south. He visited most of the Spanish provinces of Upper Mexico, and was well acquainted with many of the Indian tribes, their languages and customs. While at the hot springs on the Washita, he took a severe cold, which, for a long time, afflicted his head, and finally rendered him entirely deaf. He spoke his native tongue fluently—was commuicative in conversation, and could readily understand by signs. Before he was taken prisoner he had learned to read, the ability of which he had never entirely lost. This facilitated conversation with him, for he could readily catch our meaning when written on a slate. When I saw him he was about fifty years of age, and appeared to possess more than ordinary shrewdness and talent. He had then lived in the white settlements for several years, but still delighted in hunting, at which he was peculiarly expert. While amongst the Indians, he had nearly forgotten how to read, but after his deafness occurred he turned his attention to reading, and especially writing, as a mode of communication with his friends. He was quite inquisitive, and could read the answers to his questions, on the slate, with great facility.

He had been much amongst the Caddoe Indians, and had traveled repeatedly across the Great Desert that lies between Texas and the Upper Arkansas river.

He stated that amongst the Caddoes, and some other tribes of Indians, one man of the hunting party is the *fire-man*, who is also the "medicine-man," priest or conjurer. It is his business to provide fire for the party. He carries the "fire tools," the steel, flint and spunk, and strikes up the fires at each encampment. He neither hunts, nor performs any other labor, yet is entitled to the choice pieces from the game.

He knew a Caddoe priest, or fire-man, who tried to stop the rain, that they might drive the buffalo. He had a number of opossum's tails, with the ends curled; these he hung to the branches of trees and shrubs, singing or chanting to them, and performing divers magical ceremonies. Mr. Hicklin noticed the Indian would always watch the clouds till signs of fair weather appeared, before he commenced his charms. Though a cunning imposition, as the conjurations of these medicine-men always are, yet the Indians believed it all a reality.

To procure rain in a time of drought, these conjurers have threads or strings of beads and other trinkets, which they hold with one hand over the water till the lower end is wet.

Mr. K. described the *Great Desert*, in the interior of America, over which he had frequently traveled. This tract of country lies in the northern part of Texas, and towards the heads of the Red river, and the southwestern branches of the Arkansas, and stretches westward into the regions of Mexico. He once traveled three days and nights over these vast prairies without water, till his tongue became dry and cracked; he spit only blood, and the sensation, as he described it, was like an effort to swallow without effecting it. The sufferings of the company were intolerable. Finally, they came to a hole, containing a little water, thickened with the excrement of the buffalo, which necessity compelled them to drink. The next day they had water and rain in abundance.

In the dry season all the water in this desert evaporates, and no rain falls from March to Christmas. The earth opens in fissures three feet wide, and from five to six feet deep. Corn, if planted, grows a foot high, tassels out and dies. The prairie grass withers and will burn furiously by the 20th of July.

There are no springs in this desert. During a rainy season, water collects in holes, and soon becomes hot and filthy. In some parts the sand is thrown into heaps by the wind, threatening the destruction of the poor traveler. In the rainy season the buffalo and mustangs roam over this tract; but in time of drought, game of every description forsakes this parched desert. The Caddoes and Camanches frequently cross it in their predatory and hunting excursions.

Possibly some of the old settlers of Kentucky may recollect the family of Mr. Hicklin, and his captivity. It is possible he may have spelt his name wrong. It may have been Ficklin, or Hinckley, or some other name, but he spoke it as I have written it.

Respectfully, yours, &c.

J. M. Peck.

We congratulate the readers of the American Pioneer upon the re-appearance of our valued friend, the Rev. Mr. Peck. We had really given him over. He, however, satisfactorily explains his silence; and, we trust, will continue to regale our readers with many a rare treat from his store of Pioneer lore. He has promised more, and we confidently expect it.

POST OFFICE FACILITIES.

Auditor's Office, Post Office Dep't, Dec. 1842.

Dear Sir—The annals sent to you, in my letter of the 18th March last, closed with the removal of Benjamin Franklin by the freak of ministers on the 29th of January, 1774. My next letter commenced with the first report made to congress on the 25th of July, 1775. The intervening period of about eighteen months was omitted, but its history in regard to the post office establishment, as in other matters, is interesting, and will now be examined. In supplying this chasm, I shall avail myself liberally of the labors of Peter Force, the intelligent and indefatigable editor of the American Archives, who has literally "encompassed sea and land" to collect historical documents, to fulfill engagements to congress, by whose authority the work is being published; and to make it as interesting as it is eminently useful, as a history of the great events in this country from the first settlement to the period at which the American State Papers, published by Gales and Seaton, commences in 1787. Matthew St. Clair Clark was first associated with Mr. Force as publisher, and having transferred his interest to John C. Rives, it is now published by Force and Rives.

Dr. Gregory, in his Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, says—"In 1711, the former establishments of separate post offices for England and Scotland were abolished; and by the statute 9, Anne, chap. 10, one general post office and one postmaster general were established for the whole United Kingdom; and this post master was empowered to erect chief letter offices at Edinburgh, at Dublin, at New York, and other places in America and the West Indies."

We have seen by the annals published in the American Pioneer, volume i., page 108, that colonel John Hamilton, of New Jersey, obtained letters patent for a scheme he devised to regulate the post office establishment for British America, which he sold to the British government in 1710.

From the fact, that the British government, in 1710, purchased the letter patent of colonel Hamilton, for the plan devised by him to regulate the post office establishment; and from the fact of immediate action of the British government, by which all former acts were abolished and a post office establishment created which embraced the united kingdom of England and Scotland, and of British America, it is evident to my mind that the British government and subjects are indebted to a native American for the scheme of their post office establishment, which is their pride and boast.

"The revenues derived from postages were set apart for the service of the war, and other of her majesty's occasions." Although the office had paid nothing into the treasury when Dr. Franklin was appointed postmaster general in 1753, yet such were the improvements he introduced into its organization, and such impulses were given to its action and accountability, that when he was dismissed on the 29th of January, 1774, it yielded a clear revenue to the crown of £3,000 sterling per annum.

On the 5th of February, 1774, an American, in London, with an independence and fearlessness that characterized the patriots of that day, addressed the following letter to lord North:

"*My Lord*—As an American, give me leave to assure your lordship that I think the dismissing Dr. Franklin, as postmaster general in North America, at this particular crisis, one of the most fortunate events that could have happened to that country. It was that gentleman that brought the post office in America to be of some consequence, and to yield something of a revenue to the mother country. The people there never liked the institution, and only acquiesed in it out of their unbounded affection for the person that held the office, who had taken infinite pains to render it convenient to the several colonies. But what will follow now, my lord? I will tell you.—The post from Philadelphia to Boston is that alone which produces any profit worth mentioning; the others, taken together, do not more than maintain themselves; and between Philadelphia and Boston, you may depend on it, the Americans will immediately set up a carrier of their own, which you, with all your brethren in power, together with lord Hillsborough's abilities, cannot prevent; and thereby they will entirely starve your post between those capital cities. And this will happily end your boasted post office, so often given as a precedent for taxing the Americans."

This prophecy, in London, within seven days after the removal of Dr. Franklin, and before it was known in America that he was removed, and, of course, without any concert with any person in this country on the subject, in a very short time became history.

"Feeling power and forgetting right," the colonists were oppressed in various ways by the parent government; and the post office establishment was used to extort money from the people of this country, and to prevent the dissemination of intelligence through the medium of the few newspapers then published here. William Goddard, the publisher of a newspaper in Philadelphia, was the first person who proposed to establish an American or constitutional post office, in contradistinction to an unconstitutional or British ministerial post office.

His paper had circulated in the greater part of Pennsylvania, N. Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia, till at length the exactions of the king's post rider became so enormous that they amounted to an entire prohibition to the continuance of his business in the city of Philadelphia. The sum of fifty-two pounds sterling, Pennsylvania currency, per annum, was demanded at the post office for the carriage of about three hundred and fifty newspapers, one hundred and thirty miles, payable in weekly payments, as the papers were delivered to the post.

We should most certainly rebel against this oppressive and enormous tax at this day; and it is a matter of surprise that the reading community did not rise *en masse* and demand redress, instead of remaining inactive until they were aroused by the representations and public addresses of Mr. Goddard. He was "the proprietor and employer of a very free press," and in that employment had obtained much note. The probability is, his paper gave great offence to the ministerialists; and if its suppression was not directed by the crown, the post riders knew what would please lord North. Mr. Goddard, in March, 1774, visited Boston and most of the large towns in New England, and made known his plan to the people publicly and privately. Letters were written in his behalf from New York to gentlemen in Boston, and his plan favorably recommended. The Bostonians were liberal and spirited then, as they have ever been since, when the demands of the public required a free will offering of personal service or money. Large assemblies congregated to sustain Mr. Goddard in prosecuting his plan, and one gentleman subscribed fifty pounds towards carrying it into effect. It was a bold measure, and against the statute 9, of queen Anne, chapter 10, section 17; which decreed, "that no person or persons, body politic, or corporate whatsoever, in Great Britain, Ireland, the West Indies, or America, other than the postmaster general appointed by his majesty, shall presume to take up, order, despatch, convey, carry, re-carry, or deliver, any letter or letters, or set up, or employ any foot-post, horse-post, or packet boat, on pain of forfeiting five pounds British money for every several offence, and also the sum of one hundred pounds of like British money for every week during the continuance of the offence."

After referring to the origin of the American post office, and to the statute of the 9th of Anne, by which the crown was possessed of the control of the office, Mr. Goddard set forth the ground of grievance in a preamble to a plan, from which I extract the following:—

"By this means a set of officers, ministerial indeed in their creation, direction, and dependence, are maintained in the colonies, into whose hands all the social, commercial, and political intelligence of the conti-

nent is necessarily committed; which at this time every one must consider as dangerous in the extreme. It is not only our letters that are liable to be stopped and opened, by a ministerial mandate, and their contents construed into treasonable conspiracies, but our newspapers, those necessary and important alarms in time of public danger, may be rendered of little consequence for want of circulation. Whenever it shall be thought proper to restrain the liberty of the press or injure an individual, how easily may it be effected! A postmaster general may dismiss a rider and substitute his hostler in his place, who may tax the newspapers to a prohibition; and when the master is remonstrated to, upon the head, he may deny he has any concern in the matter, and tell the printer he must make his terms with the post. As, therefore, the maintenance of this dangerous and unconstitutional precedent of taxation without our consent; as the parting of very considerable sums of our money to support officers, of whom it seems to be expected that they should be inimical to our rights; as the great danger of the increase of such interest and its connections, added to the consideration above mentioned, must be alarming to a people thoroughly convinced of the fatal tendency of this parliamentary establishment, it is, therefore, proposed:

"1st. That subscriptions be opened for the establishment and maintenance of a post office, and for the necessary defence of post offices and riders employed in the same.

"2d. That the subscribers in each colony shall annually appoint a committee from among themselves, consisting of seven persons, whose business it shall be to appoint postmasters in all places within their respective provinces, where such offices have hitherto been kept or may hereafter be judged necessary; and to regulate the postages of letters and packets, with the terms on which newspapers are to be carried; which regulations shall be printed and set up in each respective office.

"3d. That the postmaster shall contract with, and take bonds with sufficient securities, of suitable persons, to perform the same duty as hath heretofore been performed by post riders, subject to the regulation and control of the committee.

"4th. That the several mails shall be under lock and key, and liable to the inspection of no person but the respective postmasters to whom directed, who shall be under oath for the faithful discharge of the trust reposed in him.

"5th. That a postmaster general shall be annually chosen by the written votes of all the provincial committes, enclosed and sent to the chairman of the New York committee; who, on receiving all the

votes, and giving one month's public notice in all the New York papers of the time and place appointed for that purpose, shall open them in committee in the presence of all such subscribers as shall choose to attend, and declare the choice; which choice shall be immediately communicated to all the other provincial committees by a certificate under the hand of the said chairman.

"6th. That the postmaster general shall be empowered to demand and receive the accounts from the several postmasters throughout the colonies connected with this post office, and shall adjust and liquidate the same; and, by his order, transfer in just proportion the surplusages of one office to make good deficiencies of another, if any such should appear; and in case of a deficiency upon the whole, he shall have the power to draw for the same on the several committees, in proportion to the amount of the subscription in their department; and at the year's end transmit to the said committees a fair and just account of the whole post office under his inspection.

"7th. That the several postmasters shall charge — per cent. on all the monies received into their respective offices for their own services, and also — per cent. for the use of the postmaster general, which they shall remit to him quarterly with their accounts.

"8th. That whatever balances may remain in the hands of the several postmasters, after all charges are paid, shall, by the direction of the subscribers in the province or provinces, where such postmasters reside, be appropriated to the enlargement of the present institution within their respective provinces."

This plan was well arranged and suited to the condition of the people at that day, and several of its leading principles have been in practice to the present time.

My next communication will resume the subject of the "Constitutional Post Office."

Most sincerely and respectfully, yours,

G. Whitlesey

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

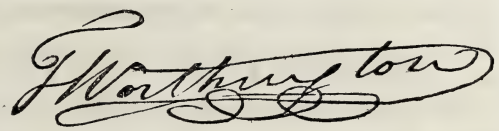
A Northern Custom.—When Mr. Hearne was on the Coppermine river, in 1771, some of the Copper Indians in his company killed a number of Esquimaux, by which act they considered themselves unclean; and all concerned in the murder were not allowed to cook any provisions, either for themselves or others. They were, however, allowed to eat of others' cooking, but not until they had painted, with a kind of red earth, all the space between their nose and chin, as well as a greater part of their cheeks, almost to their ears. Neither would they use any other dish or pipe than their own.—[*Drake.*

A SMACK OF PIONEER CANDOR AND POLITICS.

Chillicothe, May 25th, 1803.

Dear Sir—I was favored with your letter of the 14th inst., enclosing my receipt. In answer to that part of your letter relating to the ensuing election, I can only say that I know you must be convinced that I have uniformly, since the commencement of our acquaintance, given you every evidence of my respect for you personally, and for the principles you advocate. But, sir, situated as I now am, I cannot, consistently with that integrity I wish to pursue, give up Mr. Morrow. This gentleman was brought forward at the earnest solicitation of a large majority of the republican members at the close of last session. It was agreed to support him in the different counties, and so far as I can learn the sentiments of the people in the eastern counties, in this county, and Adams, this will be done. An attempt to change the present plan, would certainly, at this late period, effectually prevent the election of either yourself or Mr. Morrow, and ensure the election of a federalist. I am sure, sir, you do not wish to see this effect produced by a division of republican interest, nor in any other way. I am informed, from the most authentic source, that the federalists are taking the most active measures in support of a man of their own politics. Under these circumstances, if you could by any means give your aid in the support of a republican, it would be a happy circumstance. I beg you will believe me, very sincerely,

Your friend,



WILLIAM GOFORTH, ESQ.

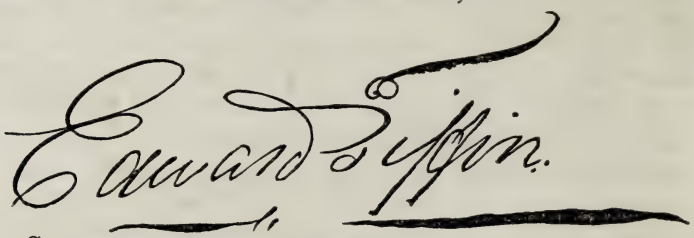
Chillicothe, November 17th, 1804.

Sir—In obedience to the 5th section of the act of the general assembly, passed at the last session, entitled "An act to provide for the election of electors of the president and vice president," I herewith transmit, by a special messenger, a certificate of your being legally and duly elected for the state of Ohio, one of the electors of president and vice president of the United States. You will please to attend at the court-house, in the town of Chillicothe, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of Wednesday the 5th day of December next, to receive such communication as shall be made to the electors then present by the executive authority of this state, agreeably with the act of con-

gress entitled, "An act supplementary to the act entitled, an act relative to the election of a president and vice president of the United States, and declaring the officer who shall act as president in case of vacancies to the offices both of president and vice president," passed at their last session; as also to proceed to discharge the duties required of you by law.

Will you be so good as to acknowledge the receipt of this communication by return of the express?

With due respect, I have the honor to be, with the highest personal esteem, sir, Your obedient servant,



WILLIAM GOFORTH, SEN., ESQ., *Columbia.*

P. S. A gentleman of this place has applied to me to discharge the duties of a special messenger to the city of Washington, with a return of the electoral votes, but I informed him that the electors have to choose one for themselves; if, therefore, you have engaged no one, he may be depended on, and will be ready, should you think proper to employ him, to execute your commands.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE BENJAMIN TAPPAN.

MR. TAPPAN came to Northampton in 1768. Being a total stranger, he took letters of introduction from gentlemen in Boston to major Hawley, a celebrated patriot of olden time, as well as to other men of note. Having been raised in the city, he was not prepared to see men of celebrity housed, habited, and occupied as were the fathers of the country. He first put up with Seth Pomroy, of whose military exploits he had heard, and which led him to expect show and parade; but instead of this he found him accoutred in a leather apron and working at his anvil. This surprised him; but he thought in major Hawley to find something more near his ideas of the external appearance of a great man. He was directed to a house in Redding lane, (now Hawley street,) of a very rough appearance, being of hewed logs. He could not believe this was the house of the Hawley whom the Bostonians esteemed so great a man. The front door had a

wooden latch with a leather string hanging through. At this he rapped with his knuckles, for knockers and bell-pullers were unknown. He received the customary "walk in." On entering, he found a man plainly dressed, in a check shirt, who civily asked the Boston boy to take a seat. "Can this be major Hawley?" exclaimed he to himself; but to make the matter sure, he asked if major Hawley lived there? The man said his name was Hawley, and soon convinced his visitor, by conversation, that he was no ordinary man. The next sabbath found men and boys in checked shirts. Such was Northampton seventy-five years ago; it is now one of the most fashionable villages of the country.

Your's respectfully,

David Stebbins

BOYD'S CONTRIBUTIONS.

Cincinnati, December 21, 1842.

My Dear Sir—I fully intended furnishing, as an accompaniment to the letters of Mr. Whipple, an original sketch of his life and services, but have been prevented from doing so for the want of leisure to arrange the matter I had collected for the purpose.

The following extract of a letter recently received from New Hampshire may not be out of place:—"With the latter gentleman (Whipple) and my honored father, there subsisted such a strong and enduring intimacy and affection, that his letters of correspondence in my files are much more numerous than those of any other of his colleagues or contemporaries; and although at times, during the struggle for independence, the national affairs wore a gloomy aspect, yet Whipple's letters were always inspiring, and occasionally seasoned with Attic wit at the gloomy presages of his desponding compeers."

In the absence of a better, the accompanying notice from Blake's Biographical Dictionary, may serve your purpose

Very truly, yours,

John B. B. Boyd

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

"William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born at Kittery, Maine, in 1730. After receiving as good an education as the public school of his native town could afford, he en-

tered on board of a merchant vessel, and during several years was engaged making voyages for commercial purposes, principally to the West Indies. He acquired in this way a considerable fortune, and, abandoning the sea in 1759, commenced business with a brother at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he continued in trade until within a few years of the Revolution. In January, 1775, he was a representative of Portsmouth in the provincial congress, assembled at Exeter for the purpose of electing delegates to the continental congress in Philadelphia; and of a second provincial congress, which met at the same place on the ensuing May, by which he was appointed one of the provincial committee of safety. In 1776, he was placed in the general congress, and continued a member until September, 1777. In 1777, the assembly of New Hampshire placed him at the head of one of the brigades organized in consequence of the progress of Burgoyne. He joined Gate's army, and in the battle of Saratoga commanded the New Hampshire troops. He was employed to assist in arranging the terms of capitulation, and in conducting the surrendered army to their encampment on Winter-hill, in the vicinity of Boston. In 1778, he shared in the successful expedition to Rhode Island under general Sullivan. In 1780, he was chosen a representative to the general assembly of New Hampshire, and was several times reelected. In 1782, he was appointed, by Mr. Morris, the superintendent of finance, receiver of public monies for New Hampshire, an office which infirm health obliged him to relinquish in 1784. In the former year, he was also appointed judge of the superior court of judicature. He died in November, 1785."—[*Blake, page* 984.

TRAVELS OF MONCACHTAPE.

Moncachtape, was a Yazoo, whose name signified, in the language of that nation, *killer of pain and fatigue.* How well he deserved this name, the sequel will unfold. He was well known to the historian Du Pratz, about 1760, and it was owing to his singular good intelligence, that that traveler was able to add much valuable information to his work. "This man, (says Du Pratz,) was remarkable for his solid understanding and elevation of sentiment; and I may justly compare him to those first Greeks, who traveled chiefly in the east to examine the manners and customs of different nations, and to communicate to their fellow-citizens, on their return, the knowledge which they had acquired." He was known to the French by the name of the *Interpreter*, as he could communicate with several other nations, having learned their languages. Monsieur Du Pratz used great endeavors among the nations of the Mississippi, to learn their origin, or from whence they came; and observes, concerning it, "All that I could learn from them was, that they came from between the north and the sun-setting; and this account they uniformly adhere to, whenever they give any account of their origin." This was unsatisfactory to him, and in his exertions to find some one that could inform him better, he met with *Moncachtape.* The following is the result of his communications in his own words:—

"I had lost my wife, and all the children whom I had by her, when I undertook my journey towards the sun-rising. I set out from my village, contrary to the inclination of all my relations, and went first to the Chickasaws, our friends and neighbors. I continued among them several days, to inform myself whether they knew whence we all came, or, at least, whence they themselves came; they, who were our elders—since from them came the language of the country. As they could not inform me, I proceeded on my journey. I reached the country of the Chaouanous, and afterwards went up the Wabash, or Ohio, near its source, which is in the country of the Iroquois, or Five Nations. I left them, however, towards the north; and, during the winter, which, in that country, is very severe and very long, I lived in a village of the Albenaquis, where I contracted an acquaintance with a man somewhat older than myself, who promised to conduct me, the following spring, to the great water. Accordingly, when the snows were melted, and the weather was settled, we proceeded eastward, and, after several days' journey, I at length saw the great water, which filled me with such joy and admiration that I could not speak. Night drawing on, we took up our lodgings on a high bank above the water, which was sorely vexed by the wind, and made so great a noise that I could not sleep. Next day, the ebbing and flowing of the water filled me with great apprehension; but my companion quieted my fears, by assuring me that the water observed certain bounds, both in advancing and retiring. Having satisfied our curiosity, in viewing the great water, we returned to the village of the Albenaquis, where I continued the following winter; and after the snows were melted, my companion and I went and viewed the great fall of the river St. Lawrence, at Niagara, which was distant from the village several days' journey. The view of this great fall, at first, made my hair stand on end, and my heart almost leap out of its place; but afterwards, before I left it, I had the courage to walk under it. Next day, we took the shortest road to the Ohio, and my companion and I, cutting down a tree on the banks of the river, we formed it into a pettiaugre, which served to conduct me down the Ohio and the Mississippi, after which, with much difficulty, I went up our small river, and at length arrived safe among my relations, who were rejoiced to see me in good health. This journey, instead of satisfying, only seved to excite my curiosity. Our old men, for several years, had told me that the ancient speech informed them that the red men of the north came, originally, much higher and much farther than the source of the river Missouri; and, as I had longed to see, with my own eyes, the land from whence our first fathers came, I took my precautions for my journey westwards. Having provided a small quantity of corn, I proceeded up along the eastern bank of the river Mississippi, till I came to the Ohio. I went up along the bank of this last river, about the fourth part of a day's journey, that I might be able to cross it without being carried into the Mississippi. There I formed a cajeux, or raft of canes, by the assistance of which I passed over the river; and next day meeting with a herd of buffalos in the meadows, I killed a fat one, and took from it the fillets, the bunch, and the tongue. Soon after, I arrived among the Tamaroas,

a village of the nation of the Illinois, where I rested several days, and then proceeded northwards to the mouth of the Missouri, which, after it enters the great river, runs for a considerable time without intermixing its muddy waters with the clear stream of the other. Having crossed the Mississippi, I went up the Missouri, along its northern bank, and, after several days' journey, I arrived at the nation of the Missouris, where I staid a long time to learn the language that is spoken beyond them. In going along the Missouri, I passed through meadows a whole day's journey in length, which were quite covered with buffalos.

"When the cold was past, and the snows were melted, I continued my journey up along the Missouri, till I came to the Nation of the West, or the Canzas. Afterwards, in consequence of directions from them, I proceeded in the same course near thirty days, and at length I met with some of the nation of the Otters, who were hunting in that neighborhood, and were surprised to see me alone. I continued with the hunters two or three days, and then accompanied one of them and his wife, who was near her time of lying in, to their village, which lies far off betwixt the north and west. We continued our journey along the Missouri, for nine days, and then we marched directly northwards for five days more, when we came to the fine river, which runs westward, in a direction contrary to that of the Missouri. We proceeded down this river a whole day, and then arrived at the village of the Otters, who received me with as much kindness as if I had been of their own nation. A few days after, I joined a party of the Otters, who were going to carry a calumut of peace to a nation beyond them, and we embarked in a pettiaugre, and went down the river for eighteen days, landing now and then to supply ourselves with provisions. When I arrived at the nation who were at peace with the Otters, I staid with them till the cold was passed, that I might learn their language, which was common to most of the nations that lived beyond them.

"The cold was hardly gone, when I again embarked on the fine river, and in my course I met with several nations, with whom I generally staid but one night, till I arrived at the nation that is but one day's journey from the great water on the west. This nation live in the woods about the distance of a league from the river, from their apprehension of bearded men, who come upon their coasts in floating villages, and carry off their children to make slaves of them. These men were described to be white, with long black beards that came down to their breast; they were thick and short, had large heads, which were covered with cloth; they were always dressed, even in the greatest heats; their clothes fell down to the middle of their legs, which, with their feet, were covered with red or yellow stuff. Their arms made a great fire and a great noise; and when they saw themselves outnumbered by red men, they retired on board their large pettiaugre, their number sometimes amounting to thirty, but never more.

"Those strangers came from the sun-setting, in search of a yellow, stinking wood, which dyes a fine yellow color; but the people of this nation, that they might not be tempted to visit them, had destroyed

all those kind of trees. Two other nations in their neighborhood, however, having no other wood, could not destroy the trees, and were still visited by the strangers; and being greatly incommoded by them, had invited their allies to assist them in making an attack upon them, the next time they should return. The following summer I accordingly joined in this expedition, and, after traveling five long days' journey, we came to the place where the bearded men usually landed, where we waited seventeen days for their arrival. The red men, by my advice, placed themselves in ambuscade to surprise the strangers, and accordingly, when they landed to cut the wood, we were so successful as to kill eleven of them, the rest immediately escaping on board two large pettiaugres, and flying westward upon the great water

"Upon examining those whom we had killed, we found them much smaller than ourselves, and very white; they had a large head, and in the middle of the crown the hair was very long; their head was wrapt in a great many folds of stuff, and their clothes seemed to be made neither of wool nor silk; they were very soft, and of different colors. Two only, of the eleven who were slain, had fire-arms, with powder and ball. I tried their pieces, and found they were much heavier than yours, and did not kill at so great a distance.

"After this expedition, I thought of nothing but proceeding on my journey, and, with that design, I let the red men return home, and joined myself to those who inhabited more westward on the coast, with whom I traveled along the shore of the great water, which bends directly betwixt the north and the sun-setting. When I arrived at the villages of my fellow-travelers, where I found the days very long and the nights very short, I was advised by the old men to give over all thoughts of continuing my journey. They told me that the land extended still a long way in a direction between the north and sun-setting, after which it ran directly west, and at length was cut by the great water from north to south. One of them added, that, when he was young, he knew a very old man who had seen that distant land before it was eat away by the great water, and that when the great water was low, many rocks still appeared in those parts. Finding it, therefore, impracticable to proceed much further, on account of the severity of the climate, and the want of game, I returned by the same route by which I had set out; and, reducing my whole travels westward to days' journeys, I compute that they would have employed me thirty-six moons; but on account of my frequent delays, it was five years before I returned to my relations among the Yazoos."

Thus ends the narrative of the famous traveler *Moncachtape*, which seems to have satisfied *Du Pratz*, that the Indians came from the continent of Asia, by way of *Behring's* Straits. And he soon after left him, and returned to his own country. It would have been gratifying, could we have known more of the history of this very intelligent man.

The above interesting narrative we extract from Drake's Indian Biography, not only on account of the light that is thrown on the origin of the Indians, but to illustrate Indian perseverance.

AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

(Continued from page 48.)

1625. Thomas Morton, with a company of English, settles among the Indians at Wassaguseus.

1626. Morton's colony become wretched, and some of them serve the Indians as slaves for their bread.

1627. Yeardley dies, and sir John Hervey is appointed in his place.
Massachusetts sold to sir Henry Rosswell and others.

1628. Charter of Massachusetts Bay company granted.
Lord Baltimore visits Virginia.
The Indians of Naumkeag, now Salem, are disturbed by the settlement of the English among them.

1629. Hervey arrives and assumes the government of Virginia.
The government of Massachusetts removed from London to the colony.
Colonial government established in New York.

1630. Shawmut, now Boston, settled by 1500 persons, who also settle Charlestown and Dorchester.
First permanent settlement in Maine.

1631. Laws enacted in Massachusetts denying many civil privileges to all but church members.
Portsmouth settled by a Mr. Williams, under Gorges and Mason.
Bagnal killed by Squidrayset, chief of the Tarratines, for some offence.
Claybourne settles the isle of Kent, in Maryland.
Captain John Smith dies in London, aged fifty-one.

1632. War between the French at Arcade and the English colonists at Plymouth.
Maryland granted to lord Baltimore by charter.
War between the Wampanoag and Narraganset Indians; also between the latter and the Pequots.

1633. Chikataubut, sachem of Shawmut, and several other sachems die of the small pox.
Monatahqua, sachem of Nahant, is cruelly hanged in revenge for the death of Bagnal.
The king attempts to stop emigration to the colonies, but fails.
Georgia settled.

1634. The Pequots kill several Englishmen.
Leonard Calvert settles St. Mary's, in Maryland, and establishes religious toleration.
The Pequot Indians divide, hence the nation of Mohegans.
The people of Massachusetts, contrary to charter, elect delegates to act in concert with the governor.

1635. Roger Williams, a clergyman of Salem, flies from his own countrymen to escape persecution—settles in Rhode Island and brings about a peace between the Wampanoags and the Narragansets, of whom he purchased a tract of land.

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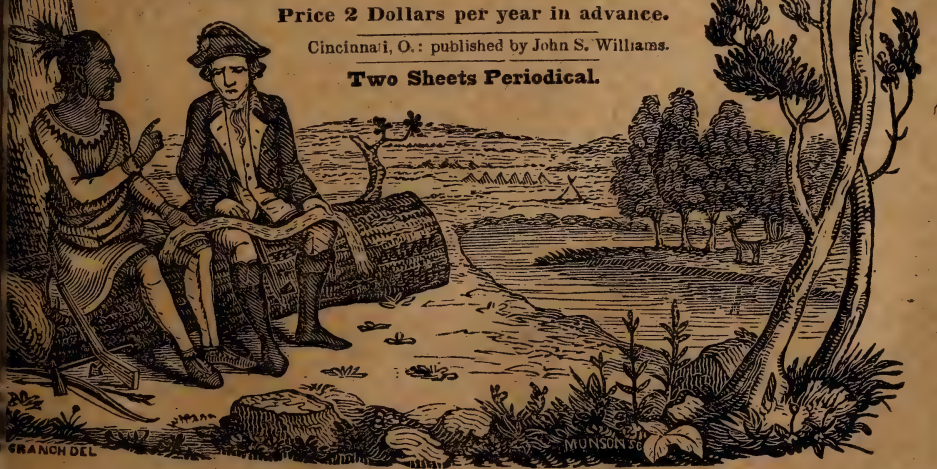
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☞ EDITORS will please read the Notice to them on the fourth page of the cover.

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WOLF CREEK MILLS IN 1789.

AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. MARCH, 1843. NO. III.

THE FIRST MILL IN OHIO.—MASSACRE AT BIG BOTTOM.

BY S. P. HILDRETH.

Ohio company—Site and description of mill—Its excellence—Settlement at the mills broken up by the Indian war—Policy of the Ohio company—Settlement at Big Bottom—The errors of the settlers—Notes of the weather—Further description of the settlement—Indian reconnoisance—Capture of the Choate family—Massacre at the block house—Escape of the Bullards and Philip Stacy—Prejudice of the Indians—The killed—Alarm at the mills—Dispatches sent to Plainfield—The alarm of the settlers—Visit to Big Bottom and burial of the dead—Indian declaration of war, and war-club—Perilous situation of Isaac Choate—Liberation of prisoners—Conclusion.

The drawing which stands at the head of this article [see frontispiece] represents, pretty accurately, the first saw and grist-mill ever built within the boundaries of this state. A mill still stands on the same spot. The old grist-mill was removed but a few years since, and a new one erected. Soon after the Ohio company took possession of their purchase at the mouth of the Muskingum, intelligent men were sent out to explore that new region before the regular surveys were made. The object of this was to ascertain the quality of the land, to point out suitable locations for settlements, and to examine the streams for mill-seats. Amongst the best which were reported, was one on Wolf creek, about a mile above its junction with the Muskingum river. At this place, the bed and banks of the creek were cut out of the solid limestone rock, into which the water, in the course of ages, had worn a channel from ten to twelve feet in depth; and in addition to a fall of several feet in a few rods, formed most eligible locations for a mill. The spot is quite a picturesque one, and is well represented in the drawing.

In the summer of 1789, an association was formed by colonel Robert Oliver, major Haffield White, and captain John Dodge, for erecting mills at this place. The agents of the Ohio company, to encourage improvements, granted donations of land to persons who engaged in enterprizes of this kind. It is distant, by the most direct route, about sixteen miles from Marietta. In the course of this year the dam was thrown across the creek and the saw-mill erected. The wrought-iron crank of this mill, weighing one hundred and eighty

pounds, was made in New Haven, Connecticut, and brought on the back of a pack horse over the mountains to Simrel's ferry on the Youghegany river, and thence by water to Marietta. In the following year, or in 1790, the building for the grist-mill was put up. It was about sixteen by twenty-four feet, one story high, built of logs and covered with a substantial shingle roof. It stood directly below the saw-mill, the outer side resting on a stone wall and the inner one supported by the lime rock of the bank of the creek. The water for turning the wheel passed under the saw-mill. The millstones were brought from Laurel hill, and are now in use in the new mill. The running gear was made by two men by the name of Applegate and Potts, who came down from the Monongahela country for that purpose.

From tradition we are led to suppose that the machinery and millstones were of the best quality, for it is said that with a good head of water they could grind a bushel of fine corn meal in four minutes, or one of a coarser quality in one minute. In proof of the excellency of this mill we have the testimony of judge Joseph Barker, of Washington county. "In January, 1790, the company were taking their millstones up in a small keel-boat, and through the carelessness of the hands, the water rose in the night and took the boat off; which was taken up by captain Stone next morning at Belprie. It was followed by major White. I being on a visit at Belprie, assisted major White up to Marietta with his boat and millstones. In March following, in company with a number of neighbors from Marietta, I went to Wolf creek mills, which had been in operation a few days; we had a large perogue and sixty bushels, principally corn. We landed within half a mile of the mill at ten o'clock, A. M.; a four ox team took our grain to the mill and returned the meal, and we had all ground and started for Marietta at two o'clock, P. M., and arrived there before sundown. I saw a bushel of corn ground at that mill in two minutes, by a watch."—[*Manuscript Notes of judge Barker.*

In the course of that year, the three cabins were erected, as seen on the drawing, and occupied as follows—No. 1, by major Haffield White and family; No. 2, by colonel Robert Oliver; and No. 3, by captain John Dodge. Soon after the Indian war broke out, in January, 1791, by the attack and massacre of the inhabitants at Big Bottom, ten miles higher up the Muskingum, the settlement at the mills was evacuated. The mills, however, stood unharmed through the five years' war that followed, and furnished a large portion of the meal used by the inhabitants of the garrison at Plainfield, since called Waterford. This fort was about two miles distant, on the opposite or

east bank of the Muskingum. When the mill was visited by the stout borderers of the new settlements, they went in a company of twenty-five or thirty men well armed. The grain was transported in canoes or perogues, a part of the men going by land on each shore of the creek, acted as flank guards to those who were in the boats. While at the mill regular sentries were set, and in the return the same precautions were used; no accident ever occurred while on these tours. The Indians often visited the mills, but it so happened that no white man was there at the time; their signs were frequently seen by the rangers, and once they hoisted the gate and set the millstones running, probably to gratify their curiosity. When visited by some of the spies a while after, they were still running and had worn their surfaces quite smooth, so as to require a new facing before they could be again used. It is supposed they refrained from burning the mills with an expectation that the settlers would often visit them, and thus afford opportunity for the Indians to ambush and kill them. The sacking of Big Bottom block-house, has been referred to in the fore part of this article; and as the settlers of this station, then called "Millsburgh," shared largely in the alarm of that distressing night, it will probably be interesting to the reader to learn the particulars of that event.

—

Massacre at Big Bottom.—In connection with the origin of this settlement, it will be proper to state, that it was the policy of the agents of the Ohio company to encourage settlements in some of the more remote points of the purchase; not only for the speedy occupancy of the country, but also to form a frontier for the main portion of the colony at the mouth of the Muskingum. For this purpose, on the 6th of February, 1789, they passed the following resolve:— "There shall be granted to persons who shall settle in such places within the purchase as the agents may think most conducive to advance the general interest of the proprietors, and under such restrictions and limitations as they shall think proper, not exceeding one hundred acres out of each share of the fund of the company; and that a committee be appointed to investigate the purchase, so far as may, in their opinion, be necessary in order to point out and fix on proper places of settlement." The general regulation in making these settlements was, that no settlement should consist of less than twenty able bodied men, well provided with arms and ammunition, and to erect such works of defence as should be pointed out by the committee. In 1792, about a year after the war commenced, congress relieved the company from the burthen of donating one hundred acres from each

share of their joint stock, by granting to the directors one hundred thousand acres in trust, to be given in lots of one hundred acres to actual settlers. In pursuance of the resolve to grant donation lands, a number of settlements were begun in 1789 and 1790.

In the autumn of the latter year, a company of men, consisting of thirty-six, who had drawn lots at Big Bottom, went up from Marietta to commence their settlement. They erected a block-house of the size of twenty-four by twenty feet; very little clearing had yet been done beyond that made in cutting away the trees for the block-house. This building stood on the first or low bottom, a few rods from the shore, on the left bank of the Muskingum river, four miles above the mouth of Meigs' creek or thirty from Marietta. A few rods back from the garrison, the land rose several feet on to a second or higher bottom, which stretched out into a plain of half a mile in width, extending to the foot of the hills. Big Bottom was so called from its size, being four or five miles in length and containing more fine land than any other below Duncan's falls. A few yards above the block-house, a small drain put down from the plain into the river, forming a shallow ravine. Excepting the small clearing round the garrison, made as above stated, the whole region was a forest. This settlement was made up chiefly of young, single men, but little acquainted with Indian warfare or military rules. "Those best acquainted with the Indians, and those most capable of judging from appearances, had little doubt that they were preparing for hostilities, and strongly opposed the settlers going out that fall, and advised their remaining until spring; by which time, probably, the question of war or peace would be settled. Even general Putnam, and the directors of the Ohio company, who gave away the land to have it settled, thought it risky and imprudent, and strongly remonstrated against venturing out at that time."

"But the young men were impatient, confident in their own prudence and ability to protect themselves. They went; put up a block-house which might accommodate the whole of them on an emergency; covered it, and laid puncheon floors, stairs, &c. It was laid up of large beech logs, and rather open, as it was not chinked between the logs; this job was left for a rainy day or some more convenient season. Here was their first great error, as they ceased to complete the work, and the general interest was lost in that of the convenience of each individual; with this all was lost. The second error was, they kept no sentry and had neglected to stockade or set pickets around the block-house." "No system of defence and discipline had been introduced. Their guns were lying in different places, without

order, about the house. Twenty men usually encamped in the house, a part of whom were now absent, and each individual and mess cooked for themselves. One end of the building was appropriated for a fire-place, and when the day closed in all came in, built a large fire, and commenced cooking and eating their suppers."—[*Manuscript of judge Barker.*

The weather for some time previous to the attack, as we learn from the diary of Hon. Paul Fearing, who lived at Fort Harmer, had been quite cold. "November 27.—Cold weather—a little snow." "The last of December quite cold, with some snow." "January 1, 1791.—The coldest day, thus far, this winter; the thermometer at zero;" "the Muskingum passable on the ice since the 22d day of December;" and so continued to the day of attack. Sunday, the 2d of January, it had thawed a little, but the ground was partially covered with snow in patches. In the midst of winter, and with such weather as this, it was not customary for the Indians to venture out on war parties, and the early borderers had formerly thought themselves in a manner safe from their depredations during the winter months.

About twenty rods above the block-house and a little back from the bank of the river, two men, Francis and Isaac Choate, members of the company, had erected a cabin and commenced clearing their lots. Thomas Shaw, a hired laborer in the employ of the Choates, and James Patten, another of the associates, lived with them. About the same distance below the garrison was an old "tomahawk improvement" and a small cabin, which two men, Asa and Eleazer Bullard, had fitted up and now occupied. The Indian war path, from Sandusky to the mouth of the Muskingum, passed along on the opposite shore in sight of the river.

The Indians, who during the summer had been hunting and loitering about the settlements at Wolf creek mills and at Plainfield, holding frequent and friendly intercourse with the settlers, selling them venison and bear meat in exchange for green corn and vegetables, had withdrawn early in the autumn and gone high up the river into the vicinity of their towns, preparatory to winter quarters. Being well acquainted with all the approaches to these settlements, and the manner in which the inhabitants lived, each family in their own cabin, not apprehensive of danger, they planned and fitted out a war party for their destruction. It is said, they were not aware of there being a settlement at Big Bottom until they came in sight of it on the opposite shore of the river in the afternoon. From a high hill opposite the garrison, they had a view of all that part of the bottom and could see how the men were occupied and what was doing about the block-house.

Having reconnoitered the station in this manner, just at twilight they crossed the river on the ice a little above, and divided their men into two parties; the larger one to attack the block-house, and the smaller one to make prisoners of the few men living in Choate's cabin, without alarming those below. The plan was skillfully arranged and promptly executed. As the party cautiously approached the cabin, they found the inmates at supper; a party of the Indians entered, while others stood without by the door, and addressed the men in a friendly manner. Suspecting no harm, they offered them a part of their food, of which they partook. Looking about the room, the Indians espied some leather thongs and pieces of cords that had been used in packing in venison, and taking the white men by their arms told them they were prisoners. Finding it useless to resist, the Indians being more numerous, they submitted to their fate in silence.

While this was transacting, the other party had reached the block-house unobserved; even the dogs gave no notice of their approach, as they usually do, by barking; the reason probably was, that they were also within by the fire instead of being on the alert for their masters' safety. The door was thrown open by a stout Mohawk, who stepped in and stood by the door to keep it open while his companions without shot down those around the fire. A man by the name of Zebulon Throop, from Massachusetts, was frying meat, and fell dead in the fire; several others fell at this discharge. The Indians then rushed in and killed all who were left with the tomahawk. No resistance seems to have been offered, so sudden and unexpected was the attack, by any of the men; but a stout, backwoods, Virginia woman, the wife of Isaac Meeks, who was employed as their hunter, seized an axe and made a blow at the head of the Indian who opened the door; a slight turn of the head saved his skull, and the axe passed down through his cheek into the shoulder, leaving a huge gash that severed nearly half his face; she was instantly killed by the tomahawk of one of his companions before she could repeat the stroke. This was all the injury received by the Indians, as the men were all killed before they had time to seize their arms, which stood in the corner of the room. While the slaughter was going on, John Stacy, a young man in the prime of life and the son of colonel William Stacy, sprung up the stair-way and out on to the roof; while his brother Philip, a lad of sixteen years, secreted himself under some bedding in the corner of the room. The Indians on the outside soon discovered the former, and shot him while he was in the act of "begging them, for God's sake, to spare his life, as he was the only one left!"

This was heard by the Bullards, who, alarmed by the firing at the

block-house, had ran out of their cabin to see what was the matter. Discovering the Indians round the house, they sprung back into their hut, seized their rifles and ammunition, and, closing the door after them, put out into the woods in a direction to be hid by the cabin from the view of the Indians. They had barely escaped when they heard their door, which was made of thin clapboards, burst open by the Indians. They did not pursue them, although they knew they had just fled, as there was a good fire burning and their food for supper smoking hot on the table. After the slaughter was over and the scalps secured, one of the most important acts in the warfare of the American savages, they proceeded to collect the plunder. In removing the bedding, the lad, Philip Stacy, was discovered; their tomahawks were instantly raised to dispatch him, when he threw himself at the feet of one of their leading warriors, begging him to protect him. The savage either took compassion on his youth, or else his revenge being satisfied with the slaughter already made, interposed his authority and saved his life. After removing every thing they thought valuable, they tore up the floor, piled it on the dead bodies and set it on fire, thinking to destroy the block-house with the carcases of their enemies. The building being made of green beech logs, the fires only consumed the floors and roof, leaving the walls still standing when visited the day after by the whites.

A curious circumstance, showing the prejudices of the Indians, is related by William Smith, who was an associate in the Big Bottom settlement, but providentially escaped by being absent on that day on his return from a visit to Marietta. From some trifling circumstance which vexed him at the time, he did not get so early a start in the morning as he intended, and only reached Wolf creek mills at nightfall instead of the block-house, the stage he intended to make when he rose from his bed in the morning. He was on the ground the second day after, and says that the Indians carried out the meal, beans, &c., which they found in the house, before setting it on fire, and laid them in small heaps by the stumps a few paces distant. They probably considered it sacrilege to destroy articles of food, or that it would give offence to the Great Spirit to do so, and that he would in some way punish them for it. No people were ever more governed in their actions by auguries and omens, than the savages of North America; this we learn from travelers and prisoners who have lived among them.

There were twelve persons killed in this attack, viz. John Stacy, Ezra Putnam, son of major Putnam of Marietta; John Camp, and Zebulon Throop—these men were from Massachusetts; Jonathan Farewell, and James Couch, from New Hampshire; William James,

from Connecticut; Joseph Clark, Rhode Island; Isaac Meeks, his wife and two children, from Virginia. They were well provided with arms, and no doubt could have defended themselves had they taken proper precautions; but they had no old Revolutionary officers with them to plan and direct their operations, as they had at all the other garrisons. If they had picketed their house and kept a regular sentry, the Indians would probably never have attacked them. They had no horses or cattle for them to seize upon as plunder, and Indians are not very fond of hard fighting where nothing is to be gained; but seeing the naked block-house without any defences, they were encouraged to attempt its capture. Colonel Stacy, who had been an old soldier, well acquainted with Indian warfare in Cherry valley, and had two sons there, visited the post only the Saturday before, and seeing its weak state, had given them a strict charge to keep a regular watch and prepare immediately strong bars to the door, to be shut every night at sunset. They, however, fearing no danger, did not profit by his advice.

The two Bullards, after making their escape, traveled rapidly down the river about four miles, to Samuel Mitchell's hunting camp. Captain Rogers, a soldier of the Revolution, a fine hunter, and afterwards a ranger for the Ohio company, was living with him; and a Mohican Indian, from Connecticut, by the name of Dick Layton. Mitchell was away at Wolf creek mills, Rogers and Dick were lying wrapped up in their blankets, in a sound sleep, before the fire. They were soon awakened and made acquainted with the cause of their visit, and the probable fate of the people at the block-house. Seizing their weapons, without delay they crossed the Muskingum on the ice, and shaped their course through the woods, across the peninsula or great bend in the river, to Wolf creek mills, distant about six miles, and reached that place between nine and ten o'clock in the evening. On announcing the attack at Big Bottom and the probable approach of the Indians to the mills, great was the consternation and alarm of the helpless women and children. The absence of several of the leading men to attend a court at Marietta, which sat on Monday, made their situation still more desperate in case of an attack, which they had every reason to expect before morning. The gloom of night greatly added to their distress and gave energy to their fears. Under the direction of captain Rogers, who had been familiar with similar events, the inhabitants, amounting to about thirty in number, principally women and children, were all collected into the largest and strongest cabin, belonging to colonel Oliver, and is the one standing nearest to the mill on the drawing. Into this they brought a

few of their most valuable effects, with all the tubs, kettles, and pails that could be mustered, which Rogers directed to be filled with water from the creek for the purpose of extinguishing fire, should the Indians attempt to burn the house; which was one of their most common modes of attack. The door was strongly barred and windows made fast; the men, seven in number, were posted in the loft, who, by removing a few chunks between the logs, and here and there a shingle from the roof, soon made port-holes from which to fire upon the enemy. Like a prudent soldier, their leader posted one man as a sentry on the outside, under cover of a fence, to give timely notice of their approach. It was a long and weary night, never to be forgotten by the poor women and children who occupied the room below, and thought they should be first sacrificed if the Indians entered the house. Just before day the sentinel gave notice of their approach; several were seen near the saw-mill, and their movements distinctly heard as they stepped across some loose boards. Their tracks were also seen the next morning in some patches of snow. Finding the people here awake and on the look-out, prepared for an attack, they did nothing more than reconnoitre the place, and made their retreat at early dawn, to the great relief of the inhabitants. The number of Indians who came over from Big Bottom, was never known.

Samuel Mitchell was dispatched early in the night to give the alarm to the settlement at Plainfield, and two runners were also sent off to Marietta. Nothing could better demonstrate the courage and humanity of captain Rogers, than his conduct in this affair; thus to weaken his own means of defence by dispatching some of his most active and brave men to notify the sleeping settlers of their danger, when he had every reason to expect an attack from a superior force before morning. The distance from the mill to the cabin of Harry Maxon, with whom then lived major Dean Tyler, on the west bank of the Muskingum, was but little over a mile. Maxon was absent at Marietta; Mrs. Maxon crossed the river on the ice, with Mitchell and Tyler, to awaken and notify the people of Plainfield of the danger that awaited them. They first called at the cabin of the widow Convers, whose husband had died the year before of the small-pox; her dwelling then stood near the centre of the present town of Beverly. She had with her eight children; the two oldest were sons, James and Daniel, the former a young man, the latter a lad of fifteen, who soon after was taken prisoner by the Indians. In one hour from the time the alarm was given by Mitchell, these young men had visited every cabin in the settlement, extending for two miles up and down

the river. With all the haste the emergency required, and with as little noise as possible, the inhabitants assembled in their only block-house, which stood near the lower part of the settlement.

The alarm of the women and children, turned out of their beds in the middle of the night, was not much less than that at the mills; but it so happened that they had more experienced men amongst them, and fewer of them were absent at the court. The escape of the two Bullards, was a merciful and providential event for the settlers at Plainfield; if these men had been killed or captured, the Indians would that night have fallen on the unsuspecting inhabitants in their sleep, and they were far less able to resist than the people at Big Bottom, nearly all of them living detached in their simple log cabins. It is morally certain this would have been their fate, as the Indians fitted out the war party with the express purpose of destroying these two settlements, and had said that before the trees were again coverered with green leaves, they would not leave a smoke of the white man on this side of the Ohio river. The block-house in which they assembled, was about twenty feet square, and sheltered, that night, twelve heads of families with their wives and children, besides Tyler, Mitchell, and Mrs. Maxon, amounting in all to sixty-seven souls. No alarm happened during that gloomy night, save the noise of the dogs, which were left outside to give notice by their barking of the approach of the savages. Early in the morning, scouts of the most active men were sent out to reconnoitre and search for signs of the enemy. None, however, were seen; in the course of the day they visited their deserted cabins for food, which they had no time to take with them in the hurry of the preceding night. Immediately after this event, they erected a strong picketed garrison, with three block-houses; in which they beat off one or two attacks of the Indians, and lived securely during the following five years' war.

The next day captain Rogers led a party of men over to Big Bottom. It was a melancholy sight to the poor borderers, as they knew not how soon the same fate might befall themselves. The action of the fire, although it did not consume, had so blackened and disfigured the dead, that few of them could be distinguished. That of Ezra Putnam was known by a pewter plate that lay under him, and which his body had prevented from entirely melting. His mother's name was on the bottom of the plate, and a part of the cake he was baking at the fire still adhered to it. William James was recognized by his great size, being six feet four inches in height and stoutly built. He had a piece of bread clinched in his right hand, probably in the act of eating with his back to the door, when the fatal rifle shot took

effect. As the ground was frozen outside, a hole was dug within the walls of the house, and the bodies consigned to one grave. No further attempt was made at a settlement here, till after the peace in 1795. Big Bottom now forms a quiet and beautiful settlement in the township of Windsor, Morgan county.

The party of warriors from Wolf creek mills, having rejoined their companions early in the day, preparation was made for their homeward march. They knew, from the escape of the men from the deserted cabin, that the settlements below were alarmed and on the watch, and that further attempts at that time would be useless. The Indians engaged in this attack were Delawares and Wyandotts, and have been variously estimated by different narrators, as from sixty to seventy-five in number. Colonel Daniel Convers, who was taken prisoner a few months after, saw Thomas Shaw in Detroit, and conversed with him at various times on this subject. He states the number to have been only twenty-five; and as he was with them for a considerable period as their prisoner, there is no reason to doubt the correctness of his statement. The Indians having completed their murderous work and collected their prisoners, left a war club in a conspicuous place near the block-house, which is their mode of letting their enemies know that war is begun, and is equal to a written declaration amongst civilized powers. The early rangers and border inhabitants well understood this signal. The war-club is a neat article of offence; it is made of very solid wood, the handle is curved, with a ball, the size of a four pound shot, firmly attached near one end, as seen below. It was brought away by the party who visited the place the next day, and was kept as a curiosity for some years at Campus Martius in Marietta.



As it was very doubtful whether the wounded Indian would live or die, lots were cast on the prisoners for one to be sacrificed as an offering to his spirit, and to fulfill their customary law of revenge. The lot fell upon Isaac Choate. He was immediately stripped of his own comfortable dress and habited in that of the wounded Mohawk, all clotted and soaked with blood, and loaded with a part of the plunder; while his own clothing was put on the disabled Indian. As he was now a devoted victim, he was not allowed to travel in company with the others, but was placed under the charge of two Indians, who kept him at a considerable distance on one of the flanks, but generally in sight of the main body. By careful attention to their disabled

companion, no civilized people being more kind than the warriors are to their disabled fellows, he finally recovered, and Choate's life was spared; had he died, his fatal doom was inevitable.

As soon as the distance and the short days would permit, the party reached the British post at the rapids of the Maumee. Soon after which, colonel McKee, the Indian agent at this place, redeemed Francis Choate from the Indians. It is said he was induced to this kind act from motives of humanity, and on account of his being a member of the fraternity of Free Masons. In a few days he was sent to Detroit, and embarking in a sloop, went down the lake to Niagara, and from thence, through New York, to his home in Leicester, Massachusetts, with the intention of raising money, return to Detroit, and refund the ransom. Isaac Choate was taken to Detroit by the Indians at the same time, and falling in with a citizen of that place who traded with them, persuaded him to pay the ransom demanded; at the same time promising to stay in Detroit and work at his trade, as a cooper, until he could refund the money. In a few months, by his activity and diligence, a sufficient amount of nice set-work pails were made and sold to refund the sum advanced. On his way down the lake, he passed Francis on his return to Detroit with money to redeem his pledge to McKee, while he by his own labor had accomplished the same object; he finally reached his home in Massachusetts, some time before his former companion in bondage got back. Thomas Shaw was detained by the Indians at the rapids for some months, when he was also redeemed by the famous colonel Brandt, without any expectation of its being refunded to him again. His name will be handed down to posterity with favor instead of disgust, by the well merited though tardy justice done him by colonel Stone, in his late biography of that distinguished Indian. No man has, perhaps, been more unjustly defamed by our own historians, as well as by the British poet, Campbell, in his Gertrude of Wyoming, than has this brave and generous leader of the Iroquois. Shaw soon after went to Detroit and worked for some of the French farmers near that place at harvesting their grain, and earned a number of dollars by his labor. Colonel Brandt subsequently met with him at Detroit, and finding him a superior axe-man and well acquainted with clearing new lands, persuaded him to go down to a brother-in-law of his, a physician, living on a farm a few miles out from the fort, at Niagara. He gave him a letter of introduction to this man and also a pass or open letter to the commanders of the British posts, which he might find it necessary to visit in his voyage. He was sent down in the same schooner which took young Convers to Niagara, who had

also recently been rescued from a horrible captivity by the humanity and kindness of British officers, and a trader by the name of Riley. Shaw drew regular rations on his voyage down, and went out soon after with his letter to Brandt's brother-in-law. As it happened, he was away from home, but he was well pleased with the family, and it is probable he returned and finally settled in Canada, as he was never heard of afterwards. Young Philip Stacy died of sickness near the Rapids. The Indians were so well pleased with James Patten, who was a middle aged man, that they would not part with him, but adopted him into one of their families and retained him till Wayne's treaty, in the year 1795. They bored his nose and ears, habited and ornamented him like one of their own people, and generally treated him with kindness. The writer of this article was well acquainted with him at Marietta in the year 1809, where he wrought as a stone-mason, and examined the huge slits in his ears, which remained as lasting mementos of his former captivity.

Amidst all the blood-shed and gloom which darken these horrid atrocities of the Indians, and for many years kept our predecessors and fathers in a continual state of watchfulness and fear, there now and then appears a bright spot, like stars, in the opening clouds of a dreary night. The humanity displayed by many, if not all, the British officers amongst whom our prisoners were thrown, in the war of 1791, as well as in the preceding hostilities in Kentucky, as testified by Boon, Kenton, and others, deserves our notice and highest commendation. Colonel Convers testifies to the uniform kindness with which he was treated, and the utmost deference paid to his condition and wants at every British post which he visited, and they were several; their reception of him was not only humane, but kind and gentlemanly. Such conduct from the subjects of a nation whom we have too long been in the habit of considering as our enemies, cannot be too highly applauded, and should never be forgotten.

A. P. Stidnell

Honor.—A chief of the Five Nations who fought on the side of the English in the French wars, chanced to meet in battle his own father, who was fighting on the side of the French. Just as he was about to deal a deadly blow upon his head, he discovered who he was, and said to him, "You have once given me life, and now I give it to you. Let me meet you no more; for I have paid the debt I owed you."—*Drake's Indian Biography.*

EARLY EMIGRATION,

Or, The Journal of some Emigrant Families "across the Mountains," from New England to Muskingum, in 1788.

BY DR. S. P. HILDRETH.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Preparations.

Condition of New England—Magnanimity of Virginia and Connecticut—Ohio company's purchase and settlement—The family of John Rouse; his preparations described—The parting—Female attachment—Journey commenced—Captain Devoll's family described.

For several years after the close of the war of the revolution, the effects of that prolonged struggle had so deranged the order of business and wasted the substance of the larger portion of the people in the New England states, that many of them who had families knew not what to do to support themselves and children; or those who were single, and wished to enter into the marriage state, to devise ways and means whereby they might do so with any prospect of a comfortable subsistence; money was very scarce, commerce was at a low ebb, agriculture at a stand, and manufactures had not yet been thought of.

The government, as well as many individuals, was overwhelmed with debt. The depreciation of the scrip due from the United States was also very disheartening to its holders. During this period of gloom, the states of Virginia and Connecticut, with a magnanimity that should never be forgotten, ceded to the United States their claims to vast tracts of land north-west of the river Ohio; and soon after, congress began to make preparations for its sale. This event at once cheered the people, as it put into the hands of the government a fund that would redeem all their liabilities.

In the year 1787, an association of New Englanders, called "the Ohio Company," by their agents, Manassah Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, purchased a large tract of this land lying on the Muskingum and Ohio rivers, and commenced the settlement of it the following year. The first payment of five hundred thousand dollars was made in United States scrip, and materially aided in bringing up the price of it to par. This purchase gave a new impulse to the dormant powers of the New Englanders, and many of them entered eagerly into the project. Some bought shares, intending to settle on the land themselves; others with a view to profit and future speculation. Possession was taken of the new purchase on the 7th of April, 1788. During the summer, a number of the proprietors, with their families, moved over the mountains to the mouth of the Muskingum. A large portion of

these men had been officers in the then late war, and were well fitted, by the hardships and trials of that eventful period, to overcome and subdue the privations of the wilderness. Others, who were not proprietors, also came out; hoping to better their condition by the change. It was a long and weary road; across wide rivers, and over rugged mountains, a distance of eight hundred miles, and when it was accomplished, the way-worn travelers found themselves in the midst of a wilderness, surrounded by hostile savages; no smiling fields of grain to greet them with the promise of food, or even any cleared land for cultivation. The whole region was a thick forest—yet they had this to console them, which their forefathers, at Plymouth, had not—the soil was fertile, and they lived on the hope of plenty hereafter.

Amongst other families, who ventured on this long and perilous journey, from the granite soil of New England, in the year 1788, a year never to be forgotten in the annals of Ohio, were those of Mr. John Rouse and captain Jonathan Devoll. Before the period of the revolution, Mr. Rouse had followed the vocation of a whaleman and seaman, from the port of New-Bedford, but that event put a stop to all pursuits of this kind. He was now living on a small farm, in the town of Rochester, Massachusetts, near the little harbor of Mattapoisett, a good old Indian name, which the people of this part of America, have taken more pains to perpetuate than those of any other. He was now near fifty years of age, but still possessed all the vigor of manhood peculiar to the people of that region. His family consisted of a wife and eight children—viz.: Michael, a stout young man of twenty-two years; Bathsheba, a young woman of nineteen; Elizabeth, seventeen; Cynthia, fifteen; Ruth, eleven; Stephen, six, and Robert and Barker, two fine boys that were twins, of the age of four years. Captain Jonathan Haskell, who also lived in Rochester, and had been an officer in the war, joined him in fitting out the expedition, and furnished a large covered wagon and two of the horses, and Mr. Rouse the other two. An active young man, named Cushing, who wished to settle in the west, was employed to drive the wagon. As the journey was a long one, they took as few articles, of beds, bedding and cooking utensils, as they could possibly do with on the road. Their clothing, and other goods, were packed in trunks and large wooden boxes, made to fit the inside of the wagon.

The parting scene, from their old neighbors at Mattepoisett, was one of much tenderness, accompanied with many hearty adieus and sincere prayers for their welfare on the journey, and their happiness in that far away and distant region. No one, at this day, can imag-

ine with what dread and awe a journey to the new territory, west of the Ohio, was then viewed by the simple-hearted people of New England—a removal, in 1843, to the mouth of the Columbia river would not be half so great an undertaking. The Americans were not a migrating people until after the period of the war of the revolution. Previous to that time, very few of the young men, and next to none of the married ones, left the homes of their forefathers, unless on some war expedition, or a voyage to the West Indies; after that event, the ties which bound them to their homes were apparently severed, and they soon became the most restless and wandering people on the civilized earth. A party of young ladies, on horseback, accompanied the females as far as "The Long-plain," which was a portion of the north end of the town of New Bedford, distant six miles from Mattepoisett harbor. Here they tarried for about a week amongst their kinsfolk and former neighbors; for at this place Mr. Rouse had lived many years, and here the larger portion of the children had been born.

The morning they left Mattepoisett, an interesting occurrence took place which, as it shows the strong attachment of the female heart to home, and to the relatives of that home, must not be forgotten: a rich old farmer, of that place, who had taken a great liking to Bathsheba, the oldest daughter, and was axious for his son to obtain her for a wife, offered to give her by deed a nice farm and good dwelling house, if she would stay amongst them and not go with the family to the west. It was quite a temptation to her love of home; but her affection for her parents, sisters, and brothers was too great to forego the pleasure of their society, probably for the rest of her life, and the offer was declined, much to the sorrow of the generous old man who made it. The week flew rapidly away in social intercourse with their kindred, and the parting morning soon came—solemn and sorrowful were the greetings of that farewell hour. The distance was so great, and the dangers of the wilderness so many, that they all thought the parting was to be final as to this world; and so indeed it proved to the larger portion of them. Captain Haskell joined them that morning from Rochester, and early in October, 1788, they took their departure from "The Long-plain," and commenced their arduous journey to Muskingum, as the new settlement was then called.

Captain Joseph Cook, who had married a sister of Mrs. Rouse, and Edward Bennet, an old neighbor, accompanied them on horseback, as far as Providence. They traveled the first day about ten miles and put up at a place called "The Furnace," on the route to Rhode Island. They reached Providence the second day, at evening—at

this place they were joined by the family of captain Jonathan Devoll, composed of Mrs. Devoll and five chidren, viz: Sally, aged twelve years; Henry, ten; Charles, eight; Barker, five, and Francis, one year. Mrs. Nancy Devoll was the sister of Mrs. Rebecca Rouse. Her husband had been absent nearly a year, and was attached to the party of pioneers sent by the Ohio company, in the autumn previous. He was the naval architect of the "May-flower," which conveyed the first detachment of men from Simrel's ferry, on the Yohiogany, to the mouth of the Muskingum, and one of the first who landed the seventh of April, 1788, on the soil of the present state of Ohio. Their large covered wagon, with four horses, was fitted up in a similar style to the other, and was driven by Isaac Barker, an only brother of the married females. He was about thirty years of age, in the vigor of manhood, and had left a wife and family in Rochester, till he could return and bring them on the following year. He was one of the most lively and active young men of that period, which is saying a great deal, when all were inured to feats of hardihood, far before the men of the present day. Full of mirth and glee—with his lively sallies and cheerful songs he enlivened the dreary way, being always the most cheerful when in the greatest trouble. The writer of this article knew him for many years, and to the latest period of his life he still retained his innate love of fun.

CHAPTER II.

Journey from Providence to the Mountains.

Journey to Hartford, Farmington, Litchfield, Ballsbridge, North river, Fishkill ferry, Newburgh, Warwee, Newton, Hope, Oxford, Easton—Ferry—Buckwheat cakes—Bethlehem and the Moravians—Education—Rope ferry—Allentown, Coatstown, Reading, &c.—Manner of traveling—Captain Haskell's advice—Two girls and old women—Harrisburgh—Carlisle—Amusing mischief of Isaac Barker—Overtaken by uncle Daniel—Great joy and many enquiries—The movers reach the mountains.

The following morning they left Providence, bidding adieu to their friends who had accompanied them from "The Long-plain," and to another sister, Mrs. Fish, who, with Tilnus Anay, a special and tried friend of captain Devoll, had attended his family from Howland's ferry, in Rhode Island, where they had lived for a number of years, thus far on their journey. From here, by easy stages, they traveled to Hartford, Connecticut, by which time the depression of spirits, from their parting adieus, had begun to abate, and the young folks to look about them for amusements to shorten the tedium of the way: while resting at this place, an incident occurred which pleased the girls greatly. A dashing young country beau, dressed in the height of the fashion, came bustling into the bar-room, where they were sitting, with ruffles over his hands; but withal, both ruffles and hands were

very dirty. He called for a bowl of hot punch, and offered a drink of it to Betsy, who happened to please his fancy, without tendering it to either of the other girls. This episode, with some other little matters and the towns they passed through on the road, served them for subjects of talk for some days.

From the Connecticut river they passed on through Farmington, Litchfield and Ballsbridge, to the North river. This stream, to the eye of inexperienced travelers, presents a formidable barrier, being nearly two miles wide. But the ingenuity of man had, even at that day, rendered it comparatively safe, by the use of large sail boats, so constructed, as to take in and discharge teams with tolerable facility; though the horses were usually separated from the wagons. It was now crossed a few miles above West Point, at Fishkill, and the travelers landed in safety at Newburgh, much to the joy of the females. This was, for many years after, the crossing place and the route for emigrants from New England to the Ohio river. After re-adjusting their baggage, they went on to Blooming-grove, ten miles, and passed the night—a tavern was here kept by one Goldsmith.

From thence the road turned a little more southerly, leading them through Chester to the little village of Warwick. The next day they crossed the line between New York and New Jersey to Newton, in the latter state; and from here, through by Sussex court-house, or the "Log Jail," as it was then often called, Hope and Oxford, to Easton, at the forks of the Delaware. They crossed this fine stream in a large flat boat, and were now in Pennsylvania. The following night was passed at a farm house, not far from the town. The owner was of German descent and kept above a hundred hives of bees. The travelers were regaled on the provincial dish of buckwheat cakes, and honey. This was a rare article of diet to the females, and eaten with a high relish, after the fatigues of the journey. The cakes were a new dish, as they had been brought up in a region where this grain was rarely cultivated—their main bread-stuff being furnished from Indian corn and rye, so natural to the climate of New England.

The next day they passed through Bethlehem, a noted Moravian town, built at an early day on the Lehigh. Here the children were much amused at the sight of a tame bear, and some pet deer, which belonged to the Moravians. They also saw the young females just coming out of school. Their dress was a short gown and petticoat, while their heads were covered with little, snug, white linen caps, giving them a very neat appearance. The school for boys was kept entirely distinct, and no intercourse allowed between the sexes, except through the intervention of their teachers. This was another

new feature in their policy, at least to the New Englanders; where the schools were composed of boys and girls, promiscuously mingled, not only under the same roof, but in the same classes. The Bethlehem seminary, for young females, was becoming quite celebrated, and was patronised by many southern men, who sent their daughters here to be educated. It was one of the earliest schools for the instruction of females, established in America. On leaving this neat, pleasant, and well built village they crossed the Lehigh, by a rope ferry, which was the first of the kind they had seen. The road next led them through Allenstown, Cootstown and Reading. The latter was a place of considerable size, and seated on the Schuylkill river. It was crossed then by a ferry, but a few years after the stream was spanned by a bridge with stone arches. They were now in the midst of a rich, fertile, and thickly settled country. The broad fields of wheat, whose tender blades had just risen from the earth and coated over the dusky furrows with a rich mantle of green, with the immense barns, yet overflowing with the productions of the last harvest, filled the travelers with admiration. The angular rail fences and broad enclosures, when contrasted with their own stone walls and contracted fields, afforded another theme of remark.

The journey, thus far, had been attended with no very striking events. The inhabitants, through whose country they passed, treated them with civility, and sometimes, kindly. Their manner of living, on the road, was of the simplest and most economical nature. Their bread, butter, milk and meat, were bought from the stores, taverns, or farm-houses, as they best could procure them near the road, and the cooking was done after the journey of the day was over, in the evening. This labor fell upon the girls, who prepared food for the next day after the supper was eaten and the children asleep. The married females had their full share of trouble with the younger children, and in overseeing the work of the girls. Their beds were spread on the floors of the houses where they tarried, while a part of the men slept in the wagons to protect them from pilferers.

In making the arrangements for cooking and stowing away the children at night, captain Haskell's advice was very useful. He had been an old soldier, and had learned to be systematic as well as obedient. He showed Bathsheba and Betsy how to stow away the childrens' clothes, at night, under the base of the chairs, which were turned down on the floor to support the heads of the beds. By this precaution they avoided the confusion that had attended the dressing operations of the little ones for several mornings past. One had missed a shoe, another a sock, and so on, till the whole room was

in an uproar to find the misplaced article. They had also often experienced trouble at many of the houses, in procuring vessels to cook in, when their own scanty supply was all in use. Learning this difficulty, and thinking the girls were too modest in their applications to the cook, or the landlady, he directed them, when they needed any thing of this kind, to step into the kitchen, and looking around, take hold at once of the pot or kettle they needed, saying at the same time, "Madam, I will thank you for the use of this vessel for a few minutes," and march directly out with it. Few persons, he said, would refuse such an application—who would deny a more modest request. There was knowledge of human nature in his remark. They ate but two regular meals a day—one before starting in the morning, and another at evening: at these, the men and females used tea, or coffee, and the children milk—at noon, while the horses were fed, they took a cold bite in their wagons. Journeying is a hungry business, and man, woman, and child, possessed enormous appetites.

It was the practice of the younger girls, especially Cynthia Rouse and Sally Devoll, who were near of an age, to visit back and forth from wagon to wagon, in the course of the day, as they moved slowly along. Their favorite seat was in front, where they could see what was going on before them, and get the first view of every new object. They were both fine singers, especially Sally, and full of life and spirits. Many were the cheerful songs and sprightly lays they daily carroled forth, in fine weather, to the great delight of their uncle Isaac, if not to the elder females. The day they passed Reading, they were perched up in this way, in Isaac's wagon, chatting and looking out for fun, when, as they drove up into the stable-yard, where the horses were fed, they burst into one of their wildest laughs at the sight of two honest old German women busily employed in swingling, or, as they called it, skutchelling flax. It is a kind of work, which, in New England, is always done by the men, but in the German portion of Pennsylvania, this, with much other out-of-door work, is as invariably done by females. It was the first time they had seen it performed by women, and seemed to them so ridiculous, that their mothers could not check their risibility till they had enjoyed a hearty laugh. The old women were quite vexed to be thus made a subject of sport, and, in quite an angry tone, told them, as they were going to the back woods, it was more than likely that, before they died, they would have to skutchel flax themselves, in that wilderness country. The girls remembered this retort, and were a little more quiet for a while.

At that period, Reading was much larger than Harrisburgh, and had within it a number of dry goods stores. Here they purchased several articles, such as coffee, sugar, and some dry-goods, it being the last town this side the mountains where they could buy merchandise to advantage. At length, near the last of October, they reached the broad rippling water of the Susquehanna, at the then little village of Harrisburgh. The stream looked formidable, but proved to be low and shallow, so that the wagons crossed safely by fording. Harrisburgh was laid off for a town in 1786, only two years before the period of this journey, and was just begining to assume the appearance of a new settlement. Fresh cut stumps were yet standing in the streets, and the houses were chiefly built of logs. The scite was formerly called Louisburgh. It is now, and has been for many years, the seat of government for Pennsylvania, with a population of eight or ten thousand.

The next stage of thirteen miles brought them to the town of Carlisle. It was a place of some importance, and had been a military station during the late war, containing a range of well-built brick barracks, several stores, and quite a number of good dwelling houses. It has since become the seat of Dickenson college, with a population of as many thousands as it then had hundreds.

While the horses were resting here an hour or two, the married females, who had always been accustomed to sit at a comfortable table before commencing this weary pilgrimage, had become tired of the campaigning manner of eating to which they had lately been subjected, and determined for once to buy a comfortable meal at the tavern. Isaac, who was always fond of a change, approved the plan highly. A nice dinner was prepared of beef-steaks, short biscuit, toast, coffee, &c. When all was ready, and smoking hot on the table, and the women and girls in the act of sitting down, Isaac snatched up the plates of steak and toast, one in each hand, and rushed out of the house, with his two sisters, alternately pleading and scolding, at his heels. After running two or three times round the house, and when the food had become quite cold, he replaced it, with one of his boisterous laughs, on the table. The poor wearied females at length sat down to their meal with their keen relish greatly impaired by the untimely mischief of their brother Isaac. From boyhood he had been inveterately attached to all kinds of amusing mischief, especially with his sisters. One day, when he was about twelve years old and his sister Nancy sixteen, he was hoeing corn near the house—she had just came into possession of a nice new white silk bonnet and shawl. To punish her for some offence, he went slyly into her room, put her

fine bonnet on his head, and shawl over his shoulders, and sallied out to his work. He had to peep round under the edge of the bonnet for some time to ascertain whether his sister saw him. When she first caught sight of him from the window, great was her alarm and consternation at the danger of her new finery, for it began to sprinkle a little rain. She dare not give him chase and recover them by rapidity of foot and her own personal strength, although uncommonly active and strong, lest he should run through the bushes and utterly ruin them. Finally, after consulting her mother, she let him alone, and he, in a little time, brought them back, unharmed, himself. From boyhood to manhood he had ever been possessed with a spirit of fun and mischief. He had not a particle of malice in his composition; his heart was feeling, and his disposition kind—but such a love of frolic possessed his whole soul, that he could not resist any opportunity of indulging it. By the way, he was constantly cracking his jokes with all he met, and drawing sport out of every incident—with such a companion no one could be low spirited long, and his continual flow of animation and good humor, soon atoned for the little tricks played off on his companions.

The evening after they left Carlisle, at a place called the "Big-spring," they were overtaken by an old acquaintance and neighbor, who was also on his way to Muskingum, with his family. He had started about the time the others had done, with an ox team of three yokes, and by dint of steady and late driving, had managed to keep within a day's march of them, and here, by making a little extra exertion, he overtook them. He was a stout, upright man, with a tremendous Roman nose, and portly front, past the middle age, being about fifty years old. But his natural force was not abated, nor his spirits any depressed, by the few gray hairs that began to appear about his temples. He had been out to the west, the autumn before, and had returned in the summer to move out his family. Ox teams were preferred to horses, by many of the early New England emigrants, in their long journeys to the new purchase. Probably one reason for this was, their greater familiarity with their use as beasts of draught. Another was, that they were much better suited to work amongst stumps and logs, and were also much less likely to be stolen by the Indians. Their rate of travel was a little slower than that of the horse, but they could make about twenty miles a day, where the roads were good.

Great was the joy of the females at the sight of the old man—"Why uncle Daniel, uncle Daniel, is that you?" "Oh yes, what there is left of me." "Why, you can't think how glad we are to see you!"

"Well, uncle Daniel, a'nt we half way to Muskingum yet?" "Not quite, the longest and worst half is to come." "And when we do get there, what kind of houses shall we have to live in?" "Why, they will be made of logs; a gang of fifteen or twenty men will get together, cut down the trees and divide them into suitable lengths, notch the ends, and, with skids, roll them up into cabins. Then they will put on a roof of oak shingles, without nails; the cracks between the logs will be filled in with chunks, and mortar made of clay; so that the bigger the hole, the more of the mud." "Oh we can never live in such dirty pens." "Never you mind that till you try, for after all they are right comfortable houses." In this way they passed many of the following evenings with uncle Daniel, asking questions about Ohio. The horses out-traveled his oxen by day, but before he put up at night, he always overtook them and stopped at the same house.

The fore part of November, the pilgrims of the west reached the foot of the mountain ranges, and commenced the ascent of those rocky barriers which divide the sources of the Susquehanna river from those which fall into the Ohio They are composed of several parallel ranges, which have received names from their first explorers, generally indicative of some prominent feature in their appearance.

CHAPTER III.

Journey across the Mountains to the Yohiogany.

Mountain roads—Dangers and difficulties—Generosity of a Dunkard—Isaac Barker's difficulty with an inn-keeper—Bedford—Mountains—Pack horses—Courage of Mrs. Devoll—A dreary evening's travel—Descent of the western slope—The glades of Laurel hill—Chestnut ridge and wild beasts—They reach Simrel's ferry.

The roads, at that day, across the mountains were the worst we can possibly imagine—cut into deep gullies on one side by mountain rains, while the other was filled with blocks of sand-stone. The descents were abrupt, and often resembled the breaks in a flight of stone stairs, whose lofty steps were built for the children of Titan rather than the sons of men. As few of the emigrant wagons were provided with lock-chains for the wheels, the downward impetus was checked by a large log, or broken tree top, tied with a rope to the back of the wagon and dragged along on the ground. In other places, the road was so sideling that all the men who could be spared were required to pull at the side stays, or short ropes attached to the upper side of the wagons, to prevent their upsetting. By dividing their forces with Isaac, they made out to prevent any serious accidents of this kind, although it seemed many times impossible to prevent it. The ground, naturally moist and springy on the sides of the

mountains, was now rendered very muddy and wet by the November rains, which had began to fall almost daily. As they approached the middle and higher ranges, the rain was changed to snow and sleet, which added still more to the difficulties and dreariness of the way. From the weight of the loaded wagons and the abrupt acclivities of the road, it fell to the lot of the women and children to walk up all the steep ascents—it being beyond the power of the horses to pull their additional weight up many of the sharp pitches of the mountains. In climbing these "hills of difficulty," the children often stuck by the way, or lost their shoes in the mud, occasioning a world of trouble to the elder girls, to whose share it fell to look after the welfare of the little ones.

After crossing the "Blue mountain," the "Middle," and the "Tuscarora mountain," late one Saturday evening they descended into the "Ahwick valley," and Mr Rouse's family put up at the house of an honest German Dunkard, named Christian Hiples; while the other two teams put up at an old tavern stand, well known to the early pack-horsemen, and borderers of that region. This was a quiet and tolerably fertile valley, environed by mountains. In it was seated old "Fort Littleton," and, under the protection of its walls, had sprung up, many years ago, quite a thriving settlement, with a number of fine plantations. All this part of the country, and as far east as Carlisle, had been, about twenty-five years before, depopulated by the depredations of the Indians. Many of the present inhabitants well remembered those days of trial, and could not see these helpless women and children moving so far away into the wilderness as Ohio, without expressing their fears at the danger they would incur from the deadly hate of the Indians. Although it was then apparently a time of peace, and they felt themselves in a manner safe on this account, yet it was but a few years after that these same women and children were trembling at the war-whoop of the savage, around their own doors, and were exposed to all the dangers of a horrid Indian war. They tarried over the Sabbath, and the following Monday, under the hospitable roof of this Christian Dunkard—whose long white beard, reaching to the waist, greatly excited the curiosity of the children. His family consisted of several young women, who treated the way-faring females with great kindness; heating their huge out-of-door oven for them, and assisting them in the baking of a large batch of bread for the journey, with many other acts of true Christian charity. On Tuesday morning, when they departed, they loaded them with potatoes, and vegetables from their garden, as many as they would venture to carry, without making any charge. They

parted from them with many prayers and good wishes for their welfare on the road, and happy termination of their long and perilous journey. The inhabitants generally treated them kindly, and the farther they advanced into the confines of the wilderness, and left the older settlements, the more hospitality abounded. They received them more readily into their houses, and more willingly assisted them with their cooking utensils, or any other thing they possessed or the wayfarers needed.

While the travelers, in Mr. Rouse's wagon, were treated so kindly by the good Dunkards, Isaac, who was excitable and very headstrong, met with rather rough usage from the hand of the old inn-keeper with whom he put up. This man had been a great bruiser, in his younger days, at fisty-cuffs, and had lost one eye in some of these frays; a thing not at all uncommon amongst the early borderers. He was naturally a rough man, and the loss of his eye added still more to his ferocious appearance. It seems that the old man had placed the rounds of the rack, in his stable, so close together that it was next to impossible for the horses to pull any of the hay through, so that although there was plenty before them, they were none the better for it. Isaac could not stand quietly by and say nothing, when his hard working horses needed their food so much; and then to pay for that they did not eat besides. He remonstrated with the landlord on the matter, but received only abuse for his pains. After paying back a little of the same coin, he fell to work and broke out every other round. The old fellow then fell upon Isaac, determined to give him a sound beating; but in this he was sadly mistaken and got very roughly handled himself. The horses, however, got plenty of hay, and Isaac told him he should be back again in the spring, and if he found the slats replaced, he would give him another and still sounder threshing. This adventure amused uncle Daniel greatly, who had been both a sailor and a soldier in the late war, and was fond of such sport; besides it was a mere act of justice for the benefit of future travelers who might stop at the old fellow's house.

Three days after leaving the quiet valley of honest Christian Hiples, with much exertion and many narrow escapes from oversetting, they reached the little village of Bedford. During this period they had crossed "Sideling hill," forded some of the main branches of the Juniata, and threaded the narrow valleys along its borders. Every few miles long strings of pack-horses met them on the road, bearing heavy burthens of peltry and ginseng, the two main articles of export from the regions west of the mountains. Others overtook them loaded with kegs of spirits, salt, and bales of dry goods, on their way to the

traders in Pittsburgh. The fore-horse generally carried a small bell, which distinguished him as the leader. One man had the charge of ten horses, which was as many as he could manage by day, and look after at night. For many years this was the manner in which nearly all the transportation was done over the mountains. The roads were partly impassable for wagons till near the close of the Indian war, in 1795.

After passing so many difficult places, and finding they had not actually turned over the wagons, Mrs. Devoll began to have a little more courage. Isaac, who drove her wagon, whenever they came to a dangerous place would stop the team and say, "Now, sister Nancy, here is a very bad spot, and it is more than likely the wagon will upset; hadn't you better get out and walk a while?" "I don't know, let me see:"—so rising up on her elbow, in the front of the wagon, she would take a survey of the difficulty, and unless it was uncommonly bad she would say, "I guess I'll venture it," and then lay down again.

One of their greatest trials was in crossing the Alleghany mountain. Four miles beyond Bedford, the road to the right was called the "Pittsburgh road," while that to the left was called the "Glade road," and led to Simrel's ferry, on the Yohiogany river. This was the route of the emigrants, and led, as well as the other, across the Alleghany. In passing this formidable barrier, our travelers were belated; and it was nearly midnight before they reached the house where they were to lodge. The night was excessively dark; the whole party, except the younger children, were on foot, and could only keep the path by feeling the bushes along the sides of the road. It so happened that Michael, and captain Haskell, who was their only guide, had gone ahead with the other wagon, and was entirely beyond hail; leaving Isaac, with Mr. Rouse and all the females, to pick their way along the miry road in the best manner they could. In the midst of all this gloom, the spirits of the former never flagged in the least; but the more difficulties increased the louder he sung, and some of his most cheerful and funny ditties were echoed that night from the rocky side of the Alleghany. Mr. Rouse, who had been an old whaleman, and often exposed to winds and storms, could not stand the trudging along, ancle deep, in the mud and dark, without venting his feelings in many a hearty curse on the vexations of the night. When about a mile from the house, they were unexpectedly cheered at hearing the lively whistle of Michael; and directly after, in a turn of the road, espied the light of a lantern, brought by captain Haskell, who had returned, after putting up his

own team, to meet the stragglers and guide them on the way. A bright fire was blazing on the hearth of the little log inn, the warmth and sparkling of which soon restored their spirits. It was past midnight before they had cooked and eaten their suppers and spread their couches on the puncheon floor of the hut. The fatigues of the journey caused them to sleep very soundly, and they awoke the next morning with fresh courage to meet the trials of the day now before them.

In descending the Alleghany, the children and girls were much delighted at seeing the sides of the road covered with the vivid green leaves and bright scarlet berries of the "Partridge bush," or "Checkerberry." It was a common fruit at "The Long-plain," and the sight of it reminded them of their homes and the scenes they had just left in their "fader-land." For a while the little boys forgot the fatigues of the road at the sight of this favorite fruit, and cheered each other, with joyous shouts, as fresh patches from time to time appeared by the side of the way. Even the married females were exhilarated by the cheerful spirits exhibited by the children, and partook freely of the spicy fruit which they collected in large handfulls. As they descended the western slope of the Alleghany, the springs of limpid water, which gushed fresh and pure from the earth along the sides of the mountain, now run babbling along to join their puny rills with those of the Ohio. This range is the dividing ridge between the eastern and the western streams, which circumstance was of itself a cheering fact, as the travelers could now see the waters which flowed towards the end of their journey.

After reaching the foot of this picturesque range, they had to cross a region called "The Glades." It is an elevated platteau, which, in many points, bears a strong resemblance to the prairies of the west. The soil is dark colored, thinly coated with trees, and covered with coarse grass. The streams abounded in trout; and, during the summer months, in later years, this region is visited by the valetudinarian from more southern climes, for the benefit of the pure, bracing air, and limped water of this elevated spot. From the rains, which now daily fell, the road had become very muddy, and the traveling slow and heavy. In crossing "Laurel ridge," which bounds the western side of the glades, and so named from the profusion of Rhododendron, or Rosebay, and Kalmia latifolia, or Laurel, which clusters along its rocky sides, the girls and older boys had to walk the whole distance. The labor was the more difficult from the ground being covered with snow, which had fallen, to the depth of several inches, on the sides and top of the ridge, during the last twenty-four hours; while

at the same time it had been raining in the valley, or table land, between the ranges. The bushes were bent down by the weight of the snow, and partly obstructed the path; so that long before they got over, their shoes were saturated with water, and their clothes were dribbled and wet, half leg high. The "boxberries" still showed their bright scarlet faces, peeping out beneath the snow and ice, as large as common red cherries. At the western foot of the ridge, their road was crossed by a stream too deep for them to ford; and the girls, being several miles ahead of the wagons, whose progress was very slow, were much rejoiced to find a cabin in which they could rest until the teams came up. The rendezvous for the night was beyond the creek, as this was the only place where they could get feed for their horses. While waiting at this spot, a stout young mountaineer, clad in his hunting frock and leggins, came dashing along on a powerful horse, and very kindly, as well as gallantly, offered to take the girls over the stream, if they would trust themselves behind him on the horse, and conduct them safely to the house where they were to stop. But his uncouth dress and their own natural timidity made them decline the offer, choosing rather to wait the arrival of their friends. Just at dark they came up, and taking them into the wagons, they crossed the stream more to their own liking, if not more safely than under the charge of the young mountaineer.

The following day they crossed "Chestnut ridge," the last of the mountain ranges. This chain is so named from the immense forests of chestnut trees that clothe its sides and summit, for nearly the whole of its extent in Pennsylvania and part of Virginia. The soil is sandy and rocky; and so exactly adapted to the growth of this tree, that no part of the world produces it more abundantly. In fruitful years, the hogs, from a distance of twenty or thirty miles, were driven by the inhabitants, every autumn, to fatten on its fruit. Bears, wild turkies, elk and deer, traveled from afar to this nut-producing region, and luxuriated on its bountiful crop. The congregation of wild animals, on this favored tract, made it one of the most celebrated hunting grounds, not only for the Indians, but also for the white man, who succeeded him in the possession of these mountain regions. The children here loaded their little pockets with chestnuts, and for a while forgot the pinching cold of the half frozen leaves and frost covered burrs amongst which they were scattered. Not long after crossing this ridge they reached Simrel's ferry, on the Yohiogany river. They hailed this spot with delight, as they were to travel no farther in their wagons, but finish the journey by water. They were

also glad on an other account; two of the horses had been failing for some days, and were now near giving out, and, in fact, died before reaching Buffalo.

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage to the Muskingum.

Preparation for the voyage—Descent to Pittsburgh—An accident there—A pilot hired—Great danger in a storm—Camp on the Indian side—Singular good fortune of the pilot—Incident at Buffalo—Arrival at Muskingum—Captain Devoll's hearty welcome to his family

1788

It was now near the last of November, and winter fast approaching. Here they found Benjamin Slocomb and family, just arrived from Massachusetts, and going to Muskingum. Uncle Daniel took passage with him, and parted, for the present, with his old companions. In a short time a boat was procured, as they were kept ready made for the use of emigrants. The one they bought was about forty feet long and twelve feet wide, but without any roof, as they could not wait for it to be finished. On board of this they put their wagons, and contrived to make a temporary shelter with their linen covers. The horses were sent by land, across the country, to Buffalo, a small village on the Ohio river, at the mouth of Buffalo creek, distant by this route only fifty-three miles from the ferry, but more than a hundred by water. This was a common practice with the early emigrants, as the water of the Yohiogany was too shallow in autumn to float a boat drawing over eighteen or twenty inches. At Buffalo they had the Ohio river to float on, and the horses could be taken on board without danger of grounding. In the stern of the boat was a rude fire-place for cooking, and their beds were spread on the floor of the ark.

After laying in a stock of food, they pushed merrily out into the current of the "Yoh," as it was familiarly called by all the borderers of that region, and floated rapidly along, sometimes grazing on the shallows, and at others grounding on the sandbars. By dint of rowing and pushing they made out to get on; especially after falling into the larger current of the Monongahela, and reached Pittsburgh in safety on Sunday evening. They were now at the junction of these two noble streams, the Alleghany and Monongahela, and saw the waters of the charming Ohio, the object of all their toils; and were, apparently, at the end of their journey. Near the point of land where the Ohio first takes its name, they landed their uncouth and unwieldy water-craft, making it fast to a stake on the bank. It was late in the afternoon, and the men went up into the town to purchase some articles needed to make the families comfortable in their downward voyage. Pittsburgh then contained four or five hundred inhabitants,

several retail stores, and a small garrison of troops was kept up in Old Fort Pitt. To our travelers, who had lately seen nothing but trees and rocks, with here and there a solitary hut, it seemed to be quite a large town. The houses were chiefly built of logs, but now and then one had begun to assume the appearance of neatness and comfort.

Captain Haskell and Mr. Rouse, for some cause now forgotten, did not return to lodge in the boat, but staid at the tavern; Michael, Isaac, and Cushing had gone over-land with the horses, so that the women and children were left alone in the boat. In the middle of the night, one of the older boys was awakened by the water coming into his bed on the floor. He immediately raised an out-cry, and, in the midst of the darkness, bustle, and confusion of the moment, they found the boat was half leg deep in the water. Great was the consternation of the older females, who thought, not without reason, that they must all be drowned. It so happened that the water was not very deep where the boat was moored, and as the gunwales rested on the bottom, at the depth of two or three feet, it could sink no further. This disaster was occasioned by the falling of the river, during the night; the land side of the boat rested on the shore, while the outer corner settled in the stream until the water run through the seams in the planking above the gunwale—being badly caulked. They hurried on shore as fast as they could. A kind hearted man, by the name of Kilbreath, whose house stood on the bank near the boat, heard the screams of the children, and taking a light came to their assistance. He invited them all up to his house and provided them lodgings by a good warm fire; he then called some men to his aid, and, before morning, got the wet articles out of the boat, and assisted the females in drying them. When Mr. Rouse and captain Haskell came back, in the morning, they were much chagrined at the accident; as, had they been on board, they thought it could have been prevented. The next morning Mr. Kilbreath gave them all a nice warm breakfast, and, like the good Samaritan, would take nothing but their grateful thanks for his trouble. Having bailed out the boat and got her once more afloat, they reloaded their household goods, got on board a stock of provisions, and prepared to renew their voyage in the course of the day.

It so happened that there was an old trapper and hunter by the name of Bruce, who was familiar with the river, just ready to start down stream in a large canoe, or pereauger, on a trapping expedition for the winter, on some of the more southern waters; him they engaged for a pilot, as was the custom in those early days, although

there was but little or no danger from the intricacy of the channel. His canoe was about forty feet long, and had on board a barrel of flour, some fat bacon, four beaver traps, a camp kettle, two tin cups, and a light axe. These, with his rifle, blanket, and ammunition, formed his stock for the winter. The canoe was lashed alongside the boat, and he came on board as pilot.

It was near the middle of the afternoon, on Monday, when they put out from Pittsburgh. The day had been cloudy and threatened rain from the south. Just at evening the wind shifted to the north-west and blew quartering across the bend of the river in which they were then floating. It soon rose to a complete gale, and knocked up such a sea, as threw the crests of the waves over the side of the boat, threatening to upset, if not to sink, the unwieldy craft. In this dilemma, the pilot and all hands exerted their utmost at the oars, to bring the boat to land on the "Federal," or Pennsylvania shore; but the wind and the waves were both adverse. The boat could have been landed on the right, or "Indian shore," but they feared to do so, lest in the night they should fall into the hands of the Indians; who, although it was apparently a time of peace, yet robbed the boats and killed the straggling whites at every favorable opportunity. The large pereauger bounded and thumped against the side of the boat, threatening to break in the planks, and was cut loose by the hand of the pilot. In this extremity, when every fresh wave threatened to overwhelm them, Bruce cried out to his shipmates, in a voice that was easily heard above the storm, "We must put over to the Indian shore, or every man, woman, and child will be lost!" Previous to this, the more feeble portion of the passengers had kept tolerably quiet, although exceedingly alarmed; but this announcement, to the women and children, sounded like their death knell, and the boat was instantly filled with their screams of despair. Captain Haskell, who had been accustomed to perils of various kinds, and was a man of iron nerves, did what he could to calm their terrors. He kept spitting with great energy every second, being a habit he had acquired in boyhood, exclaiming each time, "No danger," "no danger," while his pale visage and blanched lips betrayed the workings of the mind within. Bruce, who was in fact a skillful pilot, as well as a brave man, instantly laid the bow of the boat over to the "Indian shore." The wind and the waves both favored the movement, and with a little aid from the oars, she, in a few minutes, was riding in safety under a high point of land, which sheltered them from the wind, in comparatively quiet water.

The sudden transition from the jaws of death to this tranquil

haven, filled the hearts of the females with songs of gratitude; and the boat was hardly moored to the bank before they sprung on to the land, rejoiced once more to tread the solid earth, although it was the dreaded "Indian shore." Bruce soon kindled a fire, by the side of a large fallen tree, and setting up some forked sticks and poles, stretched some blankets across, in such a way as to make a rude tent. Beneath this shelter they spread their beds, choosing rather to risk the chance of an attack from Indians than to trust themselves on the water again that night. From the hunting camp of some whitemen, whose smoke the pilot had noticed just before the storm came on, he procured a fine fat saddle of venison, and the whole party feasted with cheerful hearts, that evening, on the nice steaks of this delicious meat—some they broiled on the coals, while Bruce showed them how to roast it, hunter fashion, on a hickory skewer filled full of pieces and stuck up in the earth before the fire; this, with a cup of hot coffee, furnished a very comfortably meal. They slept undisturbed that night; though, ever and anon, the sighing of the winds in the tops of the trees led the more timid of the females to fancy they heard the stealthy approach of Indians.

In the morning, the ground was covered with snow, to the depth of several inches, which had fallen while they were asleep. The day following the storm, was fine and pleasant, and the smooth, calm surface of the Ohio exhibited a striking contrast to the tumult and uproar which had agitated its bosom only a few hour before. From Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of the Beaver, to the new settlement at Muskingum, no whiteman had dared to plant himself on the "Indian shore" of the river, with the exception of a small blockhouse, a few miles below Buffalo, which some hunters had built as a place to which they might retreat if attacked by their enemies, while out hunting in the region west of the river. Even here there was little or no clearing, all else was unbroken wilderness. They embarked early in the morning and reached Buffalo that evening. In the course of the forenoon they found the pereauger of Bruce, lodged on the shore and filled with water. It still contained the barrel of flour, meat, axe, &c., with all the traps but one. The buoyancy of the light poplar wood, of which it was made, prevented it from sinking, and the ballast of the traps, axe, &c., from upsetting; so that, quite unexpectedly, the old trapper recovered his boat and goods, which he had given up as utterly lost. At Buffalo, they were greeted with the loud laugh and boisterous welcome of Isaac, who, with Michael and Shaw, had been waiting one or two days, with the horses, for their arrival

The women and children, still impressed with dread lest another storm should overtake them, concluded to lodge on shore, and accordingly took quarters, for the night, on the floor of a small log hut that stood on the extremity of the point of land at the mouth of Buffalo creek. In the morning, Mrs. Devoll came nigh losing a part of her bedding. A gaily ornamented new woollen blanket had attracted the attention of Mrs. Riley, the mistress of the cabin, as it lay spread over the sleepers in the night, and, in the hurry and bustle of rolling up the bed clothes, she adroitly managed to secrete it amongst her own bedding, stowed away in the corner of the room. Mrs. Devoll soon missed it; and, after a careful but fruitless search among her own things, did not hesitate to accuse the woman of secreting it. She roundly denied any knowledge of the blanket. Being a resolute woman, and determined not to give it up in this way, she made an overhauling of Mrs. Riley's goods and chattels, when, much to the chagrin and disappointment of the border woman, she pulled out the lost article, rolled up in her dingy bedding. Thinking they had recovered all the missing goods they hurried aboard their boat, at the exciting call of Isaac, who was all ready to depart, and in no very good humor with the hospitality of Mrs. Riley. At Wheeling, where they stopped for some milk, they discovered, much to their vexation, that they had also lost a nice new two quart measure, which they had brought all the way with them for the purpose of measuring the milk they should need to purchase on the road. In a few years after this adventure, during the Indian war, this family of Rileys, who still lived in the same spot, were all massacred by the savages.

At Grave creek they took on board a stout, hearty old man, as a passenger, by the name of Green, who, in addition to Bruce and their own crew, by taking turns at the oars and rowing all night, with the music of Isaac and the old man, who proved to be an excellent singer, they made out to reach the mouth of Muskingum, just at dark, on Thursday evening, the fourth day after leaving Pittsburgh. Ice had been making in the Ohio, for the last twenty four hours, and the travelers were fortunate in arriving as they did, for the following morning the Muskingum river was frozen over from shore to shore. Great was the consternation of Mrs. Rouse, who had an instinctive dread of Indians, at seeing the woods and side hill, back of Fort Harmer, lighted up with a multitude of fires, when she was told they were the camp fires of three hundred savages. They had come in to a treaty, which was held the ninth of January following. It was the fore part of December, and the emigrants had been more than eight

weeks on the road. The news of their arrival was soon carried to Campus Martius, the name of the new garrison.

Captain Devoll hurried on board, delighted once more to embrace his wife and children, from whom he had been absent more than a year. Their goods and chattels were put into the "Mayflower," which was used as a receiving boat, for the emigrants, and with the women and children, landed at the Ohio company's wharf. Captain Devoll had built a comfortable two story house, in one of the curtains of the garrison, to which all were removed that night, and his happy family slept once more under their own roof—but in the far distant region of the "Northwest Territory."

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CHAPTER V.

Conclusion.

Settlement of Belprie—Troubles of the settlers—First school in Ohio—Biographical sketch of all the movers—Sudden death of Mr. Rouse—Conclusion.

The following spring, a company or association was formed, of about forty men, to commence a settlement fourteen miles below, on the right bank of the Ohio, afterwards called Belprie, or Pleasant Meadow. Captain Devoll, Mr. Rouse, Michael, captain Haskell and Isaac, joined this association. The latter returned to New England, and moved out his family in the fall 1789. In the winter of 1791, by the time the settlers were about to begin to reap a little of the fruits of their hard labor, in clearing land, building cabins, &c., the Indian war broke out and they were all driven into garrison, for the five following years. Many were the dangers and hardships they here endured. Their greatest suffering was from the small-pox and putrid sore throat, or scarlatina maligna. Mrs. Rouse's children were all down with it, and Mrs. Devoll lost Henry, in his thirteenth year, and Francis, in his fourth, by this terrible scourge.

In the summer of 1790, Bathsheba Rouse taught a school of young boys and girls, at Belprie, which is believed to be the first school of white children ever assembled within the bounds of the present state of Ohio. The Moravian missionaries had Indian schools at Gnadenhutten and Shoenbrun, on the Tuscarawas, as early as the year 1779, eleven years before this time. She also taught, for several successive summers, within the walls of "Farmers' Castle," the name of the stout garrison built by the settlers, sixteen miles below Marietta.

After the close of the war the colonists moved out on to their farms, and several of the first families in this part of the state were sheltered within the bounds of "Farmers' Castle." Mr. Rouse and

family remained in Belprie. Michael died a bachelor. Stephen and Barker married and settled there also. Bathsheba married, soon after the close of the war, Richard the son Griffen Greene, Esq., one of the Ohio company agents and a leading man in all public affairs, and became the mother of three sons and two daughters. Cynthia married the Hon. Paul Fearing, the first delegate to Congress from the Northwest territory, and for many years a judge of the court. Elizabeth married Levi Barber, Esq., for many years receiver of public monies, and member of Congress, for this district during two sessions. The children of these emigrant females, for wealth and respectability, rank amongst the first of our citizens. Ruth is still living on the old farm, but never married. The two younger sisters have been dead some years. Bathsheba died in October, 1842, and from her we received the incidents of "the journey." Captain Devoll and family settled on the Muskingum, five miles above Marietta, after the close of the war in 1795, and built a large mill, which was by far the most useful to the inhabitants of that day, of any in this part of Ohio. Sally married James C. Mc'Farland, and died in 1810, leaving three daughters and one son, who are connected by marriage with some of the leading families in Kenawha county, Virginia. Charles, Barker, Francis and Maria, the two latter born after their parents emigrated to Ohio, are living, with their children, in this vicinity, and rank amongst the most useful and respectable of our inhabitants. Isaac Barker settled at Athens, after the war in 1796—several of his children are yet living and hold respectable stations in society. Captain Haskell married a daughter of Mr. John Greene, cousin to Griffen Greene, and settled in Belprie. During the Indian war he commanded a company of men in the service of the United States. His children are all dead but one daughter, who is united to a very intelligent and worthy farmer, twelve miles west of Marietta. Shaw, the other adult male of the emigrants, settled on the Mississippi river, near Natchez, and became a wealthy cotton planter. Uncle Daniel Cogswell settled at Belprie, and served as a soldier during the trying period of the Indian war. The writer was well acquainted with him in the winter of 1807; soon after which he died with an attack of dropsy, aged about seventy-three years. To the last, he retained his flow of spirits and ready turn of wit. His children still live in Belprie, near the mouth of the Little Hockhocking.

Mr. Rouse died very suddenly, in the year 1819, dropping down dead by the side of the road, at the edge of a pool of water, where he had stopped to water a horse he was leading, only a few rods from home. He was seventy-eight years old. He retained to his last

days a high relish and love for his early whaling occupations. When relating his exploits in that line, he would rise from his chair, and with all the energy and animation of youth, show how whales were slain by the deadly harpoon. He also retained a strong love for the land and habits of his childhood. After he had been in Ohio for some years, he used to say, "he would rather have 'Joe Sampson's' farm than half the state of Ohio." This was a farm at "The Long-plain," on which he lived many years as a tenant. It was tolerably productive, but no way remarkable for its fertility—but showing the strong predilections of man for the scenes and days of his early years.

Thus closes the sketch of the early emigrants to Muskingum, whose adventures are only the counterpart of twenty other families, who crossed the Allegany ranges, in the year 1788, and settled at Muskingum. It is in fact a portion of the early history of Ohio, and should be preserved for the same reasons that Virgil has preserved the incidents of the voyage of Æneas from Troy to Italy—they were the founders of a new state. Those days of hardships cannot be reviewed with other than feelings of the highest respect for the individuals who dared to brave the difficulties and uncertainties of a pioneer life. To push new settlements continuously has its toils and its dangers—but to make a leap like that across the mountains, unattended by the necessaries and defences of life, and settle down amid savages, whose hatred for the whites was deeply rooted, and often excited by foes, required, indeed, "hearts of oak and nerves of iron." The pioneers of western Pennsylvania and Virginia were daring in the extreme. Those settlements were so new and defenceless as to afford little or no security and but few comforts, to those who crossed the great river. Fearful indeed was the task, but hopeful anticipations, veiled by ignorance of the future, nerved their arms, and the western wilds were settled. Deplorable indeed were some of the means used to remove savage life, but the results were most beneficent. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, arts and sciences flourish. Instead of the wigwam palaces arise. Instead of the bark canoe, the tomahawk and the scalping knife, steamboats and all the implements of comfort and convenience abound. Instead of the savage yell; the literary lecture and the songs of Zion echo through our land: thus where *one* could scarcely find the means of a comfortless existence, a *thousand* may now rejoice in the blessings of their Creator.

Yours, very respectfully,

A. P. Hildreth

DIARY OF ST. CLAIR'S DISASTROUS CAMPAIGN.

It is not easy to ascertain the object of the following diary, sketch, memoranda, or, as the author calls it, "address." It is, however, highly probable that he had been arraigned before a court martial, after the defeat of general St. Clair, and that the memoranda here given, was the skeleton of a much more elaborate article, to be written out in exculpation, or extenuation of his conduct, which is not mentioned any where in these memoranda. It is, however, a valuable document, as it throws additional light on the causes which led to a most disastrous defeat. The interpolations in brackets are explanations and remarks, by our worthy correspondent, who furnished the following literal copy for us, without whose aid we think it highly probable that there are parts that could not have been decyphered. The address was written on one side of the paper; so that each page faces, and is backed by blank paper; we think it probable the blank parts were intended to be filled with further memoranda—two such appear and are placed in notes at the bottom, referring to the parts which they face. The document is on half sheets, cap paper, doubled and pinned together with a rusty, ancient pin.—[See page 80.

JOURNAL

Of the proceedings of General St. Clair's Army, defeated at Fort Recovery 4th November, 1791.

"In the following address, I mean to state my reasons for adopting a military life, as well as to designate some particulars not generally known, in order to explain the causes of my own conduct to my friends.

"As an agent of F. and M., [not known] general Harmar, (engaged me) in the month of June 1787 to furnish pack horses and rations for the expedition to P—V—[post Vincennes,] though he might well suppose, that I had no property of the contractors in my hands to enable me to comply with his desire; yet I told him, that as a citizen I would endeavor to forward every thing necessary: with what satisfaction I have supplied the troops of B. G. H. [Harmar,] the papers in my possession will fully explain.

"A most ungenerous, as well as unjust process being commenced against me, in order to defraud the persons who furnished part of the supplies; I was obliged to undergo a tedious and vexatious suit, to the injury of my own private affairs.

"At last released from the harpy-claws of the succeeding contractor—relieved from a tedious confinement, and furnished with the most unequivocal proofs, not of my innocence—but of my *honorable* conduct, I came to Fort Washington [Cincinnati] a short time before the troops marched from the fort to Mr. Ludlow's farm.

"The great regard which general Harmar manifested for my conduct in 1787, joined to the desire of serving my country, induced me to declare my intentions of entering into general Harmar's regiment as a cadet, which purpose was agreeable to him. I therefore joined the army at Ludlow's station, for people could find no reason for occupying that station, as general St. Clair was not known to possess any property in the farm in question, unless it might be a wish from private friendship, bribery, or some other cause, of throwing into the contractor's hands 150£ a day [perhaps dollars*] of the public money, giving the soldiers much unnecessary trouble, exposing them to the severe rains in which some might call *half* tents, and laying the foundation of future diarrhoes and dysenteries with a long list of other complaints, as I dare say our commander was acquainted with in his professional capacity. After many unnecessary delays we arrived at length on the banks of the Miami, twenty-three miles from F. W. [Fort Washington.] Here we halted again in order to damp the fire of the troops, and reduce every officer (however young in commission, or heretofore used to actual service) to a rigid compliance with a multitude of orders, ill understood and harder to be executed.†

"It is from evidence alone that the public can be informed of the conduct of these servants' self-love; self-interest, and above all, the weakness inherent in mankind, will ever induce them to represent things through the medium of their own prejudices.

"After F. H. [Fort Hamilton] was constructed, it was given out the army was to march the next day with great parade.—They did march—how far? *One mile and a half!* The next day two miles, and so on! By delaying so long in one place the forage was soon destroyed, and of course the horses belonging to the army, as well as those of the conts. [contractors] were getting worse, many stolen from the latter—even at Fort H. [Hamilton] fifty seven, it was said in one drove! the contractors' horses in great numbers in the prairie, as was M. Evans', the company of W. Dunn, and also when the troops marched, M. Ernest's [perhaps this is incorrect.]

"September 23—The troops marched, and it was then when the first rations was ordered to be curtailed to one pound of flour, and afterwards to a quarter of a pound down to agents attending the army, his horses sharing the fate of those of the cavalry. When we returned we found every prairie and swamp covered with their dead bodies. Can declare that W. Dunn was in fault. Had he not horses idle and drivers every day in the prairie? Were orders given to have any cer-

* More likely (£) pounds.—Ed.

†"Court martials are held frequently on officers arrested, as charged by the A. G.—No officer ever broke—all acquitted. A glance at the conduct of court-martials."—[*Note by Author.*

tain quantity of provision on hand? Why did not general St. Clair return from F. J. (Fort Jefferson) in case the contractor was not able to furnish provisions?*

"Does any man suppose that a pound of *poor beef*, a quarter of a pound of flour, and no liquor, would inspire adventitious bravery—the miserable beings picked from the dunghills of the United States? or is it to be supposed that the arresting the officers on every trifling occasion would give them a great relish for the service? [Who could be surprised at the defeat of an army thus provided for!]

"After leaving Fort Jefferson, proceeded five and three-fourths miles further to a pretty creek, halted here——days, which we spent very agreeably! Some Indians headed by the mountain leader joined us." [☞These disappeared the night before the action! They were from the South.]

"Here one levy-soldier was killed and scalped; another was wounded, escaped into camp, but died: proceeded at length seven or eight miles further! next day several of the militia marched off—the first regiment *ordered* after them [this caused the defeat of the army, no doubt.] They set off late in the evening and got a few miles; they proceeded on the road towards the Miami, and detached a party to within nineteen miles of that river—returned, and on the night of the 3d November encamped within four miles of Fort Jefferson. Set off early; heard a noise like cannon, which increased as we advanced until we reached Fort Jefferson, when we were convinced it was the firing of cannon.

"The commanding officer of the first regiment, gallantly ordered to fix bayonets and load, though we were well convinced the firing was at a great distance; proceeded to the creek, six miles—halted—such as *had provisions* breakfasted! Proceeded about three miles further—were ordered to halt—then to *retreat*. We were informed this order proceeded from advice of two fellows, who had been hunting horses and escaped without arms, of the defeat of the army—it was now at least twelve o'clock, having already marched about thirteen miles. This intelligence was confirmed on our retreat, by two horsemen who escaped, one of them wounded slightly; the regiment was encamped in a hollow, pretty near Fort Jefferson. Here all were witnesses to the arrival of such wounded persons as escaped, in a most misera-

*"Can any one suppose that a senator [in congress] has not a right to his pay, six dollars a day [the old rate]? Will he be told at the end of the session, "Go home, here is neither money, provision, or clothing for you?" It's true some senators spend a good deal of breath in the service of their country; but of the soldier it is said, if you happen to be knocked on the head, or die of hunger—your *heirs* will receive it. But has the soldier who spends his blood, his constitution, and his life, no claims—not on the *generosity*, but on the *justice* of his country?—[*Note by writer.*

ble condition; towards *dusk*, the general and a few officers arrived: his presence did not much dispel the general despondency that prevailed. Hearing that captain Doyle [who afterwards married captain Jos. Bradford's widow] with whom I had been very intimate for several years, was behind, very dangerously wounded, and unable to sit on horseback—there a few of his company had him on a kind of bier—a little after dark, I took my arms and canteen of whisky, and went to his assistance. I continually met parties of eight, ten, or twelve wounded officers on horseback, some on foot; at last towards the *rear* of the routed army, and between three and four miles from Fort Jefferson, I met captain Doyle's party; they seemed much exhausted. Captain Doyle preserved his usual confidence, and, his feet being very cold, he was laid on the ground and well rubbed with camphor; after which we proceeded slowly to the fort, but finding so much confusion there, and almost every room filled with the wounded, we had him taken to M. H's. tent; I proposed to the major to sit him down before *his* fire, as he complained of being very cold; the major refused his being set down, but had him carried into the fort. Fatigued, and hungry, I rolled myself up in my blanket, and threw myself at the root of a tree—was awakened by Mr. Strong, who told me the reg't. was marching away—I started up, and after tumbling over logs and limbs, found myself in the road leading to the Miami; a part of the road was cut through beech swamps, which made it very difficult walking in a dark night! After some time I arrived at the front of the regiment, where I found major H—, G. D. C., and a few other officers: there were a few soldiers of the first regiment within a few yards of them; the remainder of the regiment, I am sure, was scattered at least five miles.

"I threw myself again at the foot of a tree, and passed the night very cooly: next morning several soldiers of the regiment, and some levies came up; marched all this day in scattered bodies, without seeing any officer assume command; passed several levies of militia."

[*Poor Jacko*—Bradford's monkey, who had attended on him while aid to lord Stirling during the revolutionary war, after the death of his master, retreated in his regimentals, from the battle ground to Fort Jefferson, and there died of cold and hunger.]

The closing remark of our correspondent respecting the monkey is not fully understood by us, and I presume will not be by some of our readers. We hope he will extend the anecdote. We hope also that if any of our readers are able to throw light on this rather obscure statement, they will do so. If there is any way of having doubtful histories elucidated, it is by thus publishing documents for the scrutiny of the general reader.

THE HON. JUDGE WILKESON.

We heartily congratulate the readers of the American Pioneer, upon the re-appearance of this venerable pioneer and talented writer of the "Incidents of Buffalo," published in volume I. He has already furnished us with 9 numbers of his "Early Recollections;" but for the present our readers must be contented with one.

Buffalo, December 29th, 1842.

Mr. Williams:

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 27th August was duly received, and would have been promptly answered, but, yielding to your solicitude, I concluded to prepare a communication for the Pioneer, which, I intended, should accompany my reply to your very kind letter; but business called me from home, and my private matters have occupied my mind since my return; every number of the Pioneer, however, reminds me of your request, which I now proceed to comply with.

My communication will contain some of my early recollections, and incidents connected with the settlement of Western Pennsylvania. From these you will see, that my boyhood was spent under circumstances, anything else but favorable for acquiring that education, which qualifies a man for conveying his ideas with ease. I am, sir, very respectfully, yours,

S. Wilkeson

[For the American Pioneer.]

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

NUMBER I.

Removal to Western Pennsylvania.

Introduction—Poverty consequent upon the revolution—Pioneer mothers—Pioneer mode of removal—Great difficulties of the journey—First employments of the pioneer—Indian hostilities—Murder of an Indian—Progress of the first settlers.

The present happy population of our country, enjoying not only peace, but all the necessaries and conveniences of life, can form no just conception of the poverty and privations endured by the early settlers of the West.

The revolutionary war had withdrawn much of the labor of the country from agriculture and manufactures. There was no commerce, no money. The country at large could not furnish even necessary clothing. Hard as was the fate of the soldier while starving, freezing, and fighting for independence, still the prospective was cheering to him; he never doubted that his services would be reward-

ed, and be remembered with gratitude by his country. But when discharged, he received his pay in continental money, worth but a few cents on the dollar, and, returning poor to his family, found them as destitute as himself. The pride and parade of the camp which had excited and sustained him, were now gone—there was none to relieve or assist him. Some sunk under their discouragements. Brave men, who never shrank from danger in their country's defence, and who cheerfully endured all the hardships incident to the soldier's life, had not the courage to contend with poverty, nor the resolution to exchange the excitements of war for that diligent pursuit of personal labor which was requisite for the support of their families. Many, however, resolved on crossing the mountains, and becoming farmers in the west. The difficulties to be encountered in effecting this resolution, were many and great. The journey was full of peril, especially to women and children, poorly provided with even the most common necessaries.

It may interest some of your readers, who have never felt what privation or suffering is, to know by what expedients the pioneers of the west were enabled to remove their families across the mountains. I have often, when a boy, listened to the recital made by the mothers who were companions in these sufferings, and who at every meeting in after life would recur to them with tears.

My father's family was one of twenty that emigrated from Carlisle, and the neighboring country, to western Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1784. Our arrangements for the journey would, with little variation, be descriptive of those of the whole caravan. Our family consisted of my father, mother, and three children, (the eldest one five, the youngest less than one year old,) and a bound boy of fourteen. The road to be traveled in crossing the mountains, was scarcely, if at all, practicable for wagons. Pack horses were the only means of transportation then, and for years after. We were provided with three horses, on one of which my mother rode carrying her infant, with all the table furniture and cooking utensils. On another were packed the stores of provisions, the plough irons, and other agricultural tools. The third horse was rigged out with a pack saddle, and two large creels, made of hickory withs in the fashion of a crate, one over each side, in which were stowed the beds and bedding, and the wearing apparel of the family. In the centre of these creels there was an aperture prepared for myself and sister, and the top was well secured by lacing, to keep us in our places, so that only our heads appeared above. Each family was supplied with one or more cows, which was an indispensable provision for the journey.

Their milk furnished the morning and evening meal for the children, and the surplus was carried in canteens for use during the day.

Thus equipped, the company set out on their journey. Many of the men being unacquainted with the management of horses, or the business of packing, little progress was made the first day or two. When the caravan reached the mountains, the road was found to be hardly passable for loaded horses. In many places the path lay along the edge of a precipice, where, if the horse had stumbled, or lost his balance, he would have been precipitated several hundred feet below. The path was crossed by many streams raised by the melting snow and spring rains, and running with rapid current in deep ravines. Most of these had to be forded, as there were no bridges, and but few ferries. For many successive days, hair-breadth escapes were continually occurring; sometimes horses falling, at others carried away by the current, and the women and children with difficulty saved from drowning. Sometimes in ascending steep acclivities, the lashing of the creels would give way, both creels and children tumble to the ground, and roll down the steep, until arrested by some traveler of the company. In crossing streams, or passing places of more than ordinary difficulty in the road, mothers were often separated from some of their children for many hours. The journey was made in April, when the nights were cold. The men who had been inured to the hardships of war, could with cheerfulness endure the fatigues of the journey. It was the mothers who suffered; they could not, after the toils of the day, enjoy the rest they so much needed at night. The wants of their suffering children must be attended to. After preparing their simple meal, they lay down with scanty covering in a miserable cabin, or as it sometimes happened, in the open air, and often unrefreshed, were obliged to rise early, to encounter the fatigues and dangers of another day.

As the company approached the Monongahela, they began to separate. Some settled down near to friends and acquaintances who had preceded them. About half of the company crossed the Monongahela, and settled on Chartier's creek, a few miles south of Pittsburgh, in a hilly country, well watered and heavily timbered. Settlers' rights to land were obtained on easy terms. My father exchanged one of his horses for a tract, (bounded by certain brooks and marked trees,) which was found on being surveyed several years after, to contain about two hundred acres. The new comers aided each other in building cabins, which were made of round logs with a slight covering of clapboards. The building of chimneys and laying of floors, were postponed to a future day. As soon as the families were all

under shelter, the timber was girdled and the necessary clearing made for planting corn, potatoes, and a small patch of flax. Some of the party were despatched for seed. Corn was obtained at Pittsburgh, but potatoes could not be procured short of Legonier valley, distant three days' journey. The season was favorable for clearing, and by unremitted labor, often continued through a part of the night, the women laboring with their husbands, in burning brush and logs, their planting was seasonably secured. But while families and neighbors were cheering each other on with the prospect of an abundant crop, one of the settlements was attacked by the Indians and all of them were thrown into the greatest alarm. This was a calamity which had not been anticipated. It had been confidently believed that peace with Great Britain would secure peace with her Indian allies. The very name of Indian chilled the blood of the late emigrants, but there was no retreat. If they desired to recross the mountains they had not the provisions or means, and had nothing but poverty and suffering to expect should they regain their former homes. They resolved to stay.

The frontier settlements were kept in continual alarm. Murders were frequent, and many were taken prisoners. These were more generally children, who were taken to Detroit (which in violation of the treaty continued to be occupied by the British,) where they were sold. The attacks of the Indians were not confined to the extreme frontier. They often penetrated the settlement several miles, especially when the stealing of horses was a part of their object. Their depredation effected, they retreated precipitately across the Ohio. The settlers for many miles from the Ohio, during six months of the year, lived in daily fear of the Indians. Block houses were provided in several neighborhoods for the protection of the women and children, while the men carried on their farming operations, some standing guard while the others labored. The frequent calls on the settlers to pursue marauding parties, or perform tours of militia duty, greatly interrupted their attention to their crops and families, and increased the anxieties and sufferings of the women. The general government could grant no relief. They had neither money nor credit. Indeed there was little but the name in the old confederation. The state of Pennsylvania was unable to keep up a military force for the defence of her frontier. She had generously exhausted her resources in the struggle for national independence. Her legislature however, passed an act granting a bounty of one hundred dollars on Indian scalps. But an incident occurred which led to the repeal of this law before the termination of the war.

A party of Indian spies having entered a wigwam on French creek, supposed to be untenanted, discovered, while breakfasting, an Indian extended on a piece of bark over head. They took him prisoner, but reflecting that there was no bounty on prisoners, they shot him under circumstances which brought the party into disgrace, and the scalp-bounty law into disrepute.

The settlement was guarded, and in fact preserved from utter dispersion by a few brave men. Brave is a term not sufficiently expressive of the daring boldness of the Bradys, Sprouts, Poes, Lesnets, Weltzells, Caldwells, Crawfords, Williamsons, Pauls, Harrisons and Zaneses, who for years encountered unheard of privations in the defence of the border settlements, and often carried the war successfully into the Indian country. I trust that the story of their many heroic actions will yet be told in the Pioneer.



ERRORS CORRECTED.

It is with mortification that we advertise the reader of several errors in the sketch of Cleveland, which escaped notice, until many copies were worked off. Some of them were unavoidable, but not all.

On page 22, line 7 from bottom, for Lawrence read Laurens; on page 22, line 7 from bottom, for Beliot read Bolivar; on page 24, line 20 from top, for meeting read seeking; on page 25, line 2 from top, for proper read paper; on page 25, line 21 from top, for Bruce read Buce; on page 26, lines 1 and 2 from top, for Virginia read vineyard; on page 26, lines 1 and 2 from top, for Spoffard read Spafford; on page 27, line 3 from top, for Whu read John; on page 27, lines 5 and 7 from top, for Lemo read Semo; on page 28, line 7 from bottom, for rivers read waves; on page 28, line 10 from bottom, for 400 read forty; on page 29, line 3 from top, for light-tonnage read lighterage. on page 29, line 23 from top, for and read or; on page 29, line 3 from bottom, for merely read made; on page 31, line 14 from top, for road read wood; on page 31, line 21 from top, for 77,550 read about 124,000; on page 31, lines 6 and 7 from bottom, for surpassing read superseding; on page 33, line 7 from bottom, for one hundred and forty feet read fourteen degrees; on page 33, line 19 from bottom, for Laurence read Seneca.

In the sketch of Redstone Old Fort, page 64, line 14 from bottom, for David French read Daniel French.

In volume I, page 375, insert "June 25th 1804," as the date of general Gano's order.

AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

1636. Henry Vane elected governor of Massachusetts.
Mrs. Anne Hutchinson commences her career, and divides the church in Massachusetts, into two parties.
Roger Williams still followed by his intolerant enemies; goes farther into Rhode Island, and settles at Providence.
Governor Harvey seized in Virginia, and sent prisoner to England.
The Narragansetts make a treaty at Boston with the colonists, and promise to aid them against the Pequots.
The Pequots kill John Oldham, and the English declare war against them.

1638. Harvey sent back to Virginia, with his former powers.
The Pequots are attacked at their fort, at Mistic, and routed with great slaughter, and the war rages with great fury against them and the English; the Narragansetts and Mohegans make slaves of the captives, and declare the Pequot nation shall be annihilated.
The king takes the government of New England into his own hands.
Mrs. Hutchinson banished for religious opinions, and Mr. Wheelwright, her brother-in-law, settles Exeter.
The island of Rhode Island settled by Mrs. Hutchinson's leading followers.
New Haven settled.
Uncas, the sachem of the Mohegans, summoned to Boston, to answer the charge of his favoring the Pequots.
Three Englishmen put to death at Plymouth for having killed an Indian.

1639. Wyatt appointed governor of Virginia.
The Spaniards conquer Florida.
The Plymouth company set off New Hampshire to Mason, and Maine to Gorges, for which they obtained patents.
The Connecticut Indians sell Milford, Guilford, Stratford, and Fairfield to the whites, who take immediate possession of them.

1640. The English settle Dover, and establish a distinct government, but becoming divided in matters of religion, the dispute is settled by Roger Williams with an armed force.

1641. The settlements of New Hampshire put themselves under the government of Massachusetts.
Some Dutchmen killed by the Indians near fort Aurania, near Albany.
Richard Smith settles in the midst of the Narragansett Indians, where he remained long in peace. This nation of Indians consisted of about 30,000.
Rhode Island establishes a republican form of government.

1642. Berkeley assumes the government of Virginia, and administers it on republican principles.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

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We have some of the best that the world can produce.—Those of them who have paid us for the second volume are real patriots—they are the very soul of the enterprise. It is all due, and did those who are behind know how much we and our men suffer for want of what is due from them, and how much joy to our hearts, and energy to the enterprise, the reception of it would be, they would not keep back another day. All who shall have paid by the issue of the next number will have PAID marked on the cover.

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Editors

Who notice the numbers and publish the contents as received, and send us their paper, will be entitled to the Pioneer in exchange, and to extract from it for their papers. ☞ We make monthly lists of their notices by which each month we send the Pioneer in Exchange.

Post Masters,

We believe, have never refused to send us the subscription money, and kindly to give us information, free of expense. It is now generally known that this is no infringement of duty or instructions, and we heartily thank them, and ask a continuance of their favors.

To Contributors.

All who possess historical information relative to the first settlemeut and successive improvement of any part of the United States, are asked to contribute. Our aim is correctness of narrative, more than elegance of style. Some have declined because they could not write as elegantly as some of our able contributors—this is wrong. We love good style, but where that is not to be had, let us have the facts, though they be clothed in ever so plain a dress. Let them come in their "working clothes," if they have no better.

To Artists.

Drawings of ancient American relics are wanted.—Let the representations be true. We set accuracy of representation before elegance of execution—both together are acceptable. A good drawing entitles the artist to a volume of the Pioneer for his labor.

R. P. BROOKS, PRINTER.

THE

AMERICAN PIONEER,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

COLLECTING AND PUBLISHING INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND SUCCESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.—No. 4.

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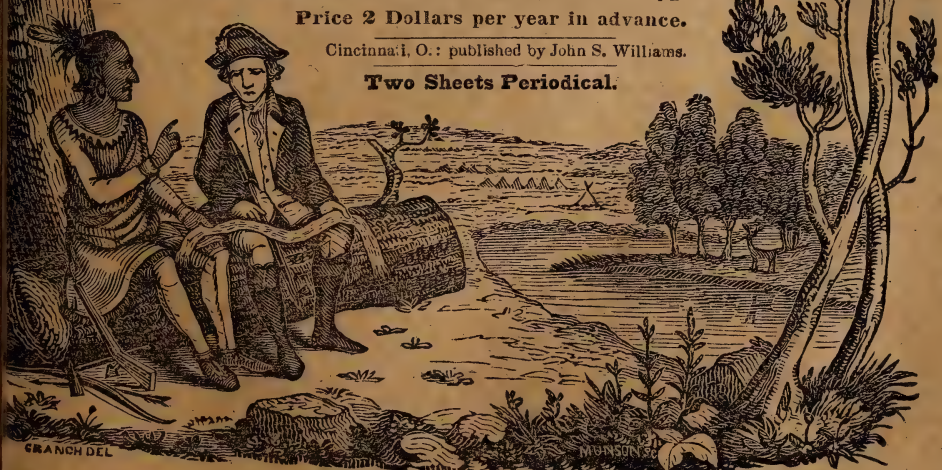
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☞ See To Patrons and Postmasters on 4th page of cover. ☜

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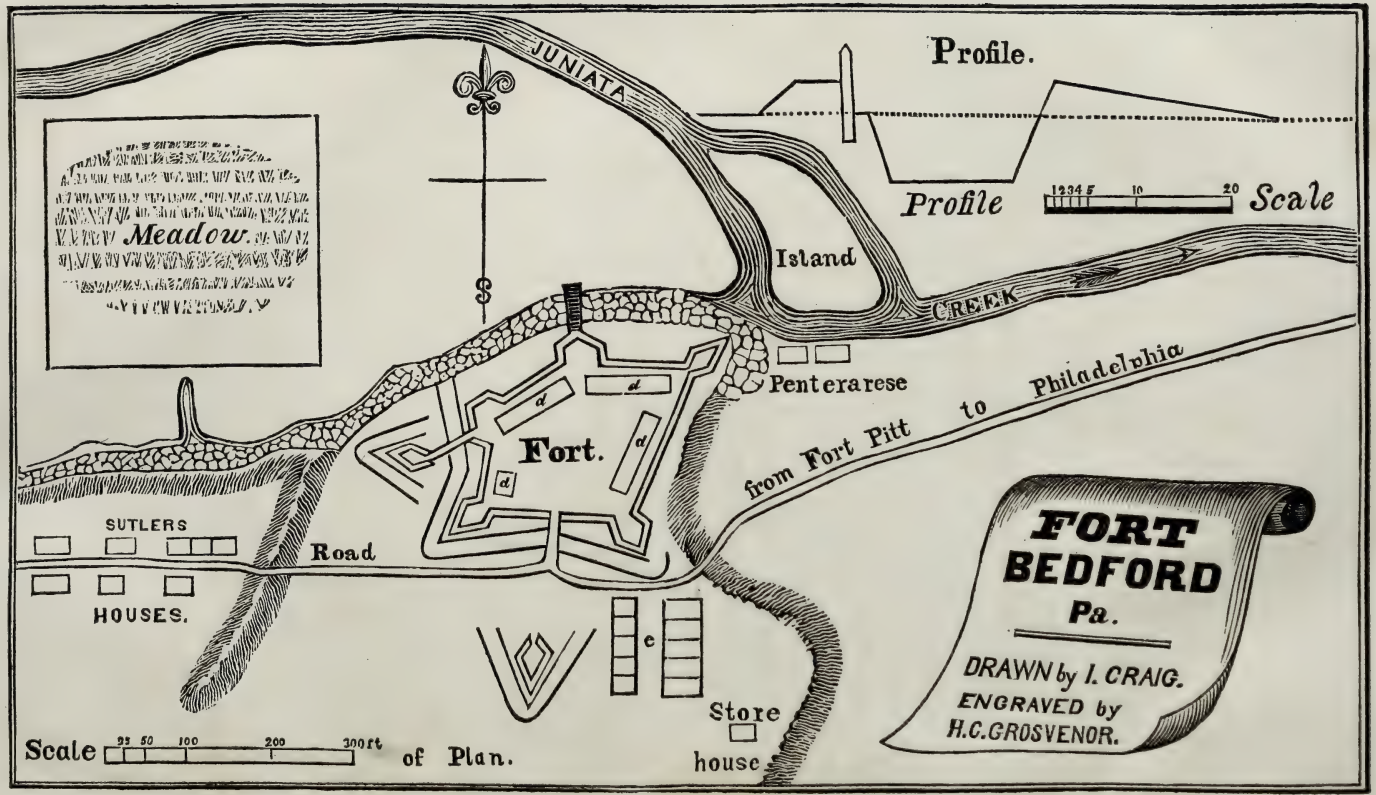
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JUNIATA
Profile.
Profile
1 2 3 4 5 10 20 Scale
Meadow.
Island
CREEK
Penterarese
from Fort Pitt to Philadelphia
Fort.
SUTLERS
Road
HOUSES.
FORT
BEDFORD
Pa.
DRAWN by I. CRAIG.
ENGRAVED by
H.C. GROSVENOR.
Store
house
Scale 25 50 100 200 300 ft of Plan.

AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. APRIL, 1843. NO. IV.

FORT BEDFORD—PENNSYLVANIA.

[See Frontispiece.]

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Sir—Enclosed you will find a plan of Fort Bedford, situated where Raystown formerly stood, and where Bedford, the county town of Bedford county, Pennsylvania, now is. I know not when it was built; probably, however, between 1745 and 1750, certainly before 1755. It was at that place that Washington first met general Forbes, and labored earnestly to persuade him to take Braddock's road to Fort Pitt, rather than encounter the fatigue, and delay, and hazard of cutting a new road.

The draft or plan is copied from a copy furnished to the honorable Richard Biddle, from the British Museum, to which institution it was presented by George the Fourth.

The copy is correct in all respects, except that I have reduced the scale to one third of the original. There is one thing in the draft which none of us here can comprehend. You will notice the word, "Penterarese's" near two oblong figures, on the bank of the Juniata, and east of the north-east bastion of the fort. We suppose it to be the name of the owner of the two buildings, indicated by the squares; but whether Indian or Frenchman, or of any other nation, we cannot make out.

Having reduced the size of the draft, so as to suit the page of the Pioneer, I have not room on it for all the explanations, and have to add the following references:—*a*, *Gallery* with loop holes, to secure access to the water, and protect the banks; *b*, *b*, *Ravelins*; *c*, *Hospitals*. Those to the right of *c*, have five places on the large scale, but cannot be exhibited in this draft. *d*, *Barracks*.

Isaac Craig

VAN CLEVE'S MEMORANDA.

Dayton, January, 1843.

Mr. John S. Williams,

Sir—The object of the Pioneer is one in which I feel much interest, and I believe the plan on which it is conducted to be the very best for effecting its purpose. It makes it a treasury of facts, continually becoming more rich by new contributions, which will soon afford a most valuable stock of authentic materials for the history of this country. There can be no other plan, which will so well, and so certainly ensure the correction of errors, and reconcile the various current accounts of the same event. I hope your enterprise may prosper.

I have in my possession materials for some contributions, which it will give me pleasure to place at your command. My father, Benjamin Van Cleve, who was one of the earliest residents of this place, became a citizen of Cincinnati on the 3rd of January, 1790, one day after the arrival of general St. Clair and the establishment of civil government in that place. His home was there, until his removal to Dayton in the spring of 1797. During the principal part of his life, he kept regular memoranda of the events which transpired around him. I will occasionally copy some portions of his journal, which you may use if you think them of sufficient value.

John W. Van Cleve.

[*Extracts from the Memoranda of B. Van Cleve.*]

CINCINNATI AT THE BEGINNING OF 1790.

"We landed at Losantiville, opposite the mouth of Licking river, on the 3rd day of January, 1790. Two small hewed-log houses had been erected, and several cabins. General Harmar was employed in building Fort Washington, and commanded Strong's, Pratt's, Kersey's, and Kingsbury's companies of infantry and Ford's artillery. A few days after this, governor St. Clair appointed officers, civil and military, for the Miami country. His proclamation erecting the county of Hamilton, bears date January 2nd, 1790, on the day of his arrival. Mr. Tappan, who came down with us and who remained only a short time, and William McMillan, Esquire, were appointed justices of the peace for this town, of which the governor altered the name, from Losantiville to Cincinnati."

ATTACK ON DUNLAP'S STATION.

"In the winter about four hundred Indians made an attack on Dunlap's station, on the Great Miami, and continued the siege for about

twenty-six hours. They killed all the stock, destroyed the grain, and burnt all the out-buildings. Before they reached the station, they killed Mr. Cunningham, wounded Mr. Sloan, and took Abner Hunt prisoner, whom they murdered in a most shocking manner, within sight and hearing of the people in the station. The garrison consisted of thirty-five regulars under the command of captain Kingsbury, and about fifteen effective men of the inhabitants. One of the soldiers received a slight wound, and several Indians were killed. I was among the party that came to their relief, and, in a second tour, assisted to repair their fortifications; at which time I boarded at Mr. Hahn's, who was subsequently killed, with two of his neighbors, at one time, and his eldest son and several others were killed at another time, shortly after.

CINCINNATI AT THE BEGINNING OF 1791.

"The Indians had now become so daring as to skulk through the streets at night, and through the gardens around Fort Washington. Besides many hair-breadth escapes, we had news daily of persons killed on the Little Miami, or on the Great Miami, or between the settlements. One morning, a few persons started in a periogue to go to Columbia, and the Indians killed most of them a little above the mouth of Deer creek, within hearing of the town. David Clayton, one of the killed, was one of our family."

"On the 21st of May, (1791,) the Indians fired on my father, when he was at work on his out-lot in Cincinnati, and took prisoner Joseph Cutter, within a few yards of him. The alarm was given by hallooing from lot to lot, until it reached town. I had just arrived from Leach's station. The men in town were running to the public ground, and I there met with one who saw the Indians firing on my father. I asked if any would proceed with me, and pushed on with a few young men without halting. We, however, met my father, after running a short distance, and got to the ground soon after the Indians had secured Cutter. While we were finding the trail of the Indians on their retreat, perhaps forty persons had arrived, most of whom joined in the pursuit; but by the time we had gained the top of the river hills, we had only eight. Cutter had lost one of his shoes, so that we could frequently distinguish his track in crossing water courses, and we found there was an equal number of Indians. We were stripped, and a young dog belonging to me, led us on the trace, and generally kept about a hundred yards ahead. We kept them on the full run until dark, thinking we sometimes discovered the shaking of the bushes. We came back to Cincinnati that night, and they only went two

miles farther from where our pursuit ceased. The next day they were pursued again, but not overtaken."

"On the first day of June, my father was killed by them. He was stabbed in five places and scalped. Two men, that were at the out-lot with him when the Indians showed themselves, ran before him towards the town. He passed them at about three hundred yards, the Indians being in pursuit behind; but another, as it was supposed, had concealed himself in the brush of a fallen tree-top between them and the town. As my father was passing it, a naked Indian sprang upon him; my father was seen to throw him, but at this time the Indian was plunging his knife into his heart. He took a small scalp off and ran. The men behind came up immediately, but my father was already dead."

—

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

"On the fourth [of November] at daybreak, I began to prepare for returning [to Fort Washington,*] and had got about half my luggage on my horse, when the firing commenced. We were encamped just within the lines, on the right. The attack was made on the Kentucky militia. Almost instantaneously, the small remnant of them that escaped broke through the line near us, and this line gave way. Followed by a tremendous fire from the enemy, they passed me. I threw my bridle over a stump, from which a tent pole had been cut, and followed a short distance, when finding the troops had halted, I returned and brought my horse a little farther. I was now between the fires, and finding the troops giving way again, was obliged to leave him a second time. As I quitted him he was shot down, and I felt rather glad of it, as I concluded that now I shall be at liberty to share in the engagement. My inexperience prompted me to calculate on our forces being far superior to any that the savages could assemble, and that we should soon have the pleasure of driving them. Not more than five minutes had yet elapsed, when a soldier near me had his arm swinging with a wound. I requested his arms and accoutrements, as he was unable to use them, promising to return them to him, and commenced firing. The smoke was settled down to within about three feet of the ground, but I generally put one knee to the ground and with a rest from behind a tree, waited the appearance of an Indian's head from behind his cover, or for one to run and change his position. Before I was convinced of my mistaken calculations, the battle was half over and I had become familiarised to the scene. Hearing the firing at one time unusually brisk near the rear of the

* He was in the quarter-master general's service; so that he "fought on his own hook."

left wing, I crossed the encampment. Two levy officers were just ordering a charge. I had fired away my ammunition and some of the bands of my musket had flown off. I picked up another, and a cartridge box nearly full, and pushed forward with about thirty others. The Indians ran to the right, where there was a small ravine filled with logs. I bent my course after them, and on looking round, found I was with only seven or eight men, the others having kept straight forward and halted about thirty yards off. We halted also, and being so near to where the savages lay concealed, the second fire from them left me standing alone. My cover was a small sugar tree or beech scarcely large enough to hide me. I fired away all my ammunition; I am uncertain whether with any effect or not. I then looked for the party near me, and saw them retreating and half way back to the lines. I followed them, running my best, and was soon in. By this time our artillery had been taken, I do not know whether the first or second time, and our troops had just retaken it, and were charging the enemy across the creek in front; and some person told me to look at an Indian running with one of our kegs of powder, but I did not see him. There were about thirty of our men and officers lying scalped around the pieces of artillery. It appeared that the Indians had not been in a hurry, for their hair was all skinned off."

"Daniel Bonham, a young man raised by my uncle and brought up with me, and whom I regarded as a brother, had by this time received a shot through his hips, and was unable to walk. I procured a horse and got him on. My uncle had received a ball near his wrist that lodged near his elbow. The ground was literally covered with dead and dying men, and the commander gave orders to take the way—perhaps they had been given more explicitly. Happening to see my uncle, he told me that a retreat was ordered, and that I must do the best I could, and take care of myself. Bonham insisted that he had a better chance of escaping than I had, and urged me to look to my own safety alone. I found the troops pressing like a drove of bullocks to the right. I saw an officer, whom I took to be lieut. Morgan, an aid to general Butler, with six or eight men, start on a run a little to the left of where I was. I immediately ran and fell in with them. In a short distance we were so suddenly among the Indians, who were not apprised of our object, that they opened to us, and ran to the right and left without firing. I think about two hundred of our men passed through them before they fired, except a chance shot. When we had proceeded about two miles, most of those mounted had passed me. A boy had been thrown or fell off a horse, and begged my assistance. I ran, pulling him along, about two miles further,

until I had become nearly exhausted. Of the last two horses in the rear, one carried two men, and the other three. I made an exertion and threw him on behind the two men. The Indians followed but about half a mile further. The boy was thrown off some time afterwards, but escaped and got in safely. My friend Bonham I did not see on the retreat, but understood he was thrown off about this place, and lay on the left of the trace, where he was found in the winter and was buried. I took the cramp violently in my thighs, and could scarcely walk, until I got within a hundred yards of the rear, where the Indians were tomahawking the old and wounded men; and I stopped here to tie my pocket handkerchief around a man's wounded knee. I saw the Indians close in pursuit at this time, and for a moment my spirits sunk, and I felt in despair for my safety. I considered whether I should leave the road, or whether I was capable of any further exertion. If I left the road, the Indians were in plain sight and could easily overtake me. I threw the shoes off my feet and the coolness of the ground seemed to revive me. I again began a trot, and recollect that, when a bend in the road offered, and I got before half a dozen persons, I thought it would occupy some time for the enemy to massacre them, before my turn would come. By the time I had got to Stillwater, about eleven miles, I had gained the centre of the flying troops, and, like them, came to a walk. I fell in with lieutenant Shaumburg, who, I think, was the only officer of artillery that got away unhurt, with corporal Mott, and a woman who was called red-headed Nance. The latter two were both crying. Mott was lamenting the loss of his wife, and Nance that of an infant child. Shaumburg was nearly exhausted, and hung on Mott's arm. I carried his fusee and accoutrements, and led Nance; and in this sociable way we arrived at Fort Jefferson, a little after sunset.

"The commander-in-chief had ordered Col Darke to press forward to the convoys of provisions, and hurry them on to the army. Major Truman, captain Sedan and my uncle were setting forward with him. A number of soldiers, and packhorsemen on foot, and myself among them, joined them. We came on a few miles, when all, overcome with fatigue, agreed to halt. Darius Curtus Orcutt,* a packhorse master, had stolen at Jefferson, one pocket full of flour and the other full of beef. One of the men had a kettle, and one Jacob Fowler and myself groped about in the dark, until we found some water, where a tree had been blown out of root. We made a kettle of soup, of which I got a small portion among the many. It was then concluded

*Orcutt's packhorses were branded D. C. O., and it was a standing joke, when any one asked what the brand meant, to answer that D. C. stood for Darby Carey, and the round O for his wife.

as there was a bend in the road a few miles further on, that the Indians might undertake to intercept us there, and we decamped and traveled about four or five miles further. I had got a rifle and ammunition at Jefferson, from a wounded militiaman, an old acquaintance, to bring in. A sentinel was set, and we laid down and slept, until the governor came up a few hours afterward. I think I never slept so profoundly. I could hardly get awake after I was on my feet. On the day before the defeat, the ground was covered with snow. The flats were now filled with water frozen over, the ice as thick as a knife-blade. I was worn out with fatigue, with my feet knocked to pieces against the roots in the night, and splashing through the ice without shoes. In the morning we got to a camp of packhorsemen, and amongst them I got a doughboy or water-dumpling, and proceeded. We got within seven miles of Hamilton on this day, and arrived there soon on the morning of the sixth."

B. Van Cleve

CELEBRATION OF 1832.

The band of intrepid heroes under the command of general George Rogers Clark, stationed at the mouth of Licking, on the fourth day of November, 1782, resolved that all the survivors should on that day fifty years afterward, meet on the same ground. That half-centennial celebration fell on the 4th of November, 1832. The time and place of meeting was extensively published in the papers in the West, a few months previously.

The reception of the following contributions relating to it, from our worthy correspondent, revived some of our most sad recollections. Well do we remember the day that the old pioneers met, and the horrific appearance of our almost deserted streets. Till this day, do we feel the great contrast between our anticipations of that meeting of the venerable and venerated fathers of the land, and the reality when it came. The anticipated joy had fled, and in its place, mourning for departed friends, fears for those around us, and gloomy anticipations for ourselves, had taken its place in the breast of almost every one. The Asiatic cholera was here.

It had been contemplated to make the necessary arrangements for the erection of a monument, to the settlement of the West, on the scite of old Fort Washington; there being a beautiful location for it at the intersection of several streets. It was contemplated to make the arrangements, and to invite the pioneers to lay the corner stone, commemorative of the great corner stone of this western country, which they had laid on a large scale fifty years before; but circumstances forbid the very mention, except among a very few,

Had the cause of the gloomy darkness which then hung over our city, but cleared off and left a bright sky of only two weeks, arrangements would have been made for a very different kind of scene, to that which did take place, on the memorable 5th of November, 1832.

We hope to see such a monument built on that ground yet, and that some ancient time-worn father of the West, will lay the corner stone of it. We do not conceive that the world ever will, or ever can, behold such another scene as was the settlement and progress of the western country. Shall we not then memorize the event, and those who shared its dangers, toils and deaths?

Mount Carmel, Illinois, January 24th, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—I sent you by mistake my last, "General St. Clair's Army," to Chillicothe.

I herewith enclose the old original draft of the address to the Western Pioneers, which I drew up by order of general Simon Kenton in 1832. The day of meeting had been ascertained by major John Kenton's letter, preserved by old Mr. Galloway. From some sickness, general Kenton did not attend the 50th year's celebration, consequently, I failed in going, being "*Pioneer Junior*;"* and, although the cholera prevailed at Cincinnati at the time, many attended, and the corporation generously voted the old veterans a dinner!

Quere—Why not another pioneer celebration, say the ensuing fall, or in 1844—where? Say Wabash, Tippecanoe *battle ground,* or near *old Vincennes,* the oldest *western settlement* and most central; and let it be a *pioneer camp-meeting.* This would indeed cheer the surviving old veterans!

The following account may be interesting, and serve to illustrate general Kenton's true patriotism.

General Simon Kenton, like Daniel Boon, became very poor; (Boon, it is said, always thought he had *land* enough; he gave away many tracts, for which he executed general warrantee deeds. The titles were contested, the land lost, and Boon had to pay full value for what he had given away.) Kenton, on losing much in Kentucky, migrated to the north-western territory about 1797; the same year Boon migrated to Boonslick, Missouri; and in the north-west territory Kenton was unfortunate in his mills and contracts for pre-emption rights, in colonel John Cleve Symmes' purchase, his partner receiving all the profits. In addition to this, he was pursued from Kentucky

* Our venerable contributor is not clear in respect to the reason of his failing to attend the celebration of 1832. We presume his meaning is that he was the writer of the articles signed "Pioneer Junior," which appeared in the papers of that fall, and that being with the old general, who was sick, his attachment to the old veteran prevailed over his desire to attend the celebration. If we are wrong our friend will please to correct us.—*Ed. Pioneer*

with judgments, executions, and troubles. To secure *a house* free from embarassments, he got Mr. Lucas Sullivant of Franklinton, a locator, to enter lands in his name for his wife and children, he having yet large tracts of mountain lands in Kentucky; but they had been forfeited to the state for *taxes!* He, however, endeavored to open the way to sell them, by experimenting for some time in digging for salt water, to manufacture salt; failing in this, his last resource was to make a direct application to the legislature, to release the forfeiture on his lands. But he was poor and pennyless. Summoning up resolution, he prepared for the journey, mounted an old poverty-stricken horse, with tattered garments (about 1824;) the first night (seeking out his friend, for lodging) he reached captain Abner Barritt, an old friend, and was kindly entertained—the second night he reached the house of Mr. James Galloway, senior, residing near Xenia, an old friend and acquaintance. After supper, Mr. Galloway, who had seen his horse, wretched saddle and bridle, and now, looking on his tattered garments—"Kenton," said he, "you have served your country faithfully, even down to old age; what expedition against the British and savages was ever raised in the West, but you was among the most prominent in it? Even down to the last war, you were with Harrison at the taking of general Proctor's army in Canada: an old gray-headed warrior, you could not stay at home while your country needed your services; and, look how they have neglected you! How can you stand such treatment?" Kenton rose from his seat, casting a fierce and fiery look at his old friend Galloway; clinching his right *fist*, with a stamp of his right foot, he exclaimed with warmth, "Don't say that again; if you do, I will leave your house, and never again call you my friend."

Kenton passed on to Kentucky, and to Frankfort, where the legislature was in session, with all his troubles hanging over his head, in order to petition the legislature to remit the forfeiture of his land for taxes; which, he said, if he could sell for six and a fourth cents an acre, it would be doing "mighty well!"

On Kenton's arrival in Frankfort, at first no one recognised him. A roughly clothed old man was seen with tattered garments, passing to and fro, for Kenton's old friends had nearly all gone to a world of spirits. At length a senator fom Bath county, general Thomas Fletcher, recognised the old warrior; he took him by the hand, led him to a tailor's shop, and had his measure taken for a full suit of clothes, and bought him (with others no doubt) a new hat, and after he was dressed, on the adjournment of the legislature, Kenton was taken to the capitol, and into the representative chamber, placed in the speak-

er's chair, and there was introduced the second great adventurer of the West, to a crowded assembly of legislators, judges, officers of government, and citizens generally. Kenton told me it was the "proudest" day of his life! His lands were released from *forfeiture*, through memorials then forwarded; congress soon after granted him a *pension*, and the last time I saw the old man, in 1832, he was wearing the same suit of clothes, and I *believe* that the SAME hat was still on his *head!*

I intended issuing a publication similar to the Pioneer, and in 1830 issued a *prospectus;* but my worthy friends of the National Intelligencer, said that it would be an "*up-hill* business;" I trust you will make it so, and go up to the top of it!

Having such an object in view, I have almost as much matter on hand, as you can shake a stick at, but not time to digest it; however, I shall not forget your promised autographs, when able to arrange them. I am at present slowly recovering from a long spell of severe sickness.

Yours, very respectfully,

Th. S. Hinde

ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

The old pioneers, citizen-soldiers, and those who were engaged with us in the regular service, in the conquest of the western country from the British and savages, fifty years ago, have all been invited to attend, with the survivors of general George Rogers Clark's army of 1782, who purpose the celebration of a western anniversary according to their promise made on the ground, the 4th day of November, in that year. Those, also, who were engaged in like service subsequently, and in the late war, have been invited to attend, and join with us in the celebration on the said 4th of November, at old Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. I propose that we meet at Covington, Kentucky, on the 3d: the 4th, being sabbath, to attend divine service; on Monday meet our friends on the ground where the old fort stood; and then take a final adieu, to meet no more, until we shall all meet in a world of spirits!

Fellow-citizens of the West!—this is a meeting well worthy your very serious consideration. The few survivors of that race, who are now standing on the verge of the grave, view with anxious concern the welfare of their common country; for which they fought against British oppression and savage cruelty, to secure to you, our posterity,

the blessings of liberty, religion and law. We will meet and we will tell you what we have suffered to secure to you these inestimable privileges: we will meet, and if you will listen, we will admonish you face to face, to be as faithful as we have been, to transmit those blessings unimpaired to your posterity; that America may long, and we trust forever, remain a free, sovereign, independent, and happy country. We look to our fellow-citizens in Kentucky and Ohio, near the place of meeting, to make provision for their old fathers of the West. We look to our patriot captains of our steamboats, and patriotic stage contractors and companies, and our generous inn-keepers, to make provision, for the going and returning to Cincinnati, from all parts of the West. We know that they will deem it an honor, to accommodate the gray-headed veterans of the West, who go to meet their companions for the last time; for this may be the only opportunity they will ever have to serve their old fathers, the pioneers and veterans of the West.

Fellow-citizens!—being one of the first, after colonel Daniel Boon, who aided in the conquest of Kentucky, and the West, I am called upon to address you. My heart melts on such an occasion; I look forward to the contemplated meeting with melancholy pleasure; it has caused tears to flow in copious showers. I wish to see once more, before I die, my few surviving friends. My *solemn promise*, made fifty years ago, binds me to meet them. I ask not for myself; but you may find in our assembly some who have never received any pay or pension, who have sustained the cause of their country, equal to any other service; who in the decline of life are poor. Then, you prosperous sons of the West, forget not those old and gray-headed veterans on this occasion; let them return to their families with some little manifestation of your kindness to cheer their hearts. I add my prayer: may kind heaven grant us a clear sky, fair and pleasant weather—a safe journey and a happy meeting, and smile upon us and our families, and bless us and our nation on the approaching occasion.

Simon Kenton

Urbana, Ohio, 1832.

Our venerable contributor informs us that he has an outline sketch of the likeness of the old veteran, that has been counted very good. We hope to get a sight of it, as we would be glad to give it in the Pioneer. Perhaps that would be still more acceptable to our readers than his signature. It is certainly the duty of the present generation to preserve every thing respecting the history of the country from the first, and the likeness of the old pioneer is part.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

NUMBER II.

Great difficulties encountered by early settlers—Moral condition of the settlers—Religious zeal and poverty—Clothing and education—Comparison of difficulties between settling a new country then and now.

But to return to our emigrants. Beside their exposure to Indian depredations and massacres, they had other trials to endure, which at the present day cannot be appreciated. One of the most vexatious was, the running away of their horses. As soon as the fly season commenced the horses seemed resolved on leaving the country, and recrossing the mountains. The river was no barrier. They swam the Monongahela, and often proceeded one hundred and fifty miles before they were taken up. During the husband's absence in pursuit of his horses, his wife was necessarily left alone with her children in their unfinished cabin, surrounded by forests, in which the howl of the wolf was heard from every hill. If want of provisions, or other causes, made a visit to a neighbor's necessary, she must either take her children with her through the woods, or leave them unprotected, under the most fearful apprehension that some mischief might befall them before her return. As bread and meat were scarce, milk was the principal dependence for the support of the family. One cow of each family was provided with a bell, which, if good, could be heard from half a mile to a mile. The woman left alone, on getting up in the morning, instead of lacing her corsets, and adjusting her curls, placed herself in the most favorable position for listening to her cow-bell, which she knew as well as she did the voice of her child, and considered it fortunate if she heard it even at a distance. By her nice and never-failing discrimination of sounds, she could detect her own, even among a clamor of many other bells; thus manifesting a nicety of ear which, with cultivation, might have been envied by the best musicians of the present day. If her children were small, she tied them in bed, to prevent their wandering, and to guard them from danger from fire and snakes, and, guided by the tinkling of the bell, made her way through the tall weeds, and across the ravines until she found the object of her search. Happy on her return to find her children unharmed, and regardless of a thorough wetting from the dew, she hastened to prepare their breakfast of milk boiled with a little meal or homminy, or in the protracted absence of her husband, it was often reduced to milk alone. Occasionally venison and turkeys were obtained from hunters. Those settlers who were provided with rifles could, with little loss of time, supply their families with fresh

meat, but with the new settlers rifles were scarce. They were more accustomed to the musket.

It may seem to some, that these people, whose hardships and poverty I have been describing, must have been degraded, or they would have been better provided with the means of comfortable living. But they who would come to this conclusion, must be ignorant of the condition of our country at the close of the revolution.

The poverty of the disbanded soldier was not the consequence of idleness, dissipation or vice. The times were in fault, not the man. The money which he had received for his services in the army, proved to be nearly worthless. But, instead of brooding over this injustice, or seeking to redress his wrongs by means which would disturb the public peace, and demolish the temple of liberty which he had labored to erect, he nobly resolved to bear his misfortunes, and brave the dangers and hardships of emigration.

A more intelligent, virtuous, and resolute class of men never settled any country, than the first settlers of western Pennsylvania: and the women who shared their sufferings and sacrifices were no less worthy. Very many of the settlers in what are now Washington and Allegany counties were professors of religion of the strictest sect of Seceders. I well remember hearing them, when a boy, rail at Watt's psalms, and other like heresies. At a very early period of the settlement, a distinguished minister of that denomination, Mr. Henderson, was settled near Canonsburgh. It was common for families to ride from ten to fifteen miles to meeting. The young people regularly walked five or six miles, and in summer carried their stockings and shoes, if they had any, in their hands, both going and returning. I believe that no churches, or houses of worship, were erected in the country until about 1790. Even in winter the meetings were held in the open air. A grove was selected, which partially sheltered the congregation from the weather, where a log pulpit was erected, and logs furnished the audience with seats. Among the men who attended public worship in winter, ten were obliged to substitute a blanket or coverlet for a great coat, where one enjoyed the luxury of that article. So great was the destitution of comfortable clothing, that when the first court of Common Pleas was held in Cat-fish, now Washington, a highly respectable citizen, whose presence was required as a magistrate, could not attend court without first borrowing a pair of leather breeches from an equally respectable neighbor, who was summoned on the grand jury. The latter lent them, and having no others, had to stay at home. This scarcity of clothing will not seem surprising when we consider the condition of the country at that time,

and that most of these settlers brought but a scanty supply of clothing and bedding with them. Their stock could not be replenished until flax was grown, and made into cloth.

Those who are reared in contact with the ledgers, the claims, the lawsuits, and the bankruptcies of this contentious age, can form but a faint idea of real pioneer hospitality, in which half of the scanty supply of a needy family was often cheerfully served up, to relieve the necessity of the still more needy traveler or emigrant family. From feelings and acts of this kind, as from seeds, has sprung much of the systematized benevolence in which many of our enlightened citizens are engaged.

The labor of all the settlers was greatly interrupted by the Indian war. Although the older settlers had some sheep, yet their increase was slow, as the country abounded in wolves. It was therefore the work of time to secure a supply of wool. Deerskin was a substitute for cloth for men and boys, but not for women and girls, although they were sometimes compelled to resort to it. The women had to spin, and generally to weave all the cloth for their families, and when the wife was feeble, and had a large family, her utmost efforts could not enable her to provide them with anything like comfortable clothing. The wonder is, and I shall never cease to wonder, that they did not sink under their burthens. Their patient endurance of these accumulated hardships did not arise from a slavish servility, or insensibility to their rights and comforts. They justly appreciated their situation and nobly encountered the difficulties which could not be avoided. Possessing all the affections of the wife, the tenderness of the mother, and the sympathies of the woman, their tears flowed freely for others griefs, while they bore their own with a fortitude which none but a woman could exercise. The entire education of her children devolved on the mother, and notwithstanding the difficulties to be encountered, she did not allow them to grow up wholly without instruction ; but amidst all her numerous cares taught them to read, and instructed them in the principles of christianity. To accomplish this, under the circumstances, was no easy task. The exciting influences which surrounded them, made the boys restless under restraint. Familiarized as they were to hardships from the cradle, and daily listening to stories of Indian massacres and depredations, and to the heroic exploits of some neighboring pioneer, who had taken an Indian scalp, or by some daring effort saved his own, ignorant of the sports and toys with which children in other circumstances are wont to be amused, no wonder they desired to emulate the soldier, or engage in the scarcely less exciting adventures of the hunt-

er. Yet even many of these boys were subdued by the faithfulness of the mother, who labored to bring them up in the fear of God.

If the reader would reflect upon the difference between the difficulties of emigration at that early day, and those of the present, he must cast his eyes upon the rugged mountain steeps, then an almost unbroken and trackless wilderness, haunted by all sorts of wild and fierce beasts, and poisonous reptiles—he must then observe that the hand of civilization has since crossed them by the smooth waters of canals, or the gentle and even ascents of turnpikes and rail-roads, and strewed them thick with the comforts of life; he may then have a faint idea of the difference of the journey; and as to the difference of living after removal then and now, let him consider that then almost every article of convenience and subsistence must be brought with them, or rather could neither be brought nor procured, and must necessarily be erased from the vocabulary of house-keeping; let him think what has since been done by the power of steam in ascending almost to the very sources of the many ramifications of our various rivers, carrying all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, and depositing them at points easy of access to almost every new settler, and he will see that if settling is now difficult, it was distressing then. When he further reflects upon the abundant and overflowing products of the West, compared with the absence of agriculture, arts, and manufactures, in those early days, and now that not only our largest rivers and gigantic lakes, but the ocean itself, by the power of increased science, are all converted into mere ferries, he will at once conclude that the emigrants to Liberia, New Holland, Oregon, or California can know nothing of privation compared with the pioneers of the West. Our country now abounds in every thing, and commerce extends over the world. If poverty or suffering exist, benevolence seeks it out, and relieves it, whether it be far off or near, whether in Greece or the islands of the sea.

NUMBER III.

Commerce of the West.

Horse packing—Its termination—Emigration to Kentucky—Market to New Orleans—Dangers and difficulties of the trade to New Orleans.

When our emigrants had struggled through the first summer, and the Indians had returned to their homes, the leading men set about supplying the settlement with salt and iron. These indispensable articles could only be obtained east of the mountains, at some point accessible by wagons from a sea-port. Winchester and Chambersburgh were salt depots. One man, and one or more boys, were selected from each neighborhood to take charge of the horses, which

the settlers turned into the common concern. Each horse was provided with a packsaddle, a halter, a lash rope to secure the load, and sufficient feed for twenty days, a part of which was left on the mountains for a return supply. The owner of each horse provided the means of purchasing his own salt. A substitute for cash was found in skins, furs, and ginseng, all of which were in demand east of the mountains. With these articles and a supply of provisions for the journey, they set out after selecting a captain for the company. Notwithstanding the fatigues to be endured, (the entire return journey having to be performed on foot,) no office was ever sought with more importunity than was this by the boys who were old enough to be selected on this expedition. Not only salt but merchandise for the supply of the country west of the mountains, was principally carried on pack horses until after 1788. Packing continued to be an important business in Kentucky until 1795. The merchants of that state, for mutual convenience and protection, each provided with as many horses and drivers as his business required, repaired to the place of rendezvous, organized themselves, appointed officers, and adopted regulations for their government. Every man was well armed, provisioned and furnished with camp equipage. The expedition was conducted on military principles. The time and place of stopping and starting were settled by the officers, and sentries always watched at night. This company of merchants carried to the east furs, peltries, ginseng, flax, linen cloth, and specie (the latter obtained from New Orleans in exchange for tobacco, corn and whisky.) These articles found a ready sale in Philadelphia or Baltimore for dry goods, groceries and hardware, including bar-iron and copper for stills. These caravans would transport many tons of goods, and when arranged by experienced hands, the goods could be delivered without injury in Kentucky. It was necessary to balance the loads with great care in order to preserve the backs of the horses from injury. If well broke to packing, they could travel twenty-five miles a day.

After the final peace with the Indians, this mode of transportation ceased; and the packers, who had been the lions of the day, were succeeded by still greater lions, the *keel boatmen*, who will be noticed hereafter.

Emigration continued to western Pennsylvania. Even the most exposed districts increased in population, and many of the emigrants of 1785 and '86 were what was then considered rich. They introduced into the country large stocks of cattle, sheep and hogs, cleared large farms, built grist and saw mills, and gave employment to many poor settlers. But notwithstanding the brightening prospects, the healthy

climate and good soil, many of the settlers became restless and dissatisfied with their location, which they believed inferior to Kentucky, or some other country still farther off in the West. Numbers sold their improvements in the fall of 1786 and prepared for descending the Ohio with their families in the spring. The various hardships which they had encountered in providing a home for their families seemed to increase their enterprise and to inspire them with a desire of new adventures. Their anticipated home was as much exposed to the tomahawk as the one which they were about to leave; besides the hazard of descending the river five hundred miles in a flat boat, was very great. The capture of the boats and destruction of whole families frequently occurred. But these dangers did not lessen the tide of emigration which set down the river from 1786 to '95. Few of these emigrants were well to live. They had sold their land in Pennsylvania for a small sum, which they received in barter, generally in copper for stills, which was in great demand. A good still of one hundred gallons would purchase two hundred acres of land even within ten miles of Pittsburgh, and in Kentucky could be exchanged for a much larger tract.

The erection of mills gave a great stimulus to the industry of the settlers of western Pennsylvania. New Orleans furnished a good market for all the flour, bacon, and whisky which the upper country could furnish, and those who, in 1784, had suffered for want of provisions, in 1790 became exporters.

The trade to New Orleans, like every enterprise of the day, was attended with great hardship and hazard. The right bank of the Ohio for hundreds of miles was alive with hostile Indians. The voyage was performed in flat boats, and occupied from four to six months. Several neighbors united their means in building the boat, and in getting up the voyage: some giving their labor, and others furnishing materials. Each put on board his own produce at his own risk, and one of the owners always accompanied the boat as captain and supercargo. A boat of ordinary size required about six hands, each of whom generally received sixty dollars a trip on his arrival at New Orleans. They returned either by sea to Baltimore, where they would be within three hundred miles of home, or more generally through the wilderness, a distance of about two thousand miles. A large number of these boatmen were brought together at New Orleans. Their journey home could not be made in small parties, as they carried large quantities of specie, and the road was infested by robbers. The outlaws and fugitives from justice from the states resorted to this road. Some precautionary arrangements were necessa-

ry. The boatmen who preferred returning through the wilderness, organized and selected their officers. These companies sometimes numbered several hundred, and a greater proportion of them were armed. They were provided with mules to carry the specie and provisions, and some spare ones for the sick. Those who were able purchased mules, or Indian ponies, for their use, but few could afford to ride. As the journey was usually performed after the sickly season commenced, and the first six or seven hundred miles was through a flat, unhealthy country, with bad water, the spare mules were early loaded with the sick. There was a general anxiety to hasten through this region of malaria. Officers would give up their horses to the sick, companions would carry them forward as long as their strength enabled; but although every thing was done for their relief, which could be done without the retarding the progress of their journey, many died on the way, or were left to the care of the Indian or hunter who had settled on the road. Many who survived an attack of fever, and reached the healthy country of Tennessee, were long recovering sufficient strength to resume their journey home. One would suppose that men would be reluctant to engage in a service which exposed them to so great suffering and mortality, without extraordinary compensation; but such were the love of adventure, and recklessness of danger which characterized the young men of the West, that there was no lack of hands to man the boats, although their number increased from twenty-five to fifty per cent. yearly. The fact that some of these boatmen would return with fifty Spanish dollars, which was a large sum at that day, was no small incentive to others, who perhaps never had a dollar of their own.

L. Wilcoxon

RELIC OF ANCIENT TIMES.

The following was copied from a relic of ancient times, in the possession of Charles Whittlesey, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio.

December 1*st*, 1773.

Reconed with John Fitch and ballanced all accounts to this day and Due John Fitch Seventeen Pounds and Four Shillings.

John Fitch

Witness present—John Cochran. John Wilson.

The ancient relic is backed thus—

Germantown, Penn. October 12*th.*, 1842.

I, John F. Watson, cashier of the bank of Germantown, and formerly notary-public at this place, having a familiar knowledge of the handwriting of John Fitch, the steamboat inventor, do certify, that this paper, on both sides, is written in the proper handwriting of said J. Fitch, and shows his usual signature, as written December 1, 1773. I further certify that this paper was cut out of a folio cap account book, kept in the writing, and in the name of said John Fitch. It was so cut by Dan. Longstreth, who was possessor of the book, and showed me the same, and gave me this paper as a proof of Fitch's writing, and given to me within the last month. In testimony of this my just and true declaration, I sign my name and give my known seal and signature.

(L.S.) John F. Watson

Witness present—George W. Wilson, P. M.

CELEBRATION OF 1832.

WITHOUT the least preconcert we received the following from our friend major Galloway only one day too late to go with matter on the same subject, at page 153. We here insert it, as an item of interest, and hope the old pioneers will attend to the invitation, yea request, now given, as intimated by him. We trust also that our friend will not take with him hence the important matter he can communicate, which, if left behind, will be of use. We fain hope that he will take with him a clear consciousness not only of having done his duty faithfully as a pioneer, soldier, and citizen, which we doubt not, but also of having left for the benefit of after generations, a faithful account of his past experience.

Xenia, February 9th, 1843.

MR. J. S. WILLIAMS,

Sir—I enclose you the copy of a paper which I have accidentally found, that was published in many papers of the day, upwards of ten years ago, on a subject which then attracted the attention of a portion of the western public. Perhaps there may yet be a few survivors of the "olden time," that might be able to give a history of the transaction to which it relates—if invited to do so through the pages of the Pioneer You will please to preserve the paper.

James Galloway

ADDRESS,

To the surviving Officers and Soldiers who served under General George Rogers Clark, on a campaign against the Indians in the year 1782.

Fellow Soldiers—In the year 1827 general Green Clay and captain John Kenton made some exertions to ascertain the names and the residence of such of us, as were then living, who served on the above campaign, and to call our attention to a promise which, at the instance of captain M'Cracken was made to him, and to each other, on the 4th November, 1782, when encamped opposite the mouth of Licking, where Cincinnati now is, that as many of us as should be living, would meet on that ground on that day fifty years, which will be on the 4th day of November next. You will no doubt all recollect captain M'Cracken. He commanded the company of light-horse, and Green Clay was his lieutenant. The captain was slightly wounded in the arm at the Piqua town, when within a few feet of one of the subscribers; from which place he was carried on a horse-litter for several days; his wound produced mortification, and he died in going down the hill, where the city of Cincinnati now stands. He was buried near the block-house we had erected opposite the mouth of Licking, and the breast-works were thrown over his grave to prevent the savages from scalping him.

Since 1827, Green Clay and John Kenton have both died. It is not known what number of us they ascertained to be then living, nor where they reside. John Kenton, in a letter to one of us in that year, states that he only knew of about twenty who were then living, but was informed that there were many more living in the state of Kentucky. We have resided for upwards of thirty years in the state of Ohio; all our comrades of 1782, with whom we were acquainted in this state, and many who lived elsewhere, are dead—we know of not one survivor but ourselves, but hope there may yet be many others. We are both old men, and have survived the ordinary term of human life; but still our hearts are warmed with a portion of youthful feeling when we look back to the times of the first settlement of the West—times which tried men's souls; and also when we look forward to the near approach of that time, when we promised to meet on a spot which was then a forest, but is now a city, rivalling in numbers, wealth and enterprize, many cities whose history goes back for centuries; a time when we hope to take by the hand, and to exchange congratulations with those whom we once knew in the prime of life, in youthful manhood, full of patriotism and love of country; but whom we now can only expect to see, bowed down

with age, with hoary locks and tottering limbs; with every feeling blunted, but that of love of country, and attachment to our free republican institutions.

We would earnestly invite and entreat all our companions who can by any means attend, to meet us in Cincinnati on the 3rd (the 4th being Sunday) day of November next. We also respectfully request that editors of newspapers would give circulation to this notice, particularly in Kentucky.

Simon Kenton

James Galloway

June 22nd, 1832.

WILLIAM WHIPPLE'S LETTERS.

No. VIII.

Portsmouth, 7th September, 1778.

My Dear Sir—Yours of the 20th and 27th July and 10th of August, were put into my hands on my arrival last evening from Rhode Island. A particular account of that expedition, together with the causes of its failure, you undoubtedly have had before this time. I shall therefore content myself with telling you that about twelve hundred volunteers turned out from New Hampshire on the occasion; and had matters been so circumstanced that they could have been called into immediate action, it's very probable would have been essentially seviceable. But those people who engaged in the service for an uncertain time, generally fix a time in their own minds, and when that time is expired, it is as much impossible to keep them, even half an hour, as it is to alter the course of the sun. This was the case with the New Hampshire volunteers. After being on the island a fortnight, they began to be tired, and of course to go off, so that by the day of action, scarce a man was left of those I was sent to command, notwithstanding I used every method I could devise to retain them only three days; however, I would not have you suppose that this desertion was peculiar to the New Hampshire volunteers, for those from the other states acted the same part, so that by the day of action we had not so many men as the enemy could bring against us. This circumstance with others, that no doubt are before congress, will,

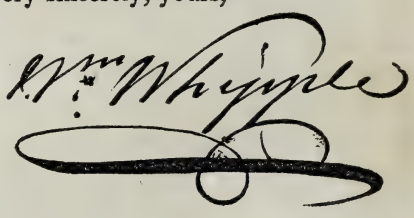
I flatter myself, fully justify the army in quitting the Island, especially as the retreat was effected without any loss on our part. A particular return of our loss in the action of the 29th, no doubt has been forwarded by general Sullivan; our loss was really very small considering the severity of the action, and every one present must allow that no men could have behaved better than the whole of our army. However, the expedition has failed, and those who are not by contract obliged to continue in the field are returned to their respective homes, waiting the next call.

I find by the newspapers that the French minister has had the audience you mentioned, and I think it would have been full as well not to have given the world so particular an account of the *sittings, risings, and doings*, &c. The publication of such trifling circumstances can answer no valuable purpose.

I am very sensible congress must be very hard drove, but I can conceive of no business that demands attention more than the *currency* and the *marine affairs*. Unless something is done to give stability to the currency, your navy will sink to nothing, and the army will soon become clamorous.

I have nothing new to give you. The French fleet are at Boston refitting; but the part they will act when fit for sea, time only can determine. People in general this way, are much dissatisfied with their past conduct, but I hope their future will be more agreeable. We have a report that *Byron* is arrived with a fleet from France, to support the count De Estaing—I think he must be in a bad situation. By next post I may be able to give you some account of *our* state affairs, and in the mean time be assured that,

I am, very sincerely, yours,



Hon. Josiah Bartlett,
In Congress.

No. IX.

Philadelphia, 30th November, 1778.

My Dear Sir—I have not received a line from New Hampshire since my arrival here. Mr. Frost, who arrived the 25th instant, brought with him an act empowering one delegate to represent the state—had it been sent some time before, the state would not have been so long unrepresented, and his coming rendered the act less ne-

cessary. I wish to be informed what number of the journals of congress have been sent to the state, and whether any index have been sent to the first volume.

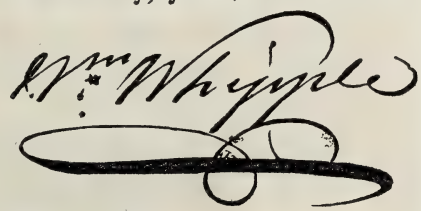
The treaties of alliances, &c., with France are printed. I sent one book to the president last week, and shall send one to you by the first convenient opportunity.

Nothing material has happened since your departure. The business of finance goes on very slowly; however, some of the principal questions have passed the committee of the whole, which leads me to hope we shall make considerable progress in this important business in a few days. A report prevails that there was an action between the French fleet and admiral Kepel on the 3rd and 4th October, and that the former had greatly the advantage. This account comes different ways, but still I think it wants confirmation.

Colonel Allen is here; he tells me the Green Mountain assembly have renounced the sixteen towns, and wrote to New Hampshire.

Pray let me hear from you as often as possible. If I am to judge of the future by past proceedings, I must expect no intelligence, but through the channel of private correspondents.

I am, with great sincerity, yours,



Hon. Josiah Bartlett,
New Hampshire.

ANCIENT COIN.

Gill, (Franklin) Mass., Jan. 5th, 1843.

John S. Williams, Esq.,

My Dear Sir—Agreeably to previous intimation, I enclose to you a fac-similie of the ancient coin found not long since near the banks of Connecticut river, in this vicinity. The coin is of copper, apparently,



[The two sides are thus marked.]



and its thickness is about half that of our cent, although much corroded by the tooth of time. I know of no more suitable place to

treasure this old relic than among the pages of the 'Pioneer,' where perhaps among your numerous readers an interpreter may be found. On comparing this coin with some dozens of foreign coin, both ancient and modern, now in my possession, I find it wholly different, both in its characters and in its execution; and I fear, unless you, or some one of your antiquarian readers, are able to decipher its hieroglyphics, it will still remain wrapped in mystery, with other unaccountable things in the history of our continent, which are continually being revealed in the progress of time.

LINES TO THE ANCIENT COIN.

For all the things thou wouldst make known,
 Couldst thou a tale unfold;
More do I prize thy dingy phiz
 Than so much modern gold.

Is there no antiquarian wise,
 Thy name and date to trace?
To put his 'specs' of wisdom on,
 And read thy tattoo'd face?

Did he who carved the Dighton rock
 Thee in possession hold?
Or how comst here to find a grave?—
 We would the tale be told.

Who knows, but that the Hebrew dame,
 Back in our Saviour's day,
Cast thee, the half of all her wealth,
 Into the treasury?

Who knows, but that thou once didst swell
 Old Crœsus' precious store,
Who knows but that some mummy, now,
 Has turned thee o'er and o'er?

Where's Priest?—the man who wrote a book
 Of antiquarian lore?
He thinks that Noah's ark, here built,
 Was floated from our shore;

And he would say, that thou wast coined
 Here, by some Tubal-Cain;
And to our side would plainly bring
 The Old World o'er again.

'Tis well to pause awhile before
 We call such logic 'stuff;'
Things like to thee, old coin, do show
 Our shores are *old* enough.

Jos. D. Canning.

P. S.—I will send you a fac-similie of the characters engraved upon the famous Dighton rock, in a future letter, if it would be agreeable to you, sir, to receive the same.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A HUNTER.

Greensburgh, Ohio, Jan., 11th, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Sir—Agreeably to my promise I now send you for publication, some incidents in the life of Mr. Ichabod Merritt, which perhaps may be interesting to your readers.

Mr. M. was born in Massachusetts in June, 1796. In 1804 his parents removed to the district of Three-Rivers, in Lower Canada. At that time there was an abundance of game in that part of Canada, and also in the adjoining parts of Vermont. For many months during the fall and winter, hunting and trapping was a regular and, also, a profitable business. It was here, and in his youthful days, that Mr. Merritt inured himself to hardship, and self-possession in case of difficulty. He usually spent his winters in the woods, either trapping the martin and sable for their fur, or in hunting the bear, moose or deer with which those woods abounded. In the fall of 1815 he, with a brother, killed ten bears, the skins of which they sold for one hundred dollars. I give his account of his killing one of them, as something of a specimen of the rest. "The dogs," (for a hunter in those days could not hunt without *two*, and sometimes more dogs) he remarked, "had started a bear, and it appeared to be coming partly towards me. I moved in a direction to head it. Soon it came in sight, and when about twelve rods from me it jumped upon a log and turned to look, and listen for the dogs. At this time I fired at it. The ball struck the jaw-bone, and glancing, lodged in the skin in its neck. The bear was hurt but little, and continued her course, coming near where I was loading. The dogs overtook and seized it. In my haste to load I had not watched them; but the moment I had finished loading I looked up, and the bear had got clear of the dogs and was pitching at me. She was not eight feet off. I sprang and ran a short distance, every step of which I could not help cringing, for I almost felt the embrace of the bear, and expected every instant to see her huge paws coming around me. As soon as I dared to look behind me, I found my faithful dogs had seized the bear, and she had turned to fight them. This gave me the very chance I wanted, and I let drive at her head, and shot her square through. She died instantly."

In that climate (Canada) the bears usually den up in the winter, and lie in something of a torpid state. During a thaw, they sometimes venture out, but that is seldom. In warmer climates they ramble more while the snow is upon the ground.

During those winter hunts, to find and kill the moose, was quite

an object with the hunters. The moose is an animal similar to the deer or elk, except vastly larger. Their color is a dark gray. The horns of the male are pronged, and very large in proportion to the size of their bodies. The body is thick-set, tail short, and they have a very large upper lip. Their usual gait is a trot, swinging their legs out so as to form a half-circle in the snow when it was three or four feet deep. "I have often," says Merritt, "measured their steps in the snow, and found them seven feet apart." A man, five and a half feet high, could walk under the belly of a full grown one. They usually bring two young at a time. In winter, they herd together, and as the snow increases, they form yards, living upon browse, the twigs and bark of trees. Sometimes they will take a strip, following some ridge or swamp, feeding upon the brush until they fill themselves, and then lie down, the next day progressing on further.

"The last moose which I killed," said Merritt, "was out back of Brompton lake in Canada. I was hunting with J. Bonney. It was near night when we came upon a moose-yard. We had taken provision but for one day. We were not expecting then to chase them, but merely to find their place of yarding, and then wait until the snow became deeper before we disturbed them. When the snow was deep, and particularly, when there was an icy crust, we could soon run them down and shoot them. Bonney was for giving immediate chase. I persuaded him to camp that night, and in the morning to ascertain where we could get some provisions, before we started them, as the chase might last, as it frequently did when there was but little snow, five or six days. The next day, it took us until about noon before we could find any thing to eat. We then obtained three quarts of Indian-meal, and about four pounds of bull-beef. We had with us a small kettle, with the aid of which we made our meal into porridge. Our dogs shared our provisions with us. We did but little this day, the second of our trip, except to get back upon the trail. The third day we gave chase; but, before night, Bonney was for giving up the pursuit. I persuaded him to continue, told him that he had been fierce to begin the pursuit when we had nothing to eat, and now when we had beef and porridge, I was for going ahead. Near night the dogs came up with them, but too late for us to get a shot at them. We again encamped. The next day, after following five miles further we overtook them back of a hill, which, by the sound, they appeared to be going around. I immediately ran to the opposite side of the hill to meet them. They came around as I expected, and I partly met them. As they turned, a large one ran upon the ice of a creek and broke in. As he rose upon the ice I was ready, and cut

loose upon him, and shot him square through. This stopped his running. After securing our prize, and getting a hearty meal of fresh meat, we returned."

When Merritt came to the state of Ohio in 1815, there were numerous elk in the forests of this state. The elk is of the deer species, although much larger, the male, like that of the deer, only having horns. They feed in the winter mostly upon coarse grass, and the bark of trees. They usually go in droves. In 1823, says Merritt, "I started three in the north-west corner of this township; after following them around awhile, one separated from the others. I followed that one, and at night came within two miles of home. I went home and slept, and the next morning I took my brother with me, and a rope, determining to catch and bring it in alive. We took its track, there being a little snow, and often came in sight of it. Many times we might have shot it, but we were determined to halter it. The next night found us about fifteen miles from home. The third day the elk became worried and hungry, as we had not allowed it to eat. During the day it ran into a cleared field, and the dogs there stopped and held it. It was a cow elk. I came up and caught my right arm over its neck, and with my left hand I took it by the nose. She soon cleared herself from the dogs, and I found that I had a wild colt to handle. She carried me with ease—frequently striking at me with her fore-feet. I managed, so that her feet usually went one upon each side of me when she reared and struck, so that I was but little hurt. I would then have been glad to be out of that scrape; but the difficulty was in letting go. We soon arrived at the opposite side of the field, where was a high and strong fence. With my weight the elk could not jump the fence, and I here, with my left hand, caught around a rail, and I found I was able to hold the creature down until my brother came up with the rope. When this was fastened to her, both of us could hold her. With the aid of a crotched stick, to keep her off, we led her to a log stable, and there confined her. After getting help so as to have one with a halter upon each side, and one behind to whip up, we succeeded to lead her home, a distance of twenty-eight miles." Merritt says, that he has killed or caught with ropes, over thirty elk, in and near this place. They have now, for more than eighteen years, all disappeared from these parts, and it will soon only be known by tradition, or from history, that such animals ever roamed our forests.

Major Churchill

[For the American Pioneer.]

SCENE AT POINT PLEASANT.

Mr. Editor—I have been rather reluctantly induced, at the suggestion of a friend, to whom I related the following incident, to submit it for publication, if it is esteemed worthy of a place in your periodical.

In the winter of 1813, the writer of this sketch, on his way from western New York with his family, bound for Cincinnati, was compelled by the ice running in the Ohio river, to seek a harbor in the mouth of the Great Kanhawa, where stands the village of Point Pleasant, on the spot made memorable by one of the most desperate battles ever fought by the Indians since the settlement of the country. After I had been there about a week, the Petersburg volunteers arrived on their way to relieve Fort Meigs, then besieged by the British and Indians. This company consisted of one hundred and fifteen men, as brave and patriotic as ever associated in defence of their country, under the command of captain M'Rea. Being unable to pass the Ohio on account of the running of the ice, they encamped near the village, and remained about two weeks, during which time the writer had an opportunity of learning their character, which soon became of great service to him. Soon as the ice permitted, they struck their tents and began to cross the river, rejoicing in the prospect of soon reaching the post of danger. Some five or six of these soldiers, impatient of delay, were about to take a skiff which belonged to the writer, who was then young, inexperienced, and of such very fiery temperament as not to be very passive when his rights were invaded, and therefore began rather abruptly, perhaps, to remonstrate with them; and on their persisting in taking the skiff, high words ensued, in which he called them a set of *scoundrels*. The words were scarcely uttered, when he was surrounded by half the company, all of whom seemed to feel that the indignity was offered to the whole company. As more and more still gathered around him, they said—"We have a right to use any means in our power to get on where our country calls us. We bear the character of gentlemen at home: you have called us scoundrels; this you must retract, and make us an apology, or we will tear you in pieces." Thinking I knew their character, I instantly resolved on the course to be pursued, as the only means of saving myself from the threatened vengeance of men, exasperated to the highest pitch of excitement. Assuming an apparent courage, which I confess I did not feel as strongly as I strove to evince, I turned round slowly upon my heels, looking them full in the face, with all the com-

posure I could command without uttering a word. By this time several of the citizens were standing on the outside of the crowd that surrounded me. The volunteers, not knowing I was a stranger there, thought I had turned round in search of succor from the citizens, and with a view of making my escape—said to me, "You need not look for a place of escape; if all the people of the county were your friends, they could not liberate you—nothing but an apology can save you." The citizens were silent witnesses of the dilemma in which the Yankee, as they called me, was involved. I replied, "I am not looking for a place of escape—I am looking on men who say they have volunteered to fight their country's battles—who say they are *gentlemen* at home—who doubtless left Petersburg, resolved, if they ever returned, to do so with laurels of victory round their brows. And now, I suppose, their first great victory is to be achieved before they leave the shores of their native state, by sixty or seventy of them tearing *one man* to pieces. Think, gentlemen, if indeed you are *gentlemen*, how your fame will be blazoned in the public prints—think of the immortality of such a victory! You can tear me in pieces, and, like cannibals, eat me, when you have done; I am entirely in your power; but there is one thing I *cannot* do. You are soldiers, so am I a soldier; you ask terms of me no soldier can accept; you *cannot*, with a threat over my head, extort an apology from me; therefore, I have only to say, the greatest scoundrel among you, strike the first blow! I make no concession." The result was more favorable than I had anticipated. I had expected to have a contest with some *one* of them, for I believed the course I had taken would procure me friends enough from among themselves, to see me have, what is called "fair play" in a fisticuff battle. But I had effected more. I had made an appeal to the pride, the bravery, and the noble generosity of Virginians—too brave to triumph over an enemy in their power—too generous to permit it to be done by any of their number. A simultaneous exclamation was heard all around me. "*He is a soldier; let him alone*"—and in a moment they dispersed. Few of these brave and generous men survived to reach their homes. Most of them perished at the siege of Fort Meigs; but they live in the memory of those who knew them, and in none more vividly than in mine.

— CLIO.

The gentleman who communicated the above, could not be induced to have his proper name inserted. He is a respectable citizen of Cincinnati at this time. He need not think that because we made a retreat, that we are beaten. Mark, if we do not bring the pioneer to light on some future occasion! We hope he will send us many more contributions.

GEORGE S. M'KIERNAN'S LETTER.

Louisville, Jan., 13th, 1843.

Mr. J. S. Williams,

Dear Sir—I have long been threatening to send you some scraps of border history, but the wild and exciting nature of the business I have followed for a year or two past, (clerking on a steam-boat) so much destroyed the usual tone of my mind, that I found it impossible to think or write coherently. I have now quit the business, and intend to establish myself ashore, somewhere in Missouri—after which I hope to be able to revive my old train of thought.

I have always been a sort of enthusiast in the study of border history. During a twelve years residence at Wheeling, I collected a mass of facts from manuscript papers, and oral narrations, that will enable me in time to come, to furnish a goodly lot of scraps for the "Pioneer," if you think they would prove acceptable.

I have long since satisfied myself, by an examination of the public archives, that Withers, Flint, M'Clung, and even Doddridge, have, in various instances, fallen into errors in regard to the dates and details of events, and the names of persons figuring in them. It is to be feared that these writers were imposed upon by persons, whose contemptible vanity made them desire their names, or those of their friends, to cut a conspicuous figure in history, at the expense of others more modest and more worthy. An error that once creeps into history is hard to correct. Take the story of Logan's family as an example. A distinguished writer said they were killed by captain Cresap, and almost every subsequent historian reiterated the slander, until some writer of a school history, which fell into my hands a few days ago, boldly says that Cresap killed Logan himself, and then gives Logan's speech in proof, I suppose, of his assertion. I send you a short narrative. —

BATTLE OF CAPTINA.

A Scrap of Border History.

About the year 1782, the inhabitants of Fish-creek settlement, then in Ohio county, Virginia, erected a stockade work on the eastern bank of the Ohio river, at what is now called the head of Cresap's bottom. This post, which was known by the name of Baker's station, covered a space of about a quarter of an acre, and consisted of several block-houses connected by lines of stout pickets. Erected by the joint labors of the neighboring settlers, as a place of common refuge and security, whenever the Indians gave token of hostile designs, it was never regarded by the government as a place of sufficient im-

portance to justify the maintenance there of a regular garrison; and when the presence of the enemy in the vicinity, caused the station to be the abiding place of the people, its garrison was composed of all persons within the enclosure; among whom might justly be included the wives and daughters of the frontier's-men, as they often stepped forward in the hour of danger, and rendered services of the most meritorious character.

A short time since, it was my good fortune to spend a few hours with an aged couple whose residence in the valley of the Ohio, commenced as far back as the "Indian war of the Revolution." From them I received the following narrative of an interesting event in border history, which I do not remember to have seen recorded in any of the chronicles of Indian warfare. The precise period at which it occurred has escaped their memory; but from their reference to contemporary events, which are yet fresh in their recollection, it probably took place in the year 1791.

Sometime in the spring of the year, rumors of a meditated attack upon the settlement, caused the people to concentrate, for safety, at Baker's station. A party of experienced scouts, consisting of John M'Donald, (or M'Dannel) Isaac M'Keon, —— Shopto and —— Miller, crossed the river at the mouth of Captina creek, about a mile above the station, with the view of procuring some intelligence of the enemy's movements. They proceeded a short distance up the left bank of the creek, when a heavy fire was opened upon them by some Indians, who were concealed in a neighboring copse of undergrowth. Miller was killed on the spot, and M'Donald, receiving a severe wound in the shoulder, soon became so much weakened by the loss of blood, that he was taken prisoner. M'Keon and Shopto ran for their canoe at the mouth of the creek; but being closely pursued by the enemy, they continued their retreat down the bank of the river, with the hope of being able to distance the Indians. The latter, however, gained so much upon the fugitives, that they shot down M'Keon on the beach immediately opposite the station; and Shopto, as a final resort, threw himself into the water, and was fortunate enough to swim to the station unharmed by the shower of balls that fell around him.

As soon as Shopto related his story, lieutenant Abraham Enochs, (a militia officer from a distant part of the county, who happened then to be on a visit to Baker's station,) proposed raising a party to march in pursuit of the Indians, and avenge the death of their three fellow-citizens. All the able-bodied men at the post—sixteen in number—promptly volunteered for the service; and, without loss of time,

marched up the bank, and crossed over opposite the mouth of Captina. Shopto, together with three infirm old men, and the women and children, remained in the stockade, with instructions to keep themselves within the enclosure, until the return of the expedition.

Enochs' party, after proceeding about a mile up the creek, diverged from the course of the stream, crossed a heavily timbered ridge, and fell upon a small spring branch, about three quarters of a mile above its mouth. At this point, they were suddenly fired upon by the savages, who had formed an ambuscade in a bunch of dog-wood trees, covered with grape vines, that grew at a little distance from the run. The men were thrown into confusion at this unexpected attack; but Enochs, who is represented to have acted with admirable coolness, succeeded in restoring them to something like order; and, judging that the Indians might be dislodged from their position by making a prompt charge into the thicket, gave an order to that effect, but before the movement could be effected, that gallant officer received a shot in his heart, and fell lifeless to the ground. The enemy, encouraged at this circumstance, poured out a volley upon the whites, and then unmasking themselves, rushed out with a loud yell, brandishing their tomahawks above their heads. At the same instant, a second party of Indians, stationed about forty paces down the river, under cover of a thicket, opened a fire, which killed John Baker and a man named Hoffman, besides wounding three others. The men being now without a leader, and seized with consternation at discovering the infinite superiority of the foe, gave one fire, and then made a precipitate and disorderly retreat. Some went down the river, while others made the best of their way to the flats of Grave creek, and not one of them returned to Baker's station until the following day.

In the course of the night, the families that occupied the station, apprehending that lieutenant Enochs' party had been cut to pieces by the savages, deserted the stockade, and retreated for better security to the hills at the head of the bottom, where they concealed themselves until next day, when most of the fugitives from the battle, together with a strong party of men from Grave creek, arrived at the post. In the afternoon they crossed over to the scene of action, and recovered the bodies of Enochs, Baker and Hoffman, together with the three who had been killed before the battle. The remains of these unfortunate men were interred in a beautiful little grove near the station, and their graves are to be seen even at the present day.

Of the individuals engaged in the rencounter at Captina, besides Enochs, Baker and Hoffman, my informant can recollect only the

names of George M'Colloch, Daniel Bean, John Sutherland and —— Dobbins.

The Indians, agreeably to their custom, had scalped the men who perished in the combat, and stripped their bodies of every thing that seemed valuable. Whatever loss they sustained themselves, could only be estimated by conjecture. From the appearance of blood upon the leaves, and various indications of death-struggles on the ground occupied by the Indians, it was thought their loss amounted to seven or eight; notwithstanding the whites gave but a single fire, and even that at the moment of their greatest confusion.

The above recital is not of much importance, but it narrates an event that history has overlooked. The manuscript is badly written, as is this letter; but I am writing in a room without fire, and my fingers are benumbed with cold. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

Geo. S. McKiernan

JUSTICE TO THE INDIANS AND WILLIAM PENN.

The following letter, received from an estimable member of the society of Friends, speaks for itself. We give it a place in the Pioneer in justice to the course it advocates, and as containing some useful history, although it may not have been written for the press.

The writer evidently does not view our position in its proper light. We act merely as a recorder of facts, not the champion of the Indian cause, or the strenuous advocate of any particular system of ethics. We want the history of the early times correctly written. We want the facts, and we want the opinion of patriots made up upon a true delineation of things as they really occurred, and then we will be enabled to do justice both to the white man and the Indian. There are many facts, the occurrence of which, as white men, we might well regret; but our regrets will not now alter them, neither does it do away with the propriety of a faithful record, so that posterity may profit by our misdeeds. If, as our friend intimates, we had suppressed certain things, we should have proved recreant to the trust reposed in us by our contributors.

We have labored assiduously to open a door, which the friends of the Indians, the friends of Penn and all the early pioneers may enter. It is such a door as never was before opened. We have risked much beside our own labor, to effect this, and we intend it shall stand wide open for the friend of the red man, as well as the friend of the white man. The first breath we ever drew, was in the society to which our friend belongs, and all our early education and youthful experience were in favor of Penn and his policy, and

indeed in almost holy reverence of his name, and now our feelings are biased in that direction. This should satisfy his friends that they would have ample justice in the pages of the Pioneer; but they must excuse us from becoming a contributor in favor of that, or any other side, and they must also excuse us if we "applaud" letters, because they contain true history, although they and us may heartily regret that such things ever took place. As a member of the Logan Historical Society, we propose to aid in erecting a monument to the memory of Logan's worth; and as editor of the Pioneer, we shall faithfully publish, what of facts and narratives the friends of the Indian may furnish, and that is all our duty to them calls upon us to do; and if in the end, those historical incidents and anecdotes which tend to elevate the Indian character, are not published, and justice should be withheld from the Logans on account of it, the red man may justly reproach those who are their friends, for not contributing what they possess, that might have that tendency. But let us hear our friend.

Locust Spring, 12th month 28th, 1842.

J. S. Williams,

Dear Friend—There are some things in the American Pioneer, which appear to me to be exceptionable. I understand that one *prominent* and *professed* object of the Pioneer, was to perpetuate the memory of the noble acts of the great and much lamented Logan, the Mingo chief, and friend of the white man. I would heartily unite in bringing into view all the good traits of his character, and in perpetuating the memory of them to posterity, if happily it might, through the aid of the Pioneer, or otherwise, have a tendency to prevent wrongs being inflicted on the Logans in future, or on the aborigines of the common grade. But I apprehend that some letters, *introduced* into the Pioneer, and *applauded* by the editor, if they had any effect on the public mind, it was the *reverse* of this. If instead of the introduction of some parts of the letters to which I allude, there had been accurate statements made of the happy effects produced by the kind treatment they met with from the pious William Penn, James Logan, and others, who knows how far good might result therefrom? From the kind treatment of William Penn and others, arose the love of the Indian to them. From the attachment of the Indians to James Logan, Logan, the Mingo chief derived his name, and from the same cause he became the friend of the white man. Similar noble acts would be likely to produce similar good effects; and perpetuating the memory of them in the Pioneer, might make it the handmaid of virtue. I remain thy well wishing friend,

Joseph Parsons.

We are inclined to the belief that the fears of our friend are entirely groundless, for if we mistake not, the policy of our government, and the sentiments of our fellow-citizens, are in favor of doing the red men justice, and as far as possible to retrieve the irreparable wrongs that have been done them. We trust that no statement of facts can at this day do them an injury. Time was when such things might have led to serious consequences, but that day we believe is past.

It has not been in bloodshed and robbery alone that the red men have been injured. The greatest injury ever done to them, was the introduction of spirituous liquors amongst them. That this is the fact is not merely the opinion of this temperance age, but of the enlightened Indians long since, as is manifest from the following extracts of a speech, delivered by an orator before a council of the Creek nation, about one hundred years ago, taken from Drake's Indian Biography.

SPEECH OF ONUGHKALLYDAWWY-GRANGULAKOPAK.

"*Fathers, Brethren, and Countrymen,*—We are met to deliberate. Upon what?—Upon no less a subject, than whether we shall, or shall not be a people!" "I do not stand up, O countrymen to propose the plans of war, or to direct the sage experience of this assemby in the regulation of our alliances: your wisdom renders this unnecessary for me." "The traitor, or rather the tyrant, I arraign before you, O Creeks! is no native of our soil; but rather a lurking miscreant, an emissary of the evil principle of darkness. 'Tis that pernicious liquid, which our pretended WHITE FRIENDS artfully introduced, and so plentifully pour in among us!" "O, ye Creeks! when I thunder in your ears this denunciation; that if this cup of perdition continues to rule among us, with sway so intemperate, YE will cease to be a nation! Ye will have neither heads to direct, or hands to protect you. While this diabolical juice undermines all the powers of your bodies and minds, with inoffensive zeal the warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow, or launch the spear in the day of battle. In the day of council, when national safety stands suspended on the lips of the hoary sachem, he will shake his head with uncollected spirits, and drivel the babblings of a second childhood."

The truths conveyed in this speech, properly considered, might make even a Pharaoh weep! We must, however, reflect, that the use of liquor was not then disreputable as now. Almost every religious caste tolerated its use among their members; also, that the colonists and the western pioneers were almost destitute of the comforts and conveniences of life, which could scarcely be procured, but by an exchange of liquor for furs and peltries, which were readily exchanged in Europe for necessary supplies. By such a train of thought we will be ready to excuse our fathers from every feature of intentional or unavoidable injustice in this case.

Since the above editorial (page 179) went to press, we communicated privately about the same views to our friend. He in a subsequent letter acknowledges the force of our arguments, and has promised to *communicate* such matter as he wants published in the Pioneer. That is right.

GALLIPOLIS.

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 10th, 1843.

John S. Williams, Esq.

Sir—I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and the number of your Pioneer. I send you with pleasure a few details relative to the French colony of Gallipolis, and of the deception that was practiced on that innocent and ignorant people, and to the success of which the situation of affairs in France greatly contributed. The revolution was commencing, and a dread of a long coming contest pervaded many minds. Many of the citizens of Paris sighed for political freedom, but was unwilling to pay the anticipated price in blood. They were prepared to hazard their all for the enjoyment of homes in freedom, without the intervention of a bloody strife, and thus prepared to listen to any tales which seemed to lead to the desired result. Such were the motives which contributed to the foundation of Gallipolis.

Well calculating from the spirit of the times, that such dispositions were favorable to the emigration of many of the inhabitants of Paris, a company hazarded the project of offering for sale, a tract of land seated on the Ohio, or rather on the Scioto; they distributed "prospectuses," in which the beauty and fertility of the land was extolled and exaggerated, nearly in terms as florid and emphatic as those of Chateaubriand in his description of the valley of the Mississippi.

The Scioto falls into the Ohio, which had received the name of "la belle riviere," or the beautiful river, from the French, who built Fort Duquesne, afterwards Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh. Many persons, of all description, tradesmen, laborers, &c., except the only kind best calculated for such an enterprise, viz: farmers, purchased lands, some to escape from the disturbances of their own country, and many more, dazzled by the descriptions and advantages exhibited in the prospectus. None of them, perhaps, had ever read, or did remember Dr. Franklin's advice to emigrants. How should they, since his own countrymen do the same?

The conditions of the prospectus were: that each purchaser should pay "one French crown" per acre. That as soon as the future colonists should arrive at the different ports in America (named for that purpose) with a receipt from the agents of the company at Paris, for the land purchased by the individual emigrant, he, or they, should be forwarded, to his or their destination at the expense of the company, and receive provisions for one year. With such promised advantages it is not surprising that the number of emigrants should have amount-

ed to nearly four hundred persons. They were at once transported on a tract of land, four miles from Great Kenhawa, on the Ohio, nearly opposite to a small island; each colonist was then informed that the war with the Indians, (that part of the danger of their situation had never been mentioned,) having been renewed with more than usual vigor, the company would not expose them to its danger, and for that reason had been obliged to provide for their reception on a spot different from their original destination. And such was the plan of the new city:—all log-houses of the same size, but neither hewn or barked, adjoining, and parallel to each other, running about one hundred feet, then leaving a distance for intersecting streets, and continuing the houses in the same manner and length. Three buildings of this sort made a street. Such was the plan of the town, destined to receive the expected colonists. On both extremities were erected two log stockades, the upper story of which projected over the lower one, to serve as fortresses; at one end of those buildings was a large space, fenced in with strong, very high standing poles, to contain the stores of the company, their agents and workmen. A creek, called Chicomoga, ran almost round the town. Such was the place where the colonists settled on their arrival. Unfortunately none of those who composed their number, were calculated to encounter the difficulties of a new settlement, so entirely different from what they could have imagined; a collection of priests, lawyers, watch-makers, painters, carvers in stone and wood, tailors, dyers, engineers and carpenters, ship-builders, and other trades, and some without any at all. Farmers and laborers were perhaps ten in number, and these had been brought by some of the purchasers of the land. At an early meeting of the colonists, the town was named Gallipolis, (town of the French.) I did not arrive till nearly all the colonists were there. I descended the river in 1791, in flat-boats, loaded with troops, commanded by general St. Clair, destined for an expedition against the Indians. Some of my countrymen joined that expedition; among others was *Count Malartie*, a captain in the French guard of Louis XVI. General St. Clair made him one of his aid-de-camps in the battle, in which he was severely wounded. He went back to Philadelphia, from whence he returned to France. The Indians were encouraged to greater depredations and murders, by their success in this expedition, but most especially against the American settlements. From their intercourse with the French in Canada, or some other cause, they seemed less disposed to trouble us. Immediately after St. Clair's defeat, colonel *Sproat*, commandant at Marietta, appointed four spies for Gallipolis—two Americans and two French, of which I

was one, and it was not until after the treaty at Greenville in 1795, that we were released.

Notwithstanding the great difficulties, the difference of tempers, education and professions, the inhabitants lived in harmony, and having little or nothing to do, made themselves agreeable and useful to each other. The Americans and hunters, employed by the company, performed the first labors of clearing the township, which was divided into lots.

Although the French were willing to work, yet the clearing of an American wilderness, and its heavy timber, was far more than they could perform. To migrate from the eastern states to the "far West" is painful enough now-a-days, but how much more so it must be for a citizen of a large European town! even a farmer of the old countries, would find it very hard, if not impossible, to clear land in the wilderness. Those hunters were paid by the colonists, to prepare their garden ground, which was to receive the seeds brought from France; few of the colonists knew how to make a garden, but they were guided by a few books on that subject, which they had brought likewise from France. The colony then began to improve in its appearance and comfort. The fresh provisions were supplied by the company's hunters, the others came from their magazines. When, of the expeditions of general St. Clair and Wayne, many of the troops stopped at Gallipolis to take provisions, which had been deposited there for that purpose by government; the Indians, who, no doubt, often came there in the night, at last saw the regulars going morning and evening round the town in order to ascertain if there were any Indian traces, and attacked them, killing and wounding several—a soldier, besides other wounds, was tomahawked, but recovered. A French colonist, who had tried to raise corn at some distance from the town, seeing an Indian rising from behind some brushwood against a tree, shot him in the shoulder; the Indian, hearing an American patrole, must have thought that the Frenchman made a part of it; and sometime afterward a Frenchman was killed, and a man and woman made prisoners, as they were going to collect ashes to make soap, at some distance from town.

After this, although the Indians committed depredations on the Americans on both sides of the river, the French had suffered only by the loss of some cattle carried away, until the murder of the man above related. The Scioto company, in the meantime, had nearly fulfilled all their engagements during six months, after which time they ceased their supply of provisions to the colonists, and one of their agents gave as a reason for it, that the company had been *cheat-*

ed by one or two of their agents in France, who having received the *funds* in France for the purchased lands, had kept the money for themselves and ran off with it to England, without having purchased or possessing any of the tract which they had sold to the deceived colonists. This intelligence exasperated them, and was the more sensibly felt, as a scarcity of provisions added to their disappointment. The winter was uncommonly severe; the creek and the Ohio were frozen; the hunters had no longer any meat to sell; flat-boats could not come down with flour to furnish as they had done before. This produced almost a famine in the settlement, and a family of eight persons, father, mother and children, was obliged to subsist for eight or ten days on dry beans, boiled in water, without either salt, grease, or bread, and those had never known, before that time, what it was to want for any thing.

On the other hand, the dangers from the Indians seemed to augment every day. Kenhawa had been visited by one of those sad events, that few of the present generation can realize, otherwise than by comparing it to a romantic tale of ghosts. A captain Vonbever, had gone to make sugar at a little distance from, and opposite to Kenhawa. His camp was built in a clear place to prevent surprise. And he had his negro man with him, intending to make sugar and raise corn; but staid to make sugar only. The camp was fronting the river, and in sight of Kenhawa. They had not been there long when the negro saw an Indian running after him; he warned his master, who was not far from the house, and they both entered it at the same time, and secured the door. The Indian, thinking they had no arms, and whose intention was to carry off the negro, turned back as soon as he saw them in the house, and was shot by the negro, with a gun that was only loaded with buck-shot. The alarm spread at Kenhawa; the inhabitants came in their canoes, thinking that there might be more Indians, but on their landing, they saw only the body of a single one, which, after having stripped of what little he had, they threw in the river; the corpse floated down and was carried by the stream on the shore of Gallipolis, the next day, as if to confirm the rumor which they had heard that morning, and as a warning to themselves. Captain Vonbever had let his beard grow, and had sworn to leave it so, until he should have taken a complete revenge of the Indians who had killed one of his children.

The colonists were by this time weary of being confined to a few acres of land; their industry and their labor was lost; the money and clothes which they had brought, were nearly gone. They knew not to whom they were to apply to get their lands; they hoped that if

Wayne's campaign forced the Indians to make a lasting peace, the Scioto company would send immediately, either to recover or to purchase those promised lands; but they soon found out their mistake. After the treaty of Greenville, many Indians passing through Gallipolis, on their way to the seat of government, and several travelers, revealed the whole transaction, from which it was ascertained that the pretended Scioto company was composed of New Englanders, the names of very few only been known to the French, who, being themselves ignorant of the English language, and at such a distance from the place of residence of their defrauders, and without means for prosecuting them, could get no redress. Far in a distant land, separated forever from their friends and relations—with exhausted means, was it surprising that they were disheartened, and that every social tie should have been loosened, nearly broken, and a great portion of the deceived colonists should have become reckless? May the happy of this day, never feel as *they* did, when all hope was blasted, and they were left so destitute! Many of the colonists went off and settled elsewhere with the means that remained to them, and resumed their trades in more populous parts of the country; others led a half-savage life, as hunters for skins: the greater part, however, resolved, in a general assembly, to make a memorial of their grievances, and send it to congress. The memorial claimed no rights from that body, but it was a detail of their wrongs and sufferings, together with an appeal to the generosity and feelings of congress; and they did not appeal in vain. One of the colonists proposed to carry the petition; he only stipulated that his expenses should be paid by a contribution of the colonists, whether he succeeded or not in their object; but, he added, that if he obtained for himself the quantity of land which he had paid for, and the rest had none, he should be repaid by their gratitude for his efforts.* At Philadelphia, he met with a French lawyer, M. Duponeau, and through his means he obtained from congress a grant of 24,000 acres of land, known by the name of the French grant, opposite to Little Sandy, for the French, who were still resident at Gallipolis. The act annexed the condition of settling on the lands three years before reviewing the deed of gift. The bearer of the petition had his 4000 acres; the rest was divided among the remaining French, amounting to ninety-two persons, married and single.

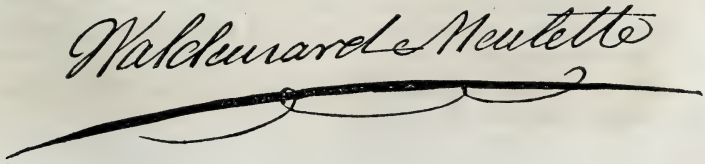
Each inhabitant had thus a lot of 217½ acres of land; but before

* Our contributor is not clear here; we presume he meant to say: "But he added, that if he obtained as much, he would expect for himself the quantity of land he had paid for, viz: 4,000 acres; and if the rest who had no land got some, he would be repaid by their gratitude for his efforts.—Ed.

the surveys and other arrangements could be made, sometime was necessary, during which, those who had reclaimed the wilderness and improved Gallipolis being reluctant to lose all their labor, and finding that a company, owning the lands of Marietta, and where there was a settlement previous to that of the French colony, had met to divide lands which they had purchased in a common stock, the colonists sent a deputation for the purpose of proposing to the company to sell them the spot where Gallipolis was and is situated, and to be paid in proportion to what was improved, which was accepted. When at last the distribution of the lots of the French grant was achieved, some sold their share, others went to settle on it, or put tenants, and either remained at Gallipolis, or went elsewhere; but how few entered again heartily into a new kind of life, after having lost many of their lives and much of their health, amidst hardships, excess of labor, or the indolence which follows discouragement and hopeless efforts! Few of the original settlers remain at Gallipolis: not many at the French grant. Many are gone hence.

Before concluding this account, I shall notice some errors in the short account of this colony on page 94 of the first volume of the American Pioneer. I shall do this, for the sake of truth and justice, without intending to impute the least intentional error to the writer of that article. I shall repeat, that the company who sold those lands in Paris (France) were, with very few exceptions, New Englanders. Some of these removed to Marietta. They themselves located the new settlement, where it now stands, and built the log houses intended for the colony. Some of the colonists, mortified and disheartened with tilling lands that they could not call their own, although paid for before they left France, left the colony and went to St. Louis, New Madrid, New Orleans, &c.

In respect to the accidents, by the awkwardness of the French in felling trees, I know of but one; that was a female, who, being unable to run out of the reach of the top branches of a falling tree, was so seriously injured as to be obliged to keep her bed the remainder of her life. Any person not acquainted with woodcraft, and very differently brought up, is quite as likely to be awkward as the French colonist, who soon profited by the example of their American neighbors. If there is any thing in my power can be done of service to you, sir, I shall do it with great pleasure. Yours,



INCIDENT OF LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

During the war of 1774, as Mr. John Poole, a settler on the Ohio river near Wheeling, was walking from his cabin for the purpose of getting some wood, he espied an Indian some distance from him sitting on a log, with his head resting on his hands, apparently in a deep study. Poole walked towards him, and when he got near him hailed him. He was surprised to hear the Indian answer him in English in the following manner, "Brother, you know me—me John Logan," to which Poole answered in the negative. The Indian then asked him, "You our brother?" Poole answered in the affirmative. Logan then got up off the log and clasped his arms around Poole's neck and appeared very glad to see him. Poole then asked him why he was sad, and Logan said, "Your brothers (the whites) have killed my people on Yellow creek, and me sorry," and he burst into a flood of tears. Poole then took him to his cabin and gave him some refreshments and treated him kindly. Logan then gave him a flint and a pipe, and started for Captina.

The above came from Poole's own lips, and there is not a doubt as to the truth of the assertion. He was a soldier in Dunmore's war, in 1774, and was well known to the Indians. All his life he was a friend to the Indians as well as of American liberty, and died near Greencastle, Pa., in 1839. ROBERT D. UNGER.

Cumberland, Md. Jan. 30. 1843.

TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL INDIAN TRIBES.

This table has had two continuations, from vol. i. pp. 257 and 408. This we regret, as it lessens the value of such a table to divide it; we now give the remainder.

Foxes, or *Ottogamies*, on Fox river, in Illinois—See *Saques* and *Foxes*.

Fond du Lac Indians, roam from Snake river to the sandy lakes.

Gay Head Indians, on Martha's Vineyard; probably Wampanoags; 200 in 1800.

Grand River Indians, on Grand river, north side Lake Ontario; remnant of the Iroquois; 3000.

Gros Ventres, on the river Maria, in 1806; 3000 in 1834, west of the Mississippi.

Herring Pond Indians, Wampanoags, in Sandwich, Mass; about forty.

Hurons, numerous and formidable; upon Lake Huron and adjacent.
Illinois, formerly numerous upon the Illinois river.
Ioways, recently on Ioway river, now scattered among other tribes of the west; 1100.
Iroquois, or *Five Nations*, a chief remnant now on Grand river.—See *Grand Rivers.*
Kaninavisches, wanderers on the Yellow Stone, near its source; about 200.
Kanzas, on the river of the same name; about 1000.
Kaskayas, between the sources of the Platte and Rocky mountains, beyond the Kites; 3000.
Kiawas, also beyond the Kites; in number about 1000.
Kigenes, on the coast of the Pacific, under a chief named *Skittegates*, in 1821.
Kikapoos, formerly in Illinois; now about 300, chiefly beyond the Mississippi.
Killamuks, branch of the Clatsops, coast Pacific ocean; about 1000.
Killawats, in a large town south-east of the Luktons.
Kimoenims, band of Chopunnish, on Lewis' river; 800, in 33 clans.
Kites, between sources Platte and the Rocky mountains; about 500.
Knisteneaux, or *Christinaux*, on Assinnaboin river; 5000 in 1812.
Kookkoo-ooses, south of the Killawats, on the coast of the Pacific; about 1500.
Leech River Indians, near Sandy Lake; about 350.
Lenape, or *Lenelenape*, former name of the *Delawares*, which see.
Lukawisses, on the coast of the Pacific ocean, about 800.
Luktons, to the south-west of the Killamuks, on the coast of the Pacific.
Mandans, 1612 miles up the Missouri, on both sides; about 1200.
Manahoaks, formerly a great nation of Virginia, some time since extinct.
Marshpees, chiefly a mixed remnant of the noble Wampanoags, in Sandwich, Mass.; about 400; lately conspicuous in asserting their dormant rights, under the direction of the efficient Mr. William Apess, of Pequot descent.
Massawomes, formerly a very warlike nation in what is now Kentucky.
Menominies, formerly on Illinois river; now about 300, west of the Mississippi.
Messasagnes, subdued early by, and incorporated with the, Iroquois; about Lakes Huron and Superior in 1764, and then reckoned at 2000.
Miamies, on the Mississippi, below the Ouisconsin, and in number about 1500.
Mikmaks, on the river St. Lawrence; about 500 in 1786.
Mindawarcarton, the only band of Sioux that cultivates corn, beans, &c.
Minetares, on Knife river, near the Missouri, five miles above the Mandans; 2500.
Mingoes; such of the Iroquois were so called as resided upon the Scioto river.

Mohawks, formerly a great tribe of the Iroquois, and the most warlike of those Five Nations.

Moheakunnuks, formerly between the Hudson and Delaware rivers.

Mohegans, a remnant now on Thames, below Norwich, in Connecticut.

Mosquitos, a numerous race, on the east side of the isthmus of Darien.

Multnomahs, tribe of the Wappatoos, mouth Multnomah river; 800.

Munsees, north branch Susquehannah in 1780; on Wabash in 1808; now unknown.

Muskogees, on Alabama and Apalachicola rivers; 17,000 in 1775.

Nabijos, between north Mexico and the Pacific; live in stone houses, and manufacture.

Nantikokes, near the east branch of the Susquehannah in 1780, and about 80.

Narragansets, once a powerful nation, about the south of the bay of that name.

Natchez, discovered in 1701; chiefly destroyed in 1720; 150 in 1764.

Niantiks, a tribe of the Narragansets, and were in alliance with them.

Nicariagas, once about Michilimakinak; joined Iroquois in 1723.

Nipissins, near the source of the Ottoway river; about 400 in 1764.

Nipmuks, interior of Massachusetts; 1500 in 1675; long since extinct.

Nottoways, on Nottoway river, in Virginia; but two of clear blood in 1817.

Oakmulges, to the east of Flint river; about 200 in 1834.

Ojibwas, or *Chippewas*, about 30,000, on the great lakes.

Omahas, on Elkhorn river, 80 miles from Council Bluffs; about 2200.

Oneidas, a nation of the Iroquois, near Oneida lake; about 1000.

Onondagas, a nation of the Iroquois, Onondaga Hollow; about 300.

Ootlashoots, tribe of the Tuskepas, on Clark's river, west Rocky mountains; about 400.

Osages, *Great* and *Little*, on Arkansaw and Osage rivers; about 4000.

Otagamies, between the Lake of the Woods and Mississippi; 300 in 1780.

Ottawas, east Lake Michigan; 2800 in 1820; at Lake Huron, about 200 in 1786.

Ottoes, on Platte river; about 1500 in 1820.

Ouiatonons, on the Wabash formerly; 300 in 1779.

Ozas, about Red river; about 2000 in 1750.

Padoucas, south of the Missouri, and west of the Mississippi; 2000 in 1834.

Pancas, on the west of the Missouri; about 750 in 1830.

Panis, white, south Missouri, 2000; freckled Panis, about 1700.

Passamaquoddies, remnant of the Tarratines, on Schoodic river; about 379.

Paunees, on the Platte and its branches; about 10,000.

Pelloatpallah, tribe of the Chopunnish, on Kooskooskee; about 1600.

Penobscots, island in Penobscot river, 12 miles above Bangor; about 300.

Pequots, formerly about the mouth of the Connecticut, now a mixed remnant, about 100.

Piankeshaws, on the Wabash, formerly 3000; in 1780 but 950.

Pishquitpahs, north side Columbia, at Muscleshell rapids, about 2600.

Pottowattomies, formerly numerous, now on Huron river, about 160.

Powhatans, 32 nations, or tribes, spread over Virginia when settled by the whites.

Quapaws, opposite Little Rock, on Arkansaw river; about 700.

Quathlahpohtles, south-west side Columbia, above the mouth of Tahwahnahiooks.

Quatoghies, formerly on south Lake Michigan; sold their country to English in 1707.

Quieetsos, coast Pacific ocean, north mouth Columbia; about 250.

Quiniilts, coast Pacific, south Quieetsos, and north Columbia; about 1000.

Quinnecharts, coast Pacific, north the Quieetsos; about 2000.

Rapids, a brave tribe on the prairies, towards the sources of the Missouri.

Red-knife Indians, (so called from their copper knives,) roam in the region of Slave lake.

Ricarees, on Missouri, between the Great Bend and Mandan.

River Indians, formerly south of the Iroquois, down the north side of Hudson river to the sea.

Roundheads, on the east side of Lake Superior; about 2500 in 1764.

Sauks, *Sacs*, or *Saques*, in Illinois, about Lake Winnebago; now about 500 in Missouri.

Scattakooks, upper part of Troy in New York; went from New England about 1672.

Seminoles, East Florida, now (1836) estimated from 6 to 10,000.

Senecas, one of the ancient Iroquois nations; 2200 near Buffalo, New York.

Serraunes, in Carolina, nearly destroyed by the Westoes, about 1670.

Shahalahs, at the Grand Rapids of the Columbia river; 2800, in 62 lodges.

Shawanees, now about 1300, on the Missouri.

Shoshonese, or *Snakes*, driven into the Rocky mountains by the Blackfeet.

Sioux, on St. Peters, Mississippi, and Missouri; numerous; 33,000.

Skilloots, on the Columbia, from Sturgeon island upward; about 2500.

Snake Indians, or *Shoshones*, borders Rocky mountains, about 8000.

Smokshops, on Columbia river, at mouth of Labiche; 800 in 24 clans.

Sokokies, anciently upon Saco river; now extinct.

Sokulks, on Columbia, above Lewis' river; about 2400, in 120 lodges.
Souties, the name by which some know the *Ottoways*, which see.
Soyennoms, on east fork Lewis' river; about 400 in 33 villages.
Staitans, a name by which the *Kites* are known, which see.
Stockbridge Indians, New Stockbridge, New York; about 400 in 1820.
St. John's Indians, remnant of the Esquimaux, on the St. John's in New Brunswick, 300.
Symerons, on the east side of the isthmus of Darien; numerous.
Tetons, piratical bands of the Sioux of the Missouri.
Tsononthouans, tribe of the Hurons.—See *Dinondadies.*
Tuscaroras, joined the Iroquois from Carolina, in 1712.
Twightwees, on the Great Miami; 200 in 1780.
Tushepahs, on Clark's river in summer, and Missouri in winter; about 430.
Tuteloes, an ancient nation between Chesapeak and Delaware bays.
Uchees, a tribe of Creeks, formerly in four towns.—See *Euchees.*
Ulseahs, on the coast of the Pacific ocean; about 150.
Wabigna, between the west branch of Delaware and Hudson rivers.
Wanamies, in New Jersey, from the Raritan to the sea.
Wahowpums, on the north branch of the Columbia; about 700, in 33 lodges.
Wappatoos, 13 tribes, of various names, on the Columbia; about 5500.
Welsh Indians, said to be on a southern branch of the Missouri.
Westoes, once a powerful tribe in South Carolina, nearly destroyed in 1670.
Willewahs, about 500, in 33 clans, on Willewah river.
Winnebagoes, on Winnebago lake, now chiefly beyond the Mississippi.
Wolf Indians, a tribe of the Pawnees, commonly called *Pawnee Loups.*
Wollawollahs, on the Columbia, from above Muscleshell Rapids; 1600.
Wycomes, a tribe on the Susquehannah, in 1648; about 250.
Wyandots, on Great Miami and Sandusky; 500, formerly very warlike.
Yamoisees, South Carolina, early nearly destroyed by the whites.
Yattasies, branch Red river, 50 miles above Natchitoches; 100 in 1812; speak Caddo.
Yazoos, once a great tribe of Louisiana, now lost among the Chickasaws.
Yeahtentanees, formerly near the mouth of the Wabash.
Yeletpos, on a river which falls into Lewis' above Kooskooskee; 250.
Yonikkones, on the coast of the Pacific ocean; about 700.
Yonktons, branch of Sioux, about falls St. Anthony, about 1000.
Yonktons of the Plains, or *Big Devils;* 2500; sources of the Sioux, &c.
Youitts, on the coast of the Pacific ocean; about 150.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

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We have some of the best that the world can produce.—Those of them who have paid us for the second volume are real patriots—they are the very soul of the enterprise. It is all due, and did those who are behind know how much we and our men suffer for want of what is due from them, and how much joy to our hearts, and energy to the enterprise, the reception of it would be, they would not keep back another day. All who shall have paid by the issue of the next number will have PAID marked on the cover.

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Editors

Who notice the numbers and publish the contents as received, and send us their paper, will be entitled to the Pioneer in exchange, and to extract from it for their papers. ☞ We make monthly lists of their notices by which each month we send the Pioneer in Exchange.

To Contributors.

All who possess historical information relative to the first settlement and successive improvement of any part of the United States, are asked to contribute. Our aim is correctness of narrative, more than elegance of style. Some have declined because they could not write as elegantly as some of our able contributors—this is wrong. We love good style, but where that is not to be had, let us have the facts, though they be clothed in ever so plain a dress. Let them come in their "working clothes," if they have no better.

To Artists.

Drawings of ancient American relics are wanted.—Let the representations be true. We set accuracy of representation before elegance of execution—both together are acceptable. A good drawing entitles the artist to a volume of the Pioneer for his labor.

Volume II., 1843,

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THE

AMERICAN PIONEER,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

COLLECTING AND PUBLISHING INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND SUCCESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.—No. 5.

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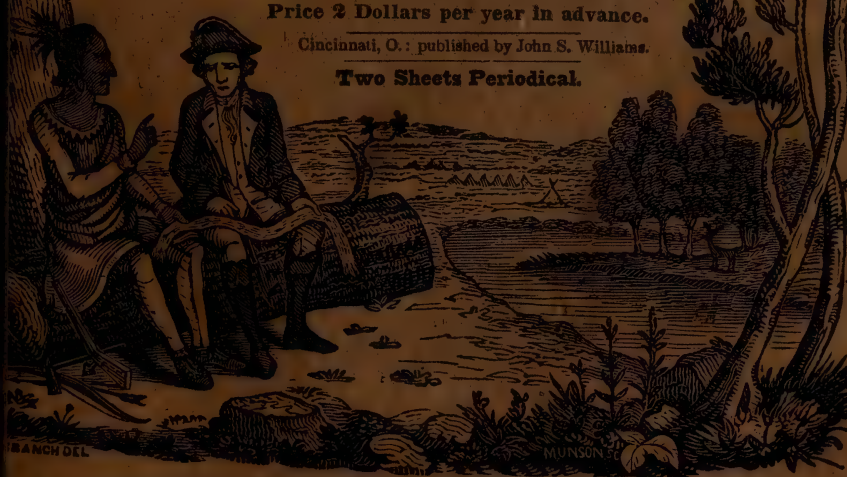
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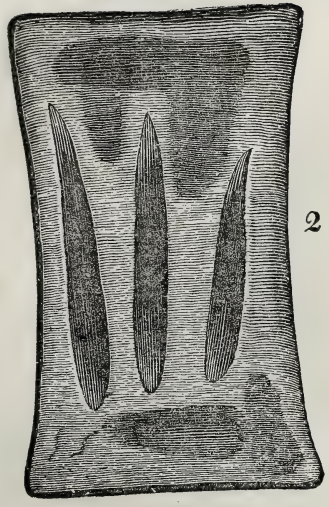
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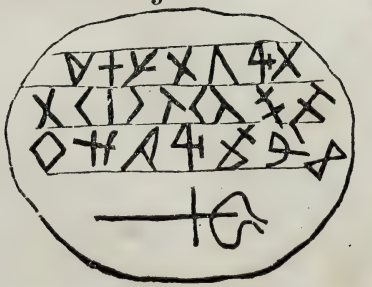


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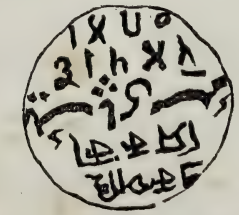
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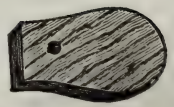
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AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. MAY, 1843. NO. V.

ANCIENT AMERICAN RELICS.

[See Frontispiece.]

We devote our frontispiece this month to a representation, under one view, of ancient American relics. Figure 1 is a fac-simile, both in size and outline, of a carved stone, found at the bottom, and near the centre of an ancient mound or tumulus, now being removed from Mound street near Fifth, in this city. We stop to say that the removal of this mound is regretted by many of the best citizens, as its location was such as to render it a convenient and beautiful monument. A mound which once stood near the junction of Main and Third streets, was necessarily removed to bring the streets to a convenient slope. The removal of this last mound will complete the destruction of all the ancient works so conspicuous on the upper city level, in its first settlement. This mound is about twenty-five feet high. The engraving is an exact representation of the face of the stone, owned by and now in possession of Erasmus Gest, Esq. of this city. It was taken from the mound in December, 1841. The carvings, represented by the white, are about one-twentieth of an inch in depth. It is a dark gray or rather brown sandstone, of an extraordinary sharp grit; it has spots over it, both back and front, as if it had been sprinkled with blood. The carving has been thought to be hieroglyphic, but the regularity of it is opposed to that idea, and induce the thought that it is merely ornamental. Could we suppose those who made it, to be possessed of the art of stamping or printing, we might imagine this stone to be an engraving for that purpose. Its face is almost as even as the engraving from which we print. It will be observed that the two sides, and the two groups in the centre, were intended to be pairs, and yet in them there is not one thing so like its fellow, as to lead us to believe that the art of drawing, was in any good degree of perfection. The divisions on the ends, are done more like the work of an artist than any thing about the stone. The stone is about three-eighths of an inch thick. On the back are three gutters, as represented in figure 2, which is drawn at half dimensions. The gutters have the appearance of having been worn by whetting pointed tools. There are also depressions near the end, which have the appearance of having been worn by whetting small edged tools of the chisel species. With this stone were found parts of a skeleton of a full grown human being,

also two pointed bone instruments about six inches long. There was no appearance of any thing like a grave or vault where these relics lay. From this, about ten feet distant in the mound, and nearly on the same level, were found parts of another skeleton, with a beautiful stone ornament four inches long, two inches wide, and nearly an inch thick, as represented in figure 3; also a stone instrument nine inches long and three wide, figure 4; this is about a fourth of an inch thick. The long straight side has a diamond shaped edge, as if it had been used for dressing leather. These, with several Indian flint arrow-stones, two stone axes, a piece of mica and a bead, &c., as found in the mound at Grave creek, were discovered by, and are in the possession of, Mr. Gridley of Longworth-street. The bead has the appearance of ivory, and has retained some of the original polish. It seems to us more likely to have been manufactured from conch shell or mammoth tooth.

The earth of the mound is composed of light and dark colored layers, as if it had been raised at successive periods, by piling earth of different colors on the top. This appearance might have been produced, by successive layers of vegetation and freezings, which was allowed to act on each layer, before the mound received a succeeding addition to its height. In some parts the layers are completely separated by what appears to have been decayed vegetable matter, such as leaves or grass, as the earth is in complete contact, except a very thin division by some such substance. In some places through the mound, there are vacancies evidently occasioned by the decay of sticks of wood, leaving a most beautiful impalpable powder. Throughout the mound there are spots of charcoal, and in some places it is in beds. In one or two places which we observed, the action of the fire upon the clay has left marks of considerable intensity. Bits of bones, especially of skull bones, are found in many parts of the mound.

We have hazarded no conjectures on the origin or use of these relics, further than was necessary to convey an idea of their appearance, knowing that our surmises are not likely to be more valuable than those of others. We would be extremely pleased if any antiquarian can throw any light on these ancient curiosities. For this purpose, and for the benefit of easy comparison, we again insert, along with the stone found in the mound at Grave creek, figure 5, drawings of the coin found on the Connecticut river, figures 6 and 7. These characters have been conjectured to be Phenician letters.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES AT GRAVE CREEK.

The following graphic account of the mammoth mound, &c. at Grave creek, was obtained from A. B. Tomlinson, the proprietor. Great praise is due to him for his careful preservation of that tremendous structure of ancient American aboriginal industry. His museum will, with care, become one of the most interesting in the West. Many of our towns, Vandal-like, have destroyed their ancient curiosities. What a pity!

From A. B. Boreman, Esq., of Elizabethtown, we received a fac-simile

of the engraving of the stone. We extract from his letter the following, but as Mr. Tomlinson's account is the most full, we give it entire.

"The fac-simile gives the true shape and size of the stone; its color is dark and of a grayish caste. It was found in the above mentioned mound by Mr. A. B. Tomlinson in 1838, while excavating it, a short distance from the centre, and near one of the skeletons found therein. The characters engraved on this stone have produced excitement in the different parts of the United States, unto which the fac-similes have been transmitted, and also in Europe. I have been informed, that the antiquarians of England, more particularly, have been exerting their minds and historical faculties, in order to decipher those characters, and discover something by which they can trace them to their origin. This is a problem which, if solved, would no doubt throw some light on the antiquities of America. There are a great many mounds in the vicinity and country surrounding Elizabethtown, some of which have been digged down, in which there has been found a great number of bones of human beings, among which were skulls, &c. Copper beads have also been found, and a number of stone tubes ten and one-half inches in length, having a calibre of three-fourths of an inch, some of which were full of something which might be called red-paint of a light shade, with other things of a similar character. But I will proceed to the description of the mammoth mound. It is beautifully situated on the same extensive plain, and within the suburbs of Elizabethtown, two hundred and fifty yards from the court house, and a quarter of a mile from the Ohio river. Its altitude is sixty-nine feet, the circumference of its base is a little more than three hundred yards. Its shape is that of a frustum of a cone, being flat on the top, and the distance across is fifty feet."

—

MR. TOMLINSON'S LETTER.

Flats of Grave creek—Settlement—Elizabethtown—Mammoth mound—Its antiquity—Horizontal excavation—Lower vault—Its contents—Perpendicular excavation—Upper vault—Its contents—Trinkets—Skeletons—Their state of preservation—Their character—Beads, &c., how situated—Kinds of earth—Preservation of vaults—Arrangement of Curiosities—Observatory—Stone image and other relics.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Sir—The flats of Grave creek are a large scope of bottom land in Marshall county, Virginia, and on the eastern shore of the Ohio river, which here runs due south. They extend from north to south about four miles, and contain about three thousand acres. Big and Little Grave creeks both empty into the Ohio at these flats, from which they derive their names. The creeks themselves doubtless derived their names from various tumulus or mounds, commonly called Indian graves, which are found on these flats, and especially between the

two creeks. Little Grave creek enters the flats at the upper end and runs parallel with the Ohio about three miles, and then turns at right angles and enters the river one mile above the Big creek, which occupies the lower termination of the flats. These creeks are what are called mill-streams, and of course are not navigable. These flats are composed of first and second bottoms. The first bottom is about two hundred yards wide, and runs the whole length of the flats. The great flood of 1832 was about ten feet deep on the first, but lacked from ten to twenty feet of the height of the second bottom, on which all the ancient Indian works and mounds are situated; no signs of them being on the lower land. It may reasonably be inferred that the brow of the second bottom was the bank of the river, when these ancient works were erected. This I believe is not an uncommon circumstance where mounds and ancient works appear near the streams that have first and second bottoms.

The flats were early settled. My grandfather settled on them in 1772, two years before the murder of Logan's family. It was to these flats that young Cresap pursued the Indians as related by colonel Ebenezer Zane in his affidavit, published in the appendix to Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. There are many interesting incidents, connected with the settlement of these flats, which I may at another time communicate, from the lips of my father, but as those incidents are not my present subject, I will proceed.

Elizabethtown is about twelve miles below Wheeling, and is situated on the second bottom, near the mouth of Little Grave creek, and at the widest part of the flats; it is the seat of justice for Marshall county.

In the suburbs of Elizabethtown stands what is called the mammoth mound, which with its contents is made the subject of this narrative. This mound is surrounded by various other mounds and ancient works, and in respect to the surrounding localities, the situation, as respects defence, was well chosen, on the brow of the second bottom, and partially encompassed by steeps and ravines. The mammoth mound is sixty-nine feet high. Its circumference at the base is over three hundred yards. It is the frustum of a cone, and has a flat top of fifty feet in diameter. This flat on the top of the mound, until lately, was dish shaped. The depth of the depression in the centre was three feet, and its width forty feet. This depression was doubtless occasioned by the falling in of two vaults, which were originally constructed in the mound, but which afterwards fell in; the earth sinking over them, occasioned the depression on the top.

This mound was discovered by my grandfather soon after he

settled the flats, and was covered with as large timbers as any in the surrounding forests, and as close together. The centre of the hollow on the top was occupied by a large beech. This mound was early and much visited. Dates were cut on this beech as early as 1734! It was literally covered with names and dates to the height of ten feet; none of a more remote period than the above, most of them were added after the country began to be settled—mostly from 1770 to 1790. On the very summit of the mound stood a white oak, which seemed to die of old age about fifteen years ago. It stood on the western edge of the dish. We cut it off, and with great care and nicety counted the growths, which evidently showed the tree to have been about five hundred years old when it died. It carried its thickness well for about fifty feet, where it branched into several large limbs. Top and all, it was about seventy feet high, which, added to the height of the mound, might well have been styled, the ancient monarch of the Flats, if not of the forest. A black oak stands now on the east side of the mound, which is as large as the white oak was, but it is situated on the side of the mound, about ten feet lower than the throne of the white oak, to which it may now be proclaimed the rightful heir.

Prompted by curiosity or some other cause, on the 19th of March, 1838, we commenced an excavation in this mound. I wrought at it myself from the commencement to the termination, and what I am about to tell you is from my own personal observation, which, if necessary, could be substantiated by others. We commenced on the north side, and excavated towards the centre. Our horizontal shaft was ten feet high and seven feet wide, and ran on the natural surface of the ground or floor of the mound.

At the distance of one hundred and eleven feet we came to a vault that had been excavated in the natural earth before the mound was commenced. This vault was dug out eight by twelve feet square and seven feet deep. Along each side and the two ends upright timbers were placed, which supported timbers that were thrown across the vault, and formed for a time its ceiling. These timbers were covered over with loose unhewn stone, of the same quality as is common in the neighborhood. These timbers rotted, and the stone tumbled into the vault; the earth of the mound following, quite filled it. the timbers were entirely deranged, but could be traced by the rotten wood, which was in such a condition as to be rubbed to pieces between the fingers. This vault was as dry as any tight room; its sides very nearly corresponded with the cardinal points of the compass, and it was lengthwise from north to south.

In this vault were found two human skeletons, one of which had no ornaments or artificial work of any kind about it. The other was surrounded by six hundred and fifty ivory beads, and an ivory ornament about six inches long of this shape, [see figure 8.] It is one and five-eighths inches wide in the middle, and half an inch wide at the ends, with two holes through it of one-eighth of an inch diameter, and shaped as in the drawing. It is flat on one side and oval shaped on the other. The beads resemble button moles, and vary in diameter from three to five-eighths of an inch. In thickness they vary from that of common pasteboard to one-fourth of an inch; the size of the holes through them varying with the diameter of the beads from one-eighth of an inch in the largest. Some of the beads are in a good state of preservation, retaining even the original polish; others, not so favorably situated, are decayed—some crumbled to dust. Above I count only the whole ones left. The large ornament is in a good state of preservation, but is somewhat corroded. The first skeleton we found on the 4th of April, and the second on the 16th, but I shall speak more particularly of these further on.

After searching this vault, we commenced a shaft ten feet in diameter, at the centre of the mound on top, and in the bottom of the depression before spoken of. At the depth of thirty-four or thirty-five feet above the vault at the bottom, we discovered another vault, which occupied the middle space between the bottom and the top. The shaft we continued quite down through the mound to our first excavation.

The second or upper vault was discovered on the 9th of June. It had been constructed in every respect like that at the base of the mound, except that its length lay east and west, or across that at the base, but perpendicularly over it. It was equally filled with earth, rotten wood, stones, &c., by the falling in of the ceiling. The floor of this vault was also sunken by the falling in of the lower one, with the exception of a portion of one end.

In the upper vault was found one skeleton only, but many trinkets, as seventeen hundred ivory beads, five hundred sea shells of the involute species, that were worn as beads, and five copper bracelets that were about the wrist bones of the skeleton. There were also one hundred and fifty pieces of isinglass [mica,] and the stone, a fac simile drawing of which I send you herewith, [see figure 5.] The stone is flat on both sides, and is about three-eighths of an inch thick. It has no engraving on it, except on one side, as sent you. There is no appearance of any hole or ear, as if it had been worn as a medal. The drawing is the exact size of it. It is sandstone of a very fine and close

grit. The beads found in this vault were like those found in the lower one, as to size, materials, decay, &c. The shells were three-eighths of an inch long and one-fourth of an inch in diameter at the swell or largest part. The bracelets are of pure copper, coated with rust as thick as brown paper. They are an oblong circle. The inner diameter of one is two and one-fourth inches one way, and two and five-eighths the other. They vary in size and thickness: the largest is half an inch thick, and the smallest half that thickness. They were made of round bars bent so that the ends came together, which forms the circle. The five bracelets weigh seventeen ounces. The pieces of isinglass are but little thicker than writing paper, and are generally from one and a-half to two inches square; each piece had two or three holes through it about the size of a knitting needle, most likely for the purpose of sewing or in some way fastening them to the clothing.

The beads were found about the neck and breast bones of the skeletons. The sea shells were in like manner distributed over the neck and breast bones of the skeleton in the upper vault. The bracelets were around the wrist bones. The pieces of isinglass were strewed all over the body. What a gorgeous looking object this monarch must have been! Five bracelets shining on the wrists, seventeen beads, and five hundred sea shells, that we found whole about his breast and neck, besides one hundred and fifty brilliants of mica on all parts of his body! no doubt oft the object of the throng's admiring gaze. The stone with the characters on it was found about two feet from the skeleton; could it be read, doubtless would tell something of the history of this illustrious dead, interred high above his quite gorgeous companion in the lower story.

The skeleton first found in the lower vault, was found lying on the back, parallel with and close to the west side of the vault. The feet were about the middle of the vault; its body was extended at full length; the left arm was lying along the left side; the right arm as if raised over the head, the bones lying near the right ear and crossed over the crown of the head. The head of this skeleton was toward the south. There were no ornaments found with it. The earth had fallen and covered it over before the ceiling fell, and thus protected it was not much broken. We have it preserved for the inspection of visitors; it is five feet nine inches high, and has a full and perfect set of teeth in a good state of preservation; the head is of a fine intellectual mould; whether male or female cannot be ascertained, as the pelvis was broken. Opinions differ as to the sex; my own is, that it is that of a male.

The second skeleton found in this vault, and which had the trinkets about it, lay on the west side, with the head to the east, or in the same direction as that on the opposite side. The feet of this one were likewise near the centre of the west side. The earth had not crumbled down over it before the ceiling fell, consequently it was much broken, (as was also that in the upper vault.) There is nothing in the remains of any of these skeletons which differs materially from those of common people.

The skeleton in the upper vault lay with its feet against the south side of the vault, and the head towards the north east. It is highly probable that the corpses were all placed in a standing position, and subsequently fell. Those in the lower vault most likely stood on the east and west side, opposite to each other; and the one in the upper vault on the south side.

The mound is composed of the same kind of earth as that around it, being a fine loamy sand, but differs very much in color from that of the natural ground. After penetrating about eight feet with the first or horizontal excavation, blue spots began to appear in the earth of which the mound is composed. On close examination, these spots were found to contain ashes and bits of burnt bones. These spots increased as we approached the centre; at the distance of one hundred and twenty feet within, the spots were so numerous and condensed as to give the earth a clouded appearance, and excited the admiration of all who saw it. Every part of the mound presents the same appearance, except near the surface. I am convinced that the blue spots were occasioned by depositing the remains of bodies consumed by fire. I am also of the opinion that the upper vault was constructed long after the lower one, but for this opinion I do not know that there is any evidence.

We have overlaid the first excavation, from the side to the centre, with brick, and paved the bottom. We excavated the vault in the centre twenty-eight feet in diameter and nine feet high. It is well walled with brick and neatly plastered. The rotunda or shaft in the centre is also walled with brick. The foundation of the rotunda is in the centre of the lower vault, and around this we have made departments for the safe keeping of the relics nearly where they were found; this vault we light with twenty candles, for the accommodation of visitors, many of whom have seen it.

Upon the top of the mound, and directly over the rotunda, we have erected a three-story frame building, which we call an observatory. The lower story is thirty-two feet in diameter, the second story is twenty-six feet, and the upper story ten. This manner of construct-

ing the building accommodates the visitor with a walk quite round on the top of each story, and a good stand for observation on the top. From either of these elevations the visitor has an unobstructed view of the surrounding country and river to a considerable distance. It is our intention to run a winding stairway from the bottom of the mound through the rotunda and observatory to the top. The height of this stairway will be over one hundred feet. The observatory was built in 1837.

In addition to the relics found in the mammoth mound, I have a great number and variety of relics found in the neighborhood; many of them were found with skeletons which were nearly decayed. I have some beads, found about two miles from this great mound, that are evidently a kind of porcelain, and very similar if not identical in substance with artificial teeth set by dentists. I have also an image of stone, found with other relics about eight miles distant; it is in human shape, sitting in a cramped position, the face and eyes projecting upwards; the nose is what is called Roman. On the crown of the head is a knot, in which the hair is concentrated and tied. The head and features particularly is a display of great workmanship and ingenuity: it is eleven inches in height, but if it were straight would be double that height. It is generally believed to have been an idol.

Your friend,

A B Tomlinson

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

NUMBER IV.

Pittsburgh—Education—Jefferson College—Harmer's expedition against the Indians—St. Clair's expedition and defeat.

The New Orleans trade gave new life to the country. It furnished specie for paying taxes, and purchasing such necessaries as could not be obtained for barter. Pittsburgh profited greatly by this trade. Although but a small village, composed principally of log houses, yet it was then, as now, the central point of business for the country west of the mountains. The produce of the country was here exchanged for goods, chiefly obtained from Philadelphia. This was also the place of embarkation for all the military and mercantile expeditions, as well as emigrants, for the lower country, and the resort of boat-builders, boatmen and pilots for the river. Being a military post, a considerable amount of government money was annually expended here. These advantages made it a favorable location for

merchants and mechanics, who found a ready demand for their iron, leather, hats, &c. The character of the citizens for sobriety and good morals was such, that farmers in the neighborhood sought to apprentice their sons to the mechanics of Pittsburgh; and these hardy boys from the country rarely became dissipated, but grew up orderly and industrious, thus perpetuating the character for purity of morals, which the place still enjoys. Pittsburgh owes much of this reputation to John Wilkins, a magistrate under whose administration every violation of the law was promptly punished. Even the lawless boatmen stood in awe of him.

The subject of education was sadly neglected, both in Pittsburgh and the surrounding country. The first settlers were mostly Scotch and Irish, who, though sober, industrious and enterprising, prompt to relieve the distressed, and generous to assist the needy, yet had little taste for public improvement, and rarely contributed voluntarily for the promotion of any public object. They even paid their road tax grudgingly. They built no bridges, and would leave a tree, accidentally fallen across the road, to lie there until it rotted. Their neglect of providing the means of education for their children was, however, their great error. While struggling with adversity, and combating the Indians, the establishment of schools in many of the frontier settlements, was out of the question; but after peace with the Indians had been effected, and provisions became abundant, there was no apology for neglecting the subject of education. Their school houses, when they were induced to build any, were of the cheapest and most uninviting kind, built of logs, open, low and smoky, lighted with one, or at most, two windows of greased paper. The school-master was hired at the lowest wages, and was generally one, who could get no other employment, and whose chief qualification was knowing how to use the rod. From such means of instruction little benefit could be expected. The boys of that day were brought up under circumstances, which early inspired them with a wild, adventurous spirit, and gave them a premature ability for usefulness in the field. They very naturally preferred joining the men at their labor, to being confined in the house, to the study of Dillworth's Spelling-Book, or John Rogers' Primer, the only school books I ever saw when a child. The scarcity of books was a great hindrance to those who had a taste for study. If a boy resolved to apply his leisure moments to reading, he was perhaps limited to Young's Night Thoughts, Hervey's Meditations, and Knox's History of the Church of Scotland. In the absence of other means of improvement, debating clubs were formed in some neighborhoods, which boys in their teens would attend once

a week, from a distance of several miles. These meetings were encouraged by the parents, who frequently attended. Some of the members rose to high places in after life, and no doubt much of their success was owing to the stimulus which their minds received from these youthful associations.

There was a feeble effort made in Pittsburgh and Washington, to provide the means of education, and a successful one at Canonsburgh, by a few enlightened men, at the head of whom was the Rev. Mr. McMullen. A college was early established, which has continued to be an eminently useful institution.

The general government made but feeble efforts to protect the frontier settlements on the Ohio, until after the adoption of the new constitution. Only a few companies of regular troops were stationed there. In 1791 the government, yielding to the pressing importunities of the West, appointed general Harmer to the command of the western posts, preparatory to a campaign against the Indians. A draft was made on the militia of western Pennsylvania and Kentucky for twelve hundred men, who repaired to Fort Washington, where they were joined by three hundred regulars, and marched into the Indian country. The Indians refused battle to the main body, but defeated one detachment of several hundred men on the Scioto, and routed with great slaughter, a still larger detachment on the Au Glaize. A large proportion of the killed, were of course militia. Both Kentucky and western Pennsylvania were filled with mourning. The Indians, elated with their success, renewed their attacks on the frontier with increased force and ferocity. Meetings were called to devise means for defending the settlements. The policy of employing regular officers to command militia was denounced ; and petitions were extensively circulated, praying the President to employ militia only in defence of the frontier, and offering to embody immediately a sufficient force to carry the war into the Indian country.

The President did not favor the prayer of the petitioners, but increased the regular army on the frontier, and appointed general St. Clair to the command. Energetic measures were adopted to furnish him with arms, stores, &c. for an early campaign, but the difficulties and delays incident to furnishing an army, so far removed from military depots, with cannon, ammunition, provisions, and the means of transportation, were so great, that much time was lost before general St. Clair was able to move his army from Fort Washington ; and then it was said to be in obedience to express orders, and against his own judgment, as he was neither provided with sufficient force, nor the means of transportation. He was attacked and most signally defeat-

ed. The killed and mortally wounded were over seven hundred. The cannon, camp equipage and baggage of the army fell into the hands of the Indians. The disastrous failure of this campaign increased the growing dissatisfaction of the settlers in western Pennsylvania to the administration of the general government.

NUMBER V.

The Whisky Insurrection.

Western people dissatisfied with the government—Appointment of Wayne—Commencement of the insurrection—Causes which led to it—Appointment of General Neville—His house assailed and burnt—The painfulness of the sight—Outrages of the insurgents—Meeting in Braddock's field—Appointment of a convention at Parkenson's ferry.

The federal constitution, which had recently been adopted, was not generally approved of in this section of the country. Many believed that the new government would usurp the power of the states, destroy the liberties of the people, and end in a consolidated aristocracy, if not in a monarchy. It was even alledged by many that the reason why general Washington had refused to entrust the defence of the frontiers to the people themselves, was his desire to increase the regular army, that it might be ultimately used for destroying their liberties.

The defeat of general St. Clair's army exposed the whole range of the frontier settlements on the Ohio, to the fury of the Indians. The several settlements made the best arrangements in their power for their own defence. The government took measures for recruiting, as soon as possible, the western army. General Wayne, a favorite with the western people, was appointed to the command; but a factious opposition in congress to the military and financial plans of the administration, delayed the equipment of the army for nearly two years.

While general Wayne was preparing to penetrate the Indian country in the summer of 1794, the attention of the Indians was drawn to their own defence, and the frontiers were relieved from their attacks. But western Pennsylvania, although relieved from war, seemed to have no relish for peace. Having been some time engaged in resisting the revenue laws, her opposition was now increased to insurrection.

The seeds of party had been early sown, and had taken deep root in the western counties. Every act of the general government which manifested a spirit of conciliation towards the British, (who were charged with inciting the Indians to war on the frontier,) was regarded with marked disapprobation. The Irish population, which prevailed in the country, generally sympathized with the French,

and felt the most lively interest in the French revolution, and the highest respect for their diplomatic agents in this country, who were then engaged in collisions with our government. The neutral policy which was adopted in relation to France and England, was unpopular. Democratic societies were formed in every part of the country, and the measures of the government denounced, especially the act laying a duty on distilled spirits. This temper of disaffection was inflamed by the extensive circulation of newspapers, the organs of the French party, and of speeches of members of congress in the French interest, and opposed to the administration. The ordinary means of counteracting the influence of these mischievous publications were limited. The newspapers which defended the policy of the government had but little circulation in the West, and the friends of the administration neglected, until it was too late, to disabuse the public mind.

The resistance to the excise law, from its first enactment, had been so decided and general, that the president, desiring to remove its most objectionable features, recommended to congress a modification of the act. This was done. The concession, however, served only to increase the opposition. Every expedient was adopted to avoid the payment of the duties. In order to allay opposition as far as possible, general John Neville, a man of the most deserved popularity, was appointed collector for western Pennsylvania. He accepted the appointment from a sense of duty to his country. He was one of the few men of great wealth, who had put his all at hazard for independence. At his own expense he raised and equipped a company of soldiers, marched them to Boston, and placed them with his son under the command of general Washington. He was the brother-in-law to the distinguished general Morgan, and father-in-law to majors Craig and Kirkpatrick, officers highly respected in the western country. Besides general Neville's claims as a soldier and patriot, he had contributed greatly to relieve the sufferings of the settlers in his vicinity. He divided his last loaf with the needy; and in a season of more than ordinary scarcity, as soon as his wheat was sufficiently matured to be converted into food, he opened his fields to those who were suffering with hunger. If any man could have executed this odious law, general Neville was that man. He entered upon the duties of his office, and appointed his deputies from among the most popular citizens. The first attempts however to enforce the law were resisted. One or more deputies were tarred and feathered, others were compelled to give up their appointments, to avoid like treatment. The opposers of the law, having proceeded to open acts

of resistance, now assumed a still bolder attitude. An assembly of several hundred men proceeded in the night to general Neville's house, and demanded the surrender of his commission; but, finding him prepared for defence, they attempted no violence. He had not doubted that there was sufficient patriotism in the country to enable the civil authorities to protect him in the discharge of his duty, but in this he was mistaken. The magistrates were powerless. Their authority was set at defiance.

Although a large majority of the disaffected never dreamed of carrying their opposition to the measures of government to open resistance, yet they had aided to create a tempest which they could neither direct nor allay. The population received a large increase yearly of Irish emigrants, who had been obliged to leave their own country, on account of opposition to its government; besides which, there was a large floating population who had found employment in guarding the frontiers, and who had nothing to lose by insurrection. Both of these classes joined the insurgent party, and even forced them to adopt more extreme measures, than they had at first contemplated. They at length proceeded so far as to form an organized resistance to the law. Meetings were held, and officers appointed in the most excited districts. Several hundred men volunteered to take general Neville into immediate custody. His friends in Pittsburgh, being apprised of these movements, advised that measures should be adopted for his protection. But they were greatly mistaken in relation to the amount of force which would be requisite. Major Kirkpatrick, with only a dozen soldiers from the garrison at Pittsburgh, repaired to general Neville's house, which was that very evening, (July 15, 1794,) surrounded by about five hundred men. The general, yielding to the importunity of his friends, had, on the approach of the insurgents, withdrawn from his house, accompanied by his servant. The assailants demanded that the general and his papers, should be given up to them. On being refused a fire was commenced, which continued some time until major McFarland, an influential citizen, who was one of the assailants, was shot.

General Neville's house was situated on an elevated plain which overlooked the surrounding country. A range of negro houses was on one side, and barns and stables on the other. These were fired by the assailants, and when the flames were about to communicate with the dwelling house, the party within surrendered. The soldiers were dismissed. The son of general Neville, who came up during the attack, was taken prisoner, but with Kirkpatrick, was released on condition of leaving the country.

This violent outrage produced a strong sensation. It was in the season of harvest, when the people of the surrounding country were collected in groups to aid each other in cutting their grain. During the day it became known, that preparations were making to take general Neville. As he could call to his aid nearly a hundred of his faithful slaves, who had learned the use of arms in the Indian war, it was believed that he would defend himself. Few, if any of the immediate neighbors of the general, were engaged in the attack, but instead of going to his defence, they collected from a distance of several miles around, and selected the most favorable positions in the neighborhood for listening to, or seeing the anticipated attack. At about ten o'clock in the evening, I witnessed the commencement of the fire, at a distance of two miles, and saw the flames ascend from the burning houses until the actors in the scene became visible in the increasing light. It was a painful sight, especially to those who had experienced the hospitality of the only fine mansion in the country, to see it destroyed by a lawless mob, and its inmates exposed to their fury. Even those who were opposed to the measures of the administration, and had countenanced resistance to the execution of the excise law, were overwhelmed at this appalling commencement of open insurrection. Meetings were proposed by the friends of order, for the purpose of concerting measures for their own security; but so much time was lost in deliberation, that the insurgents became too strong to be resisted.

Men of property and influence, who had become compromitted in the destruction of general Neville's house, exerted themselves to involve the whole country in open resistance to the laws. Several officers of the government, and others whose influence were feared, were forced to leave the country. The mail was robbed, and the names of the writers of several letters found in it, were added to the list of the proscribed. Those who were thus expelled their country, dared not take the usual road across the mountains, but were compelled to proceed by a dangerous and circuitous route through the wilderness.

The insurgents seemed resolved that there should be no neutrals in the country. Immediately after the first outbreak they called a general meeting of the militia at Braddock's field, to decide upon the measures which should be farther taken in relation to the excise. Seven or eight thousand assembled, and an attorney from Washington, named Bradford, assumed the command. He was a blustering demagogue, and destitute of the courage and decision necessary to direct an insurrection. The leaders had no plan digested for future action,

nor could this extraordinary assemblage, whose grotesque appearance it would require a Falstaff to describe, tell for what purpose they had come together. A committee was appointed to deliberate. Hugh Henry Breckenridge, a distinguished lawyer of Pittsburgh, who filled a large space in the country, and was known as an opposer of some of the measures of the administration, and therefore presumed to be in favor of resistance, was appointed on this committee. Possessing great power of persuasion, he succeeded in preventing the committee from recommending energetic measures, and urged moderation until the effect of their past resistance should be known. The report of the committee merely recommended the holding of a meeting by delegates from the several towns in the country, at Parkinson's ferry, a few weeks ensuing. On receiving this report much dissatisfaction was manifested; the assembly however dispersed, two or three thousand men only marching in a body to Pittsburgh. A portion of these proposed to burn the place, but the kindness of the citizens in supplying them with provisions, and the influence of the more respectable of their associates induced them to leave the village unharmed. They contented themselves with burning the mansion of major Kirkpatrick in the vicinity. Many of the most active insurgents traversed the country, to ensure a general election of delegates to the convention which was to be held in the month of August. In the meantime, the people were in a state of great alarm. Parties of the most reckless of the insurgents, freed from all restraints of law, paraded the country, and threatened destruction to all tories and aristocrats, (epithets applied to all who did not join them.) In the face of all these dangers, however, many of the towns sent as delegates, friends of law, and supporters of the administration.

NUMBER VI.

The Whisky Insurrection.

Convention at Parkinson's ferry—Amnesty proposed—News of Wayne's victory operates favorably—Amnesty agreed to—Army sent out—Gen. Hamilton's court—Oppression—An instance of it—Army settled—Excise laws enforced—Advantages of the insurrection to the West—Popular use of spirits—Exportation of—Oppressive character of the whisky tax—Hazards of agriculture—Apologies for the insurgents.

The president, desirous to avoid the use of force, had appointed three commissioners to repair to the western country, and offer pardon to all offenders who would return to their duty, and submit to the laws. These commissioners arrived about the time of the meeting of the convention. Some of the delegates to the convention were men of distinguished ability, at the head of whom was Albert Gallatin. Although a foreigner, who could with difficulty make himself understood in English, yet he presented with great force the folly of

past resistance, and the ruinous consequences to the country of the continuance of the insurrection. He urged that the government was bound to vindicate the laws, and that it would surely send an overwhelming force against them, unless the proposed amnesty was accepted. Mr. Gallatin placed the subject in a new light, and showed the insurrection to be a much more serious affair than it had before appeared. The ardor of the most reckless was moderated. A conference was had with the government commissioners, and the question, whether the country should submit or not, was earnestly discussed. A strong disposition was manifested to accept of the terms proposed. The acts of violence which had already been committed, made some of the leaders tremble in view of what might follow. The machinery of the so called democratic clubs was found not to work so well in this country as in Paris; and Lynch law, executed by a set of desperadoes, was proved to be a poor exchange for the protection of law regularly administered. Many who had been seduced from their allegiance repented of their folly, and would gladly have retraced their steps, but this it was not easy to do. They dreaded the vengeance of their associates. "The Sons of Liberty," as the insurgents styled themselves, could not bear traitors, and those who forsook their party were exposed to they knew not what acts of violence and outrage. For, notwithstanding the returning good sense of many, there were others who still entertained such deep rooted prejudices against the administration, and who had imbibed such wild notions of liberty, that they desired the separation of the West from the Union. They were deceived by exaggerated accounts of the disaffection which prevailed throughout Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and western Virginia. It had been represented from these places, that if western Pennsylvania would successfully resist for a few months, their cause would be espoused by a party so strong as to set the general government at defiance.

Although the convention was in favor of submission, yet as its constituents had not delegated to it the power of settling that question, it was concluded to refer it back to the people, who in town meetings should decide it for themselves.

Early in September the gratifying news was received, that Gen. Wayne had gained a signal victory over the combined force of the Indians on the Maumee. This news operated favorably for the government. It not only removed the dissatisfaction to which the great delays attending the campaign had given rise, but it was the best possible illustration of the benefits to be derived from the protection of the general government, which had been greatly under-

rated. As a permanent peace with the Indians was now considered certain, this increased the desire for tranquillity at home.

The citizens convened in town meetings to consider the terms of submission proposed by the commissioners of the government, printed copies of which had been distributed through the country. In some townships the meetings failed entirely, in others they were interrupted and dispersed before having accomplished any business. But in a large majority of the townships the attendance was general, good order was preserved, and the submission papers very generally signed. These results inspired the friends of government with courage, and greatly dispirited the insurgents. By the first of October tranquillity and good order were in a great measure restored.

But, as the malcontents were still sufficiently numerous to resist the execution of the revenue laws, the government marched forward the army which they had for some time been organizing, consisting of about fourteen thousand militia from Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. An unusual quantity of rain having fallen during the autumn, the army suffered greatly on their march, particularly several regiments composed of mechanics, merchants, and others from the cities, who were not inured to such hardships. They became so disheartened that if the passes of the mountains had been disputed by only a thousand resolute insurgents, the army might have been greatly embarrassed if not defeated. But they met no resistance either in the mountains or the infected districts. Bradford and a few others who had the most to fear, fled to the Spanish country on the Mississippi; others equally guilty, but less notorious, offenders sought security in sequestered settlements. "Not a dog wagged his tongue" against the army, which advanced to Pittsburgh and took up their quarters.

General Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, who represented the government, had his quarters soon thronged with informers, and those who had suffered from the insurgents, and sought compensation. A kind of inquisitorial court was opened, in which testimony was taken against individuals denounced for treasonable acts or expressions. Many of the informers, influenced by prejudice or malice, implicated those who had been guilty of no offence against the government.

After a few days spent in these "star chamber" proceedings, the dragoons were put in requisition, and the officers, furnished with the names of the offenders, proceeded with guides, of whom there was no lack, to arrest them. Such of the proscribed as apprehended no danger were soon taken, and, without any intimation of the offence

with which they stood charged, or time for preparation, about three hundred were carried to Pittsburgh. Here many found acquaintances and influential friends, who interposed in their behalf and obtained their immediate release; others, less fortunate, were sent to Philadelphia for trial, where they were imprisoned for ten or twelve months without even indictments being found against them. But few of the really guilty were taken, while many who had committed no offence against the laws, but unfortunately had fallen under the displeasure of an informer, suffered the punishment due only to the guilty. The following may serve as an instance.

A lieutenant of the army, while it was halting at Pittsburgh, visited his uncle in the vicinity, and accompanied him to a husking party, where, on using the term rebel as applicable to the citizens generally, he was rebuked by a respectable old man of the party. The officer replied insolently, upon which a young man (for young men in that day always felt bound to protect the aged) interposed and would have treated him with deserved severity had not my father begged him off. The officer returned to Pittsburgh, and the next day both of those who had offended him at the husking were arrested. The young man found friends who procured his liberation, but the old man, notwithstanding efforts were made for his release, was carried to Philadelphia and imprisoned for more than six months without trial.

I believe that but a single individual was tried—this was one of the mail robbers, who was convicted of treason and sentenced to be hung, but was finally pardoned.

The army remained at Pittsburgh only long enough to recruit from their fatigue, and receive their pay. Many of them, disgusted with a soldier's life, obtained their discharge and either settled in the country or purchased horses on which to return home. A few battalions only of the army were retained in the country through the winter; the remainder resumed their march and re-crossed the mountains.

In order more effectually to eradicate the insurrectionary spirit which had disturbed the country, a regiment of dragoons was enlisted for six months from such citizens as were well affected towards the government, and stationed in the several settlements. A detachment of this force was kept constantly in motion. Sometimes they accompanied the excise officers, who visited every distillery in the country. Some of them being situated in deep ravines, remote from traveled roads, had escaped the notice of the excise officers before the insurrection, but they were now brought to light, as there were informers enough to disclose all delinquencies. The excise law did

not impose a duty per gallon, but a specific sum computed on the capacity of the still for each month that it was licensed to run. Distillers every where submitted to this law, although their opinions of its justice or policy might not have undergone any great change. Those who had worked their stills secretly, or in open disregard of the law, were now compelled either to pay up or secure all arrearages before they could obtain license.

During the winter many of the most desperate of the agitators left the country. In the spring the military was withdrawn, and business resumed its wonted course.

The insurrection for a time threatened the most disastrous consequences, and if it had not been promptly crushed might have subverted the government; yet it was not without its advantages. Its suppression tested the patriotism of the people and their attachment to the constitution, points on which there had been much doubt both at home and abroad. The practical experiment of raising a large army by drafts of militia from several states, and marching them in an inclement season under great privations several hundred miles to suppress a revolt, was a most gratifying evidence that the government was founded in the affections of the people, and that however they might differ about the mode of its administration, yet the government itself would be sustained.

Nor was it the government alone that profited by the insurrection; the rapid growth of the country west of the mountains may be dated from that period. Although the country had for years abounded in stock and provisions, yet there was no home market where either could be sold for cash. There was but little money in circulation, and, of course, but little stimulus to industry. The price of a cow in barter was about five dollars, and of a good horse from ten to twenty dollars; wheat was about thirty cents a bushel. But the army created a demand both for provisions and horses, which increased their value from one hundred to three hundred per cent. Nearly a million dollars of government money was paid out in the country. Had western Pennsylvania been compelled to refund this amount as the penalty of her revolt, she would still have been a gainer. A large accession of settlers from the army greatly increased the price of land, money became plenty, and a cash home-market was established.

But the prosperity which resulted from the insurrection did not wipe away its reproach. The character of the people suffered greatly, and the more so as the actual causes of this insurrection were misunderstood and misrepresented. It has generally been believed that the western people were so devoid of patriotism, and so insensible to the

blessings of a free government, that they refused to be taxed for its support; and that they regarded whisky so necessary an article of consumption as to be unwilling to have its price enhanced by a duty. These opinions do them great injustice. Although the citizens generally were in the habit of drinking whisky, yet, strange as it may appear at this day, they were not drunkards. The custom of the country was to furnish whisky in harvest; and at all collections of neighbors to aid each other in log rollings, raising cabins, or husking corn, whisky was indispensable. The prevailing forms of hospitality could not be carried out without it. If one neighbor called on another to make a visit or do an errand, the bottle and a cup of water were invariably presented him, after being first tasted by the host, who drank to the health of his guest. Women treated their visitors with whisky made palatable with sugar, milk, and spices. It was used as a medicine in several diseases, and proved an unfailing remedy in some. Among laborers the bottle was passed around, and there was always some kind-hearted man to see that the little boys were not forgotten. Morning bitters were generally used, and a dram before meals. But this common use of liquor was not limited to western Pennsylvania, it prevailed in all the new settlements, if not over the United States.

There was nothing, at that day, disreputable in either drinking or making whisky. Distilling was esteemed as moral and as respectable as any other business. It was early commenced and extensively carried on in western Pennsylvania. There was neither home nor foreign market for rye, the principal grain then raised in that part of the country, and which was a profitable and sure crop. The grain would not bear packing across the mountains; a horse could not carry more than four bushels of it, but could carry the product of twenty-four bushels when converted into high wines, which found a market east of the mountains, and could be used in the purchase of salt, goods, &c. The settlers at an early day calculated that the whisky trade would become a great source of wealth to the country, when the right way to New Orleans should have been settled and that market fully opened to their produce. Monongahela whisky was reputed to be superior to any in the United States, and had the preference in every market. There was very naturally a general disposition to engage in distilling, as the only business which promised sure gain; and the people of western Pennsylvania regarded a tax on whisky in the same light as the citizens of Ohio would now regard a United States tax on lard, pork, or flour.

There were many aggravating circumstances calculated to render

the whisky tax odious, and to array the western people in hostility to the government. For years they had suffered unspeakable hardships and privations; the government had neither protected the frontiers from Indian massacres, nor paid the militia service of the settlers, and the western posts had been suffered to remain in possession of the British, contrary to the treaty of peace. Thus exposed and deprived of the advantages of peace, which were enjoyed by the rest of the United States, destitute of money and the means of procuring it, a direct tax appeared to them unjust and oppressive. Unjust, because they had not received that protection which every government owes to her citizens; oppressive, because the tax was levied on the scanty product of their agricultural labor, and was required to be paid in specie, or its equivalent, which could not be furnished. Whether these opinions were well founded or not, it is doubtful whether even the law-biding descendants of the pilgrims would have quietly submitted to the law under just such circumstances. The settlers cultivated their land for years at the peril of their lives. Like the Jews under Nehemiah, their weapons of defence were never laid aside; and when by extraordinary efforts they were enabled to raise a little more grain than their immediate wants required, they were met with a law restraining them in the liberty of doing what they pleased with the surplus.

The policy of laying a direct tax on the products of labor, found few advocates in the western country, and many violent opposers. It was contended that the tax on whisky was but the commencement of a system of taxation as odious and oppressive as that of the British government, which had given rise to the war of the Revolution, and that, if the system were carried out, independence would prove but an empty name. It was argued that if rye could not be converted into whisky without a license from government, wool could not be converted into a hat, nor a hide into boots without their special permission; and that it was against just such assumptions of power that the American people had rebelled, and had continued for seven years to pour out their blood freely rather than submit to the evils and degrading consequences of British taxation. They had fought for liberty, and not for a change of masters; and while the wounds they had received in battling against tyrants were scarcely yet healed, it is not astonishing that they should regard with abhorrence the swarm of government officers which every where beset them, spying into their domestic affairs, and demanding, with official arrogance, more than a tithe of their hard labor. This was too much to be borne by men who were imbued with the wild spirit of liberty which then per-

vaded our country. Whatever might have been the necessities of government, or however defensible the principle of direct taxation, a more critical time to make the experiment could not have been selected. Our whole country was agitated with political discussions. The political volcano which had broken out in France, and was sweeping over Europe like a sea of lava, threatening to overwhelm in its fury all forms of government, cast its frightful glare across the Atlantic, and so perverted the political vision as to make law appear like tyranny, and anarchy like liberty.



WILLIAM WHIPPLE'S LETTERS.

No. X.

Philadelphia, 14 *December*, 1778.

My Dear Sir—Since you left congress, Messrs. Jay and Duane have taken their seats. The first mentioned gentleman was last Thursday put into the chair, on the resignation of that worthy gentleman you left in it. I have so high an opinion of Mr. Laurens, that I must confess that I exceedingly regret his leaving the chair; however, I hope it is again well filled. Mr. Jay is a gentleman of acknowledged abilities and great application, and I have, therefore, no doubt that the business will be well conducted so far as it respects the president. The business of finance is in considerable forwardness; I hope in a few days more the present system will be finished by congress, and doubt not the states will do their part with alacrity. The tax will be very considerable, perhaps fifteen or eighteen millions; this seems a large sum, but when we consider the immense sum in circulation I cannot think it will be difficult to raise, provided it is justly proportioned.

Mr. Wheelock has been here with a number of applications, among which is one for money for the *Indian school;* this is not yet determined; another, that Riddle's regiment might be kept up; this produced an order that the regiment be immediately disbanded. He also brought a letter from a Joseph Marsh, a copy of which I have enclosed to the president, colonel Weare.

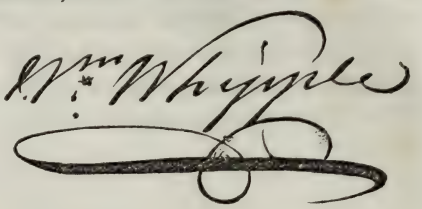
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The enemy have been up Hudson river with fifty transports, burnt a number of huts near King's ferry and returned. It is supposed they expected to find some provisions there, but they were disap-

pointed. By the last accounts from New York they still seem to be preparing to go off; but the season is so far advanced, I cannot believe they will go till spring. Our army is going into winter quarters.

I have much to say to you about some late publications, but time will not permit me to do so at present; I must therefore bid you adieu.

Yours, very sincerely,



Hon. Josiah Bartlett,
New Hampshire.

No. XI.

Portsmouth, September 23, 1776.

My Dear Sir—Your favor of the 3d instant did not come to hand until the 20th, owing, I suppose, to some interruption in the passage of the post through New York.

Our general court have issued precepts to call the house on the 21st December, and have adjourned to the first week in November. It is currently reported that congress have appointed a committee to confer with lord Howe; and, by what you write, I fear it is true. What purpose can this conference answer? I can conceive of none, unless it be to cause division among us—amuse the army and give the enemy an opportunity of taking some capital advantage—this, no doubt, is what his lordship has in view. He tells you he is vested with ample powers to accommodate matters, but cannot treat with congress. Who can he treat with? I believe that I may answer for him, that he will treat with any body that will apply to him for pardon. I must confess it grieves me that that body who are entrusted with the liberties of this extended continent, should be led by such phantoms; nothing that they can do will, in my opinion, lessen them more in the eyes of the public. I, therefore, wish it may not be true.

Those men who were taken in Canada with general Thompson, passed through this town yesterday. They made their escape in July, were some time among the French inhabitants, by whom they were very kindly treated. They came by Arnold's route to Kennebeck. It was reported before they left the French settlement, (which was about a month ago,) that general Thompson had sailed for New York.

A transport was sent in here yesterday by a small privateer belonging to Newburg. She was bound to St. Vincent, in the West Indies, with some others, for soldiers. She has on board twenty caldron of coals, and six month's provisions for one hundred men.

I heard from your family last Friday; they were then well. I shall set out in about twelve days, but suppose must go over Dobb's ferry, as it is probable the enemy have possession of York, at least that is the report here.

Yours, very sincerely,



HON. JOSIAH BARTLETT,
New Hampshire.

P. S. I this moment learned that a vessel is off the harbor bound for Newburg, twenty-nine days from Martinique. She sailed from thence in company with the Reprisal.

EXTRACTS FROM B. VAN CLEVE'S MEMORANDA.

IN March, 1792, I went a trip with boats to Fort Hamilton and returned in twelve days. A number of horses, belonging to the quarter-master, were sent to my old camp, three miles up Licking, to recruit, and I attended to them until the 10th day of May. In the evening of that day I was expected down to draw provisions. I arrived about dark. The quarter-master-general had determined to send me express to Philadelphia, and had been to my mother's and had my clothes packed up, a horse saddled, and every thing in readiness for my journey. I received my instructions from him and the commandant, and departed before midnight. The following are copies.

"The bearer hereof, Mr. Benjamin Van Cleve, being charged with public business at Philadelphia, all public officers and the good citizens of the United States are requested to aid and facilitate his journey, by furnishing him with such assistance as may become necessary. Given under my hand at Fort Washington, the 10th of May, 1792.

JA. WILKINSON, lieut. col. com.,
Commanding the troops of the U. S. on the Ohio."

"*Fort Washington, May 10th*, 1792.

"*Sir*—With the despatches you have in charge, you will proceed *on the most direct route* to Philadelphia. The forty dollars I have given you, I expect will be equal to your expenses; but if, through detention or by accident, it should prove insufficient, you will apply to the secretary of war, who will order you a further supply. You will write to me from Lexington and from the Crab Orchard, and particularly note the time you leave it, the company you go with, and

any other material occurrence. Your business must be communicated to no person whatever unless you want assistance, and in that case you will make use of general Wilkinson's letter. Call at my house in Philadelphia and take any commands from thence. I wish you a safe and speedy journey, and am,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

SAMUEL HODGDEN, Q. M. G.

Mr. Benjamin Van Cleve.

[The details of the journey are omitted. The "*most direct route*" from Cincinnati to Philadelphia, it will be perceived, was by Lexington, Ky., and the Crab Orchard! Thence, the route was by Cumberland river, Cumberland mountain, Powell's valley, Abingdon, Botetourt, Lexington, Staunton, Martinsburg, Va., Hagerstown, Md., York, Lancaster, Penn., to Philadelphia, on the 7th of June. On the 25th of July, he received despatches from general Knox, secretary of war, to general Wayne, at Pittsburgh, which he delivered on the 4th of August. On the 7th, left Pittsburgh for Cincinnati, by the river, and arrived on the 31st.]

REBUILDING OF FORT MASSAC.

May 16th, 1794.—Engaged in the contractor's employ. Started on the 24th, with two contractor's boats loaded with provisions, in company with a detachment of soldiers, consisting of captain Guion's company of infantry, and a sergeant and six men of the artillery under major Thomas Doyle, to descend the Ohio to within twelve leagues of the Mississippi, to the site of the old Cherokee fort built by the French and sometimes called Fort Massac. We also had with us eight Chickasaw Indians, on their way home. On the 29th, landed at Fort Steuben, opposite Louisville. Passed the falls on the next day, and remained until the 4th of June preparing the boats to resist attacks, by lining them in order to make them bullet proof. On that day major Doyle arrested captain Guion and sent him back. Mrs. Doyle was left at Louisville, and the expedition proceeded. The boats were ordered to keep in exact order: the major's boat number 1, his kitchen boat number 2, the surgeon's boat number 3, the artillery number 4, boat with hogs and forage number 5, Wilson's boat number 6, our own number 7, the Indians number 8, cattle boat number 9, lieutenant Gregg in the rear number 10. Our boat was heavily loaded and weak in hands, so that when all were rowing we could not keep up, and when all were drifting we outwent the others. We ought, perhaps, to have made a proper representation of these circumstances to the major at the time, but he had sustained the

character of being haughty, arbitrary, and imperious, so that he was called king Doyle, when he commanded the post at Hamilton; we therefore thought it would be of no use, and we kept the current at night, which sometimes took us ten miles ahead against morning. It would then take the other boats, with hard rowing, half the day to overtake us. The men, by that time, would be pretty much fatigued, and we could manage very well to keep our place until night. We generally received a hearty volley of execrations for our disobedience of his orders; we returned mild excuses and determined to repeat the offence.

June 8.—Passed the Yellow Banks. Three families had settled here. This is the first settlement below Salt river, and there are only two others below, the one at the Red Banks and the other at Diamond island station.

June 9.—Passed the Red Banks and Diamond island.

June 10.—Began to stop occasionally and cut pickets and put them on board, to be ready to set up on our arrival at Massac.

June 11.—Cut more pickets. Met a Mr. Sela and family and three young men going up from the mouth of Cumberland to the Red Banks.—They concluded to turn back with us. Passed the Wabash at dark. At Saline we observed a fire on shore and hailed, when two Canadian French hunters came to us with their canoes loaded with skins, bear's oil, and dogs. One of them had passed twenty-six years in the wilderness between Vincennes and the Illinois river. Before morning we found three others, who went along with us to hunt for us.

June 12.—Passed Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and landed at Massac in the evening. The soldiers put up pickets in a circular form at the upper corner of the old works, and brought up the artillery and ammunition, and we were in a good posture of defence before daylight next morning.

We were detained at Massac, unloading, &c., until the 3rd of July. On the 26th of June, a number of men enlisted in Tennessee, under officers commissioned by citizen Genet, the French ambassador to the United States, as they said; having nothing to do, they had volunteered to escort some salt boats from the mouth of Tennessee to Nashville, and through curiosity had come down to see us. Their real object, perhaps, was to examine our force and posture of defence. My comrades were acquainted with one of the men. They solicited us to go up with them, and, although it was a circuitous route, we concluded to take it, believing it to be the safest, and not knowing when another opportunity might offer for us to get home. Connor had a public rifle and went up to give it to the major. He cursed Connor, struck

him, and ordered him under guard; and, at the same time, ordered a corporal and file of men to bring us out of the boat to the guard house. The orders were given in our hearing. The corporal came with his guard into the boat, and, having been acquainted with me some time, delivered his orders to me. The major was walking backward and forward on top of the bank. With my gun in one hand and tomahawk in the other, and a knife eighteen inches long hanging at my side, dressed in a hunting frock, breechcloth and leggins, my countenance probably manifesting my excitement, I leaped out of the boat and with a very quick step went up the bank to the major. I looked like a savage, and the major, mistaking my intention, was alarmed and retired as I advanced. At length, as I approached him, he turned, and assuming a gentle voice and manner, bid me good morning. I stopped and paid him the same compliment and asked him if he wanted me. He observed that he understood we were going to leave him. He said his boat was going to start in eight days to the the Falls, to bring down Mrs. Doyle, which would afford us a better opportunity of getting home; that his party was weak and had hard service to perform in building the fort, and that we ought to stay until our boat was unloaded. I told him our instructions from the contractor were to return by the first opportunity, if it should even offer as soon as we had made our boat fast; that we considered that we were obeying his instructions, and that we had known of no other opportunity likely to offer. As his boat would afford a safer and more direct passage, I was willing to stay. By this time Gahagan, one of my comrades, was ascending the bank under the guard; the major told the corporal to let him go, and to discharge Connor, who was in the guard house. We accordingly staid until the major's boat started for the Falls, on the 3rd of July, and came that day above the mouth of Tennessee.

July 4.—Came some distance above Cumberland river.

July 5.—Came above the big cave in the rock. The sides were inscribed with a great number of names of persons who had visited it, some of them with the dates, a portion of them being quite remote.

July 6.—Passed the Saline and lay opposite the mouth of Wabash.

July 7.—Got to Diamond island station.

July 8.—Came to Red Banks.

July 9.—The weather unpleasant, and the company of the soldiers disagreeable. We determined to quit the boat and travel the residue of the way by land. Made preparations to set off in the morning. This place is a refuge, not for the oppressed, but for all the horse thieves, rogues and outlaws that have been able to effect their escape

from justice in the neighboring states. Neither law nor gospel has been able to reach here as yet. A commission of the peace had been sent by Kentucky to one Mason; and an effort had been made by the south-west territory (Tennessee,) to introduce law, as it was unknown as yet to which it belonged; but the inhabitants drove the persons away and insisted on doing without. I enquired how they managed to marry, and was told that the parties agreed to take each other for husband and wife before their friends. I was shown two cabins, with about the width of a street between them, where two men a short time ago had exchanged wives. An infair was given to-day by Mason, to a fellow named Kuykendall, who had run away from Carolina on account of crimes, and had run off with Mason's daughter to Diamond island station, a few weeks ago. The father had forbid him his house and had threatened to take his life, but had become reconciled, and had sent for them to come home. The parents and friends were highly diverted at the recital of the young couple's ingenuity in the courtship, and laughed heartily when the woman told it. She said she had come down stairs after all the family had retired, having her petticoat around her shoulders, and returned with him through her parent's room, with the petticoat around both; and in the morning she brought him down in the same manner before daylight. This Kuykendall, I was told, always carried in his waistcoat pockets "devil's claws," instruments, or rather weapons, that he could slip his fingers in, and with which he could take off the whole side of a man's face at one claw. We left them holding their frolic. [I afterwards heard that Kuykendall was killed by some of the party at the close of the ball. A few years afterwards, Mason and his sons, with some others, formed a party and waylaid the road between Natchez and Tennessee, and committed many daring robberies and murders.]

July 10.—Left Red Banks. Our company consisted of William Gahagan, Aaron Conner, a Mr. Overby, of Vincennes, and myself.

July 11.—Came to Green river about ten o'clock, and each made a raft, with an armfull of wood and a grape-vine, to bear our clothes and guns, and then, taking the vines in our mouths, swam the river, dragging our rafts after us. In the afternoon struck the Ohio at Hurricane island, and in the evening arrived at the Yellow Banks.

July 12, 13, 14.—Traveled through the wilderness nearly a due east course, and on the 14th arrived at Harding's station.

July 15.—Traveled forty miles to Mr. Van Meters, the first settler in Severn's valley.

July 26.—Arrived in Cincinnati. Some of the spies had come in

for ammunition, and solicited me to join them; but my feet were almost worn out, as well as my clothes. They were going to return on foot, and I was not able to stand the journey. I should have gone, if I had got home from Massac a few days sooner.

Taken sick on the 4th of August and laid until the end of the month.

B. Van Cleve

(To be continued.)

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN OHIO.

The following account of the first white child born in Ohio, we have received from under her own hand. She is the daughter of the Rev. John Heckewelder, whose early labors as a Moravian missionary among the Indians are well known. From the great accuracy of her memory, and from the beauty of her hand writing, as well as from her easy style of writing, we are led to hope for many an interesting narrative from our fair correspondent. Her narratives, we trust, will not embrace merely Indian history, in which her friends say she is a real proficient, but also many anecdotes relative to revolutionary and subsequent times. The readers of the Pioneer would, among other things, be much interested and instructed by an account of the rise, progress, and regulations of the town of Bethlehem, Pa., which, from the singular beauty of its police and arrangements, has always been an object of admiration.

Bethlehem, Pa., February 24th, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—Yours of the 31st ult., to Mr. Kummen, post master at this place, has been handed to me. I have not been in the habit of making much use of my pen for a number of years; I will, however, at your request, endeavor to give you a short account of the first four years of my life, which were all I spent amongst the Indians, having since lived in Bethlehem nearly all the time. My acquaintance or knowledge of them and their history, is chiefly from books, and what I heard from my father and other missionaries.

I was born April 16th, 1781, in Salem, one of the Moravian Indian towns, on the Muskingum river, state of Ohio. Soon after my birth, times becoming very troublesome, the settlements were often in danger from war parties, and from an encampment of warriors near Gnadenhutten; and finally, in the beginning of September of the same year, we were all made prisoners. First, four of the missionaries were seized by a party of Huron warriors, and declared prison-

ers of war; they were then led into the camp of the Delawares, where the death-song was sung over them. Soon after they had secured them, a number of warriors marched off for Salem and Shoenbrun. About thirty savages arrived at the former place in the dusk of the evening, and broke open the mission house. Here they took my mother and myself prisoners, and having led her into the street and placed guards over her, they plundered the house of every thing they could take with them and destroyed what was left. Then going to take my mother along with them, the savages were prevailed upon, through the intercession of the Indian females, to let her remain at Salem till the next morning—the night being dark and rainy and almost impossible for her to travel so far—they at last consented on condition that she should be brought into the camp the next morning, which was accordingly done, and she was safely conducted by our Indians to Gnadenhutten.

After experiencing the cruel treatment of the savages for sometime, they were set at liberty again; but were obliged to leave their flourishing settlements, and forced to march through a dreary wilderness to Upper Sandusky. We went by land through Goshachguenk to the Walholding, and then partly by water and partly along the banks of the river, to Sandusky creek. All the way I was carried by an Indian woman, carefully wrapped in a blanket, on her back. Our journey was exceedingly tedious and dangerous; some of the canoes sunk, and those that were in them lost all their provisions and everything they had saved. Those that went by land drove the cattle, a pretty large herd. The savages now drove us along, the missionaries with their families usually in the midst, surrounded by their Indian converts. The roads were exceedingly bad, leading through a continuation of swamps.

Having arrived at Upper Sandusky, they built small huts of logs and bark to screen them from the cold, having neither beds nor blankets, and being reduced to the greatest poverty and want; for the savages had by degrees stolen almost every thing, both from the missionaries and Indians, on the journey. We lived here extremely poor, oftentimes very little or nothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger; and the poorest of the Indians were obliged to live upon their dead cattle, which died for want of pasture.

After living in this dreary wilderness, in danger, poverty, and distress of all sorts, a written order arrived in March, 1782, sent by the governor to the half king of the the Hurons and to an English officer in his company, to bring all the missionaries and their families to Detroit, but with a strict order not to plunder nor abuse them in the

least. The missionaries were overwhelmed with grief at the idea of being separated from their Indians; but there being no alternative, they were obliged to submit to this, one of the heaviest of their trials. The poor Indians came weeping to bid them farewell, and accompanied them a considerable way, some as far as Lower Sandusky. Here we were obliged to spend several nights in the open air, and suffered great cold besides other hardships. April 14th, we set out and crossed over a part of the lake, and arrived at Detroit by the straits which join the lakes Erie and Huron. We were lodged in the barracks by order of the governor. Some weeks after, we left the barracks with his consent and moved into a house at a small distance from the town.

The Indian converts, gathering around their teachers, they resolved with the consent of the governor, to begin the building of a new settlement upon a spot about thirty miles from Detroit, on the river Huron, which they called New Gnadenhutten, and which increased considerably from time to time. Here I lived till the year 1785, when I set out with an aged missionary couple to be educated in the school at Bethlehem. We commenced our journey about the middle of May, and arrived at the latter place July 8th, after a very tedious and perilous journey—proceeding down the river Huron into lake St. Clair, thence to Detroit, and crossing Lake Erie to Niagara and Oswego, thence down Oswego river to Lake Oneida, thence down the Waldbah to Fort Stanwix. We then arrived at a carrying place at the Mohawk river, and proceeded to Schenectady; went by land to Albany, and then by water to New Windsor, and again by land to Bethlehem.

I fear my account has become rather too long and tedious. I am much obliged to you, sir, for the Pioneer, it is a most interesting work, and I wish I could but gain some patronage for you; but money is so scarce, there is at present no prospect.

It pleased me much what you said of the Indians, and I fully concur with you in the belief that if they were better known, as to their motives of action, &c., we would find them to be in the right where we believe them to be in the wrong. The Indians always were and are the wisest governors unless misled by the whites. They are indeed a noble race of men, far surpassing us, considering their uncivilized state. I wish you much success in your noble undertaking.

Respectfully yours,

Mary Heckewelder

NOTITIA OF INCIDENTS AT NEW ORLEANS, IN 1804 AND 1805.

As made at the time by JOHN F. WATSON, since the author of Annals of Philadelphia, and other publications. He has informed us that they were written originally as memoranda solely for his own eye, and therefore without regard to public inspection and criticism, as *notitia* of passing events, "which not e'en critics may criticise." The American Pioneer has introduced us to his acquaintance, and he has kindly, at our expressed wish, allowed us to make the following extracts. To those who may now know New Orleans in its present greatness and grandeur, it may show another "state of men and manners once." The same gentleman has preserved, until now, a quire book of folio cap paper filled with his manuscript *daily occurrences* from Pittsburgh to New Orleans in 1804, which we should be glad to use for our journal; but, as he says, we have so lately given the journal of Dr. Hildreth along the same waters, he would consider himself as the humble agent of "a twice told tale." We were pleased with this remark which prefaced his Diary:—"I intend this as a dedicated memento to my family, so that in case some of them go over these regions some forty or fifty years hence, they may remember their kinsman, and feel the force of this couplet—'Twill soothe to be where he has been, and please the eye too see what he has seen.'" We are, however, allowed to hope that he will yet permit its insertion.

We deem that from such chances as the present—of publishing from manuscript pages—that we prove the utility of our work as a journal devoted to gathering up and preserving from various contributors, those fragments too small for publication by themselves, and those reminiscences now fast passing away, which otherwise *would be forever lost!* Let others follow the example, and send us speedily their recollections, and whatever they know to be curious and surprising to the present generation. And we would further remark to the friends of the Pioneer, and of this experiment and unique enterprise, that without more patronage the work must sink at the end of the present year, and that at a heavy sacrifice by the editor.

Arrived at New Orleans, Saturday, 26th May, 1804. Take lodgings at Madame Fournier's at forty-five dollars per month. Am soon surprised to find in the streets unexpected acquaintances, such as lieutenant Reynolds, captain Carmack, and others of the marine corps; saw, too, Dr. Rogers, of Washington city, and lawyer Nicols. I find the city much larger and handsomer than I expected. All the houses are different from any that I have seen before, in their style of architecture and fabric—such quantities of shipping, too, are surprising. The streets are more alive with population, and there is an

out-door activity of business, that even now surpasses Philadelphia, from which I have come. The chief of the houses are of brick and plastered over smoothly with white mortar; few of them are above one story, unless they are public edifices; all are more decorated with ornamental work than any I have before seen. One story houses, however, have their ground-floor part so high as to make good store-houses. Almost all of them have galleries around them.

[Here follows some notices of the yellow fever, as sickening and killing sundry of his friends in the months of July, August, September and October; to which is appended the remark, that the disease seems to be as fatal to the Louisianians coming from the country as to strangers, but not to the natives who dwell in the place. He himself escaped sickness.]

November 4—The birth day of the king of Spain is celebrated with considerable pomp by the Spanish officers still here. The governor, Felch, of Pensacola, and suite, being here, they all go in procession to mass. Our governor, Clairborne, with his suite, joins therein. They all dine at the marquis de Casso Calvoi: a military band plays during the time of the entertainment. I had given my letter from general Wilkinson to general Felch soon after I arrived.

Ladies in this country never visit strangers *first*. All expect to be visited by the ladies newly arrived. Our ladies will not yield to this seemingly awkward position, and therefore they pass without native society. Gentlemen cannot visit young ladies often unless they declare themselves as intended suitors.

All floors here are scrubbed with brickdust. I have never seen or eaten any butter here!—it might be made. There is no copper coin in circulation; one can't buy any thing for less than a six cent piece, called a *picayune*.

We made our first parlor fire on the 9th November. At this time oranges first began to be sold perfectly ripe.

November 16th—captain Manual Corcia, of the Spanish army, taken prisoner here. December 10th—found my wash basin frozen with ice one-fourth of an inch thick; slept under two or three blankets and even felt cold—found ice in a gutter to slide on! Cotton begins to come to market in the middle of December. December 30th—found ice this morning. January 1—Ice again, and it hails a little. January 3rd—Ice again. ☞ They never see any *snow* here.

January 1—Gave a dinner to the officers of the garrison—colonel Freeman, chief commander, present; made it a cheerful occasion. The first part of January, three or four flatboats arrived from Charleston on the Ohio; were twelve weeks to three months in coming.

They had taken out half their cargoes to get over the falls. By their early arrival they sell their flour at twelve and a half dollars.

Masquerades have ceased here since eight or nine years past; but *sherri-varries* are still practised. They consist in mobbing the house of a *widow* when she marries; and they claim a public donation as a gift. When Madame Don Andre was married, she had to compromise by giving to the out-door mass three thousand dollars in solid coin! On such occasions the mob are ludicrously disguised. In her case there were effigies of her late and present husband in the exhibition drawn in a cart: there her former husband lays in a coffin, and the widow is personated by a living person, and sits near it. The house is mobbed by thousands of the people of the town, vociferating and shouting with loud acclaim; hundreds are seen on horseback; many in disguise-dresses and masks; and all have some kind of discordant and noisy music, such as old kettles, and shovels, and tongs, and clanging metals can strike out. Every body looks waggish, merry, and pleased. Very genteel men can be recognized in such a melee. All civil authority and rule seems laid aside. This affair, as an extreme case, lasted *three entire days*, and brought in crowds from the country! It was made extreme because the second husband was an unpopular man, of humble name, and she was supposed to have done unworthily. Their *resistance* to yield *any homage* to the mob, caused the *exaction*, and the whole sum was honorably given to the orphans of the place. [At a later period, Edward Livingston, esq., was *sherri-varried* here; on which occasion the parties came out promptly to the balcony and thanked the populace for their attention, and invited them to walk into the court-yard and partake of some of their prepared cheer. The compliment was received with acclamations and good wishes for many years of happiness, and the throng dispersed, none of the genteel partaking of any refreshment.] When a *sherri-varrie* is announced, it is done by a running cry through the streets, as we cry fire, fire! and then every man runs abroad, carrying along with him any kind of clanging instrument, or any kind of grotesque mask or dress. All this comes from an indisposition to allow ladies *two chances* for husbands, in a society where so few single ladies find even one husband! a result, it is to be presumed, of the concubinage system so prevalent here.

The carnival commenced the 5th January, 1805; an occasion of great processions and entertainments. The 10th, considerable hail and rain; the 11th, much ice—the rain cask bore four fifty-six pound weights on the ice! The 25th, appeared the first flood and drift wood coming down the Mississippi. The 28th, the river had risen five or

six feet. February 1, ice, supposed the last for the season. The river kept up for about seven days; is still higher than previous to the freshet. Flatbottomed boats get on once in a while. The trees begin budding about the last week of February. The first week in March the trees blossom. The river again rises fast. At the 8th of March the river is nearly as high as when I arrived in May last. The 11th of March was a very cold day; a north wind. Nankeen pantaloons have been worn by some from the first of March: I began to wear them about the middle of March, but occasionally it is too cold. After the first of April nankeen is in general wear. Only two boats of flour arrived before the 1st of April; several then came. The river was quite high. A flat boat arrived here from Charleston, Va., and five from Pittsburgh. About the 1st of April we first begin to use musquito curtains; only a few of these annoyers, (musquitoes,) then appeared in the night.

From the 10th to the 13th is the *Holy week*.—The scourging of Christ, his crucifixion and ascension, &c., are severally celebrated in the several days. On Thursday, all the Catholics visit the several churches to kiss the feet of Jesus, ("*le bon dieu.*") He appears setting, bruised, grievous, and crowned with thorns. Some kissed with great devotion and remained long on their knees. The lower class—the negroes, mulattoes, &c., sit and kneel in the aisles *on the pavements*, &c. Mothers bring their infants; some cry and occasion other disturbances; some are seen counting their beads with much attention and remain long on their knees; some are running over their *ave marias*; others of less devotion are seen whispering, and smiling, and careless. On Monday (the day of Ascension) the priest, with the host and an altar, issue from the cathedral and go round the Place D'Arms in solemn procession, chanting, crossing, and smoking frankincense. As the host is held on high, the people fall down and worship in the street; all walk uncovered. Each side of the pass is decorated with green boughs. The ladies, too, threw flowers from their balconies upon the altar as it was borne along below them.

The dearth in Louisiana has been singular. The evening of the 23d April we had a short rain, having had but one rain (on the 7th of March) since the 7th of February last. The soil gave many signs of approaching harm; it happened, too, that part of the season was usually the "rainy one." The musquitoes become general the first of June. The middle of June the river begins to fall. The storm of 20th June, at south-east, made the water much lower during the night, three feet at least. Next night as many more. Several vessels are left aground, and require much labor to get them off; all the

barges and flats are left aground, and several flats with their cargoes got sunk.

The summer of 1805 is excessively rainy. The ladies are beautiful in person, gestures, and action; all are brunettes; few are blue eyed or light haired; none have color in their cheeks, but none look unhealthy. Young ladies do not dare to ride out or appear abroad with young gentlemen; but ladies frequently ride abroad in a chair, (volante,) managing the horse themselves. Their volante carriages are very ugly. Often they drive mules, and sometimes horses and mules are driven three or four abreast. They usually drive in gallops; no trotting is seen. Ladies all dress their own hair without curls or ornaments. Girls are never forward or garrulous in conversation; they are all retired and modest in their deportment, and very mild and amiable. I have never seen a presumptuous talkative rattle-cap or hoyden here.

The heat is not oppressive; we have wind in the forenoons and afternoons; the mornings and evenings are cool. The thermometer at 93 is a common temperature: the inhabitants say this is a very hot summer. The retail groceries are generally kept by Spaniards, who are called Catalans, (from Catalonia, I suppose,) and seem to be great Jews in their trade.

The ladies appear seldom abroad before the evening; then they set at their doors or walk on the levee. This levee (the rising) is earth thrown up to keep the river out of the town, as a barrier in extreme risings of the water. Back of the town is a great extent of cypress swamp.

Two miles back from the town is a place called the Bayou, (the creek,) which is the head of a creek coming from the lake. There is there a good collection of houses and a place of public entertainment called the Tivoli, (a new affair,) at which is a ball once a week. Parties descend the creek to the lake to fish and bathe. There the water is salt. Crossing the lake is a pleasing and common excursion; it looks and feels much like going to sea. Many vessels come from Pensacola and other places, into this Bayou St. John.

New Orleans has four forts at the four corners of the town, and a levee entirely surrounds the whole place. The forts in the rear are going to ruin, but those in the front are guarded by soldiers. The public edifices have an air of grandeur and costliness. The government or governor's house is on the front street near the river. The military barracks range along the street fronting the levee. The public stores are two rows of two story buildings, of which I have the occupancy of a part. In the next street back, is the principal, or

town-house with the prison under the same roof. The great church is adjoining, and has two steeples in front; all are formed of brick, plastered white. Both of these last were presented to the king of Spain by Don Andre, (whose widow was before mentioned) that he might be created a marquis. Hewry, a rich man, and his widow now owns all the houses built round the Place D'Arms. The ball-room is a large *one story* wooden frame building, without any pretentions to show. The hospital is in the last street of the town, in the rear. Colonel Freeman, the American commander, is content to live in a *one* story house; it has, however, good rooms within. Houses in New Orleans have a pretty appearance, and display much taste. They have no trees to shade them; fig and orange trees are too low and small for shade. People generally live up stairs in the large houses, and rent out the lower part for stores. One large door supplies the place of entrance, window lights, and every thing; many houses have no glass lights.

There are very few high houses—the soil sinks with very heavy structures, and it is said they are afraid of hurricanes. In general they do not exceed two stories, and numerous houses are but one story, with high roofs to make bedchambers therein.

Sabbaths are not observed—all stores are open in the forenoon, and at night there are balls and sometimes plays, &c.

Lizards are common in the yards of houses, and on the fences, and on the projections of houses, &c. Houses have no cellars in any case; digging a few feet brings you to water, which is diffused from the river through the whole town.

I often see negroes put up for sale, and I see vessels loaded with them for sale also. In the latter they are made to dance and seem lively and healthy to enhance their value. They assemble in great masses on the levee on Sundays, and make themselves glad with song, dance, and merriment. "Light-hearted wretches!" in *them* the wind seems indeed "tempered to the shorn lamb." They *do* enjoy themselves!

The goods here are drawn in carts with very high wheels, which are never *tired* nor the axles *ironed*. They make much squeaking, and were so formerly ordered by the Spanish government to prevent smuggling.

There are still here many Spanish officers; they are not genteel in their appearance, or well clad; indeed they seem to have no military taste. There is one, a captain, who is said to be much like Washington, and because he has been told of it, he takes care to keep up his uniform, &c. When they go to church they all assemble at the marquis de

merry all the way. The Spaniards are very faithful in their pledges and promises—a sealed bag of one thousand dollars will pass many hands without counting and without fear of fraud, provided they know the hands. I must speak for the modesty and amiable diffidence of the young French ladies. They have a prevailing belief that *we Americans* are great drinkers; and I find myself somewhat in favor, because I am not found among those who love to revel and riot. Many of my countrymen have become degenerate and gross livers here ; several of them are *supported* by their concubines.

This is a simple people—they indulge in no extravagance of expense ; they are fond of gaity and dancing, but it is all cheaply done. The admittance to a ball is but a half dollar and the ladies go gratis. You there buy a cup of chocolate, or of "beef tea," or a glass of lemonade for six cents. The ladies' dresses are mostly of white muslin, and sometimes of silk of gay colors, but never costly, always neatly and modestly made. They aim at no exposure of person.

The *dashing* Americans, coming in daily, are affecting to raise extravagance among the simple and frugal inhabitants. Gigs and fine imported horses are seting up; gay furniture is also introduced. These are incipient innovations, destined to prevail in the end as an accompaniment to success, wealth, and pride. But, at present, the furniture here is plain and unpretending; the window and *door* curtains are of common white India muslins. I am constrained to perceive that *we* are proud, vain glorious, and ostentatious, compared with them. We are already great sticklers here, for our relative caste and rank; already we begin to aim at *select balls*, and to raise the price of admission *on ourselves!* But the minds of the French and the few Spanish here are not at all moved by such motives. They feel cordial and equal respect for all ranks and conditions who have good manners and deportment. 'Tis *good conduct* which rules with them.

The *boys* here never romp or riot in the streets at rude play. They all affect long coats and boots, and are studiously tout a faut, *petit maitres*, even from their earliest boyhood; wanton mischief forms no part of their character. The mischief of *our* boys is an *English* vice, an innate love of destruction!

The most of the ornamental part of female attire is made by themselves, always very neat and tasteful. They have a conspicuous hair jewel, or breast or waist buckle of gold, or rich beads, ornaments which last for a life. They, at no time, wear caps, turbans or bonnets! no bonnets are ever seen even in the streets! They cover their hair with a graceful veil.

I deem it a singular fact, that there is no such thing as a *lewd house* of frail women in the city of New Orleans! It will be our countrymen who will change this character when it comes to be changed. In the meantime we talk at home of the *wickedness* of the Creoles of New Orleans, because they have never been taught to make *the sabbath* a day of solemnity. They have, however, done all that their priests, as the rulers of their consciences, required of them. They have not "sinned against light and knowledge," as we "from the states" have often done.

The colored women have, in general, handsomer skin than the whites; they do not fade so soon, and yet many of them look as fair. These colored women have their weekly balls, (called quartroon balls) at which none but white gentlemen attend. Their whole deportment in them is chaste and civil.

If a gentleman determines to provide for a quartroon alliance, and the female is still young, he always applies to her mother, when he makes it a matter of regular negotiation. He is expected to provide furniture, a slave for the house-work, and sometimes a small house, all to be previously settled on the concubine. Many men have made such engagements, intending them to be temporary, who have become as much attached to the women and children as if formally married for life. They adhere to them and leave them all their fortune. None of these children, however rich, can divest themselves of their *caste*—they must do as their predecessors—the daughters can at most *settle* as their mothers before them. It is a miserable confusion of blood and rank which is thus instituted and perpetuated. I do not know of a single case of a white gentleman marrying any one of the concubines, but I know those who deplored their position.

They neither kill or sell any *veal;* they *skin* hog meat, and they sell beef with all the bones taken out; they sell all the fat part of the hog separate from the lean, and a single pound of meat is a common sale. They procure beef cattle from Apoulouses—feed them little when driving, finally swim them across the river at the city, and kill them in an open grass lot. They start fat, but grow poorer every day. In swimming them across, three-fourths of a mile, some of them drown, and others have to be helped. In selling most things in the market, they sit on mats on the ground; only the meat butchers have stalls. The market ground is by the river side, and small; nothing attractive in it, but the reverse.

There is nothing for which a northern man so much longs for here as a hill or rising ground. Wherever he goes through this perpetual *level,* he is continually reminded of *the absence* of a single elevation.

Casso Calvoi, and go thence in procession. The marquis has his own guard regularly on duty at his door! In passing the American guard at the town house, next the church, it is put under arms, and they and the drums salute the Spanish officers. The same attention is paid by our guard when the host passes at a funeral, with this difference, that in the latter case the guard ranges without arms and with their hats or caps off and in hand.

Very large black grasshoppers, called cheval du diable, or devil's horses, burrow in all the ground. They are, I believe, the same thing as craw-fish, or the shrimps which they use for food. They come up any where and every where in the night in the streets, making little chimneys of mud to mark their whereabouts.

None of the streets have pavements; and after a rain the black, loamy, greasy state of the earth, might make it easy enough of sleighing! It is wholly alluvial, without grit or stones. On such occasions we all walk on the long line of single logs, set at the line of the foot way as the water sewer. There is some fun in contending for this single walk in wet days!

Few persons swim in the Mississippi. Grown people bathe at home; children bathe themselves back of the town, in the flat ditches. Alligators occupy the river and scare men off.

Vegetables are very cheap and plenty. Few persons milk cows, although cattle are plenty and cheap. Horses here are very small and spirited; they live chiefly on cornblades, brought every day to market in bundles for six cents.

There are beautiful yellow women here; none have more ambition than to become the concubine of a white gentleman. They are content to live at an expense of about four hundred dollars a year. Many are so maintained. They make most of the clothes which are worn—they charge much less than the tailors do.

Shrimps are much eaten here; also a dish called *gumbo*. This last is made of every eatable substance, and especially of those shrimps which can be caught at any time, at the river side, by a small net. Cheap food and quickly had!

All the water drank and used for washing is brought from the river. It costs eighteen and three-fourth cents for drawing a hogshead; the water under ground is only useful in cleaning floors, &c. The burying-ground back of the town comes to water when digging to two or three feet. A sad contemplation!

The levee formerly was shaded with willow and orange trees. There are now but few of them left.

August 4.—I went out to the Tivoli entertainment. There was

a very brilliant assemblage of ladies engaged in dancing. This dancing seems strange in mid-summer! They began on the 4th of July. They have much of waltzing, and this dancing is continued every *Sunday night!* They have also fireworks and set off baloons, &c. The company generally *walk* to this place, though two miles distant! I have seen ladies of the best families of the town, full dressed and *riding in an ox cart*, going out to this place. This shows the state of simplicity belonging to the primitive manners here. None of them show vain-glorious pride—a lady never refusing any decent stranger who asks her to dance, even though he is without introduction. I have seen a very *genteel* tinman, a Frenchman, waltzing with the Spanish intendant's daughter more than once. This intercourse, *for the occasion*, imposed no necessity for being acquainted beyond the walls of the ball room.

All religion here seems to be exterior and formal. There is no such thing as public preaching. The gentlemen in general seem exempt from religious service—they give no attendance at mass. Visit the churches when you will, and the chief of the audience is formed of mulattresses and negresses—the chief devotees seem to be the concubines; in truth, they are a good race of women; they are faithful ones who never desert their *maris* (or supporters) in any case of adversity. They do not marry, because custom holds that to be odious; but *that* not being their fault, they are, in all respects, good as wives in general, frugal in their habits and innocent in their lives and deportment. It is a queer position! They are not unlike the worthy concubines of old.

The marshal, the harbor-master, the governor, and other *civil* officers wear a uniform. The watchmen are Spaniards. On the 2nd of October I saw the governor sworn into office. The French are the most *irregular* people at a funeral—they never go in couples, but all crowd nearest to the coffin and priests, going onward *en masse.*

The French, Spanish, and Americans here, keep very separate society. The Americans congregate much together, and the French, except in business, keep much aloof; but I enter into society freely among them, and find them very friendly and agreeable. With a Spanish family (Castinado, an officer,) I am made very friendly. I must say I like these people in many things, none more than in their exemption from art and guile. Let me cite one case. Being at the theatre one night when it came on to rain, the wife of the *sheriff* of New Orleans, and the daughter of a Spanish captain, both pulled off their silk stockings and gave them to me to carry, and, casting the skirts of their gowns over their heads, set off home *on foot*, making

It might even cheer his eyes and please his heart to see an artificial mound of rock and earth, as in China. He cannot even find a stone or pebble to cast at a bird on the road.

We perceived and felt another deprivation—it was a place of worship. It might seem strange, but it was so, that although we were wholly worldly men in our affections and habits, that *we felt* the absense of our former familiar places of worship, and almost longed as much to hear some of the "songs of Zion" as the captive Jews on the banks of Babylon. A cause like this operated strongly upon many of us, and when I had prepared the public mind to the subject, by sundry anonymous pieces in the daily journal, a town meeting was called; we found men without religious profession very cordial for an immediate creation of a place of English worship. The majority of us were of Presbyterian education, but when I advocated *church service,* because it was a less remove from the popish service to which all are familiar here, it was promptly preferred; and a committee was forthwith appointed to bring out Mr. Chase from New York to *begin* this new order of things. One of the persons most hearty in this measure was an elderly Scotch gentleman of fortune, who had a large family of respectable colored children grown up. I became acquainted with his interest in the matter by his earnest entreaty with the printer to be allowed to know the writer of some of these articles. He visited me, and with tears in his eyes said he would gladly contribute one thousand dollars to such a measure. The teachings of mothers in their nurseries, and at the fireside, are *powerfully* remembered in a foreign land—far, far from the familiar objects of home!

John F. Watson

MR. SHARP'S LETTER.

Warren county, Mo., March 3d, 1843.

Mr. Williams—I observe your correspondent mentions a Mr. Gist, or Gest, in Pioneer vol. ii. number ii. p. 59. I presume this was colonel Nathaniel Gist, of revolutionary memory. If I am not mistaken, he served as a captain in Washington's regiment during the old war, commonly called Braddock's war. In the year 1776, he was the British superintendent of the southern Indians, and was then in the Cherokee nation; and when colonel Christian carried his expedition into the Indian country he surrendered himself to him, and, although the inhabitants were so exasperated at him that almost every

one that mentioned his name would threaten his life, yet Christian conveyed him through the frontier settlements unmolested; and he went on to head-quarters to general Washington, where I suppose the former friendship was revived. He became a zealous whig, and obtained, through the general's influence, as was supposed, a colonel's commission in the continental army, and as far as I know served with reputation during the war. He afterwards settled in Kentucky, where he died not very many years ago. I well recollect of the friends of general Jackson here, boasting that a young luxuriant hickory had sprung out of his grave and was growing in honor of old hickory face, the hero of New Orleans. One of his uncles, also a colonel Nathaniel Gist, was uncle to my wife by marriage; and his younger brother, Richard Gist, lived a close neighbor to my father in the year 1780, and went on the expedition to King's mountain, and fell there within twenty-five or thirty steps of the British lines, of which I am yet a living witness.

In an early day, at the first settling of Mayo river, now Patrick county in Virginia, the Indians made a horrid breach in that settlement, but I am unable to name the year or month in which it happened. Several families were destroyed and a number of prisoners carried off. Richard Fulkerson, an uncle of my wife, and his family, with the exception of his wife and two small children, were killed; and, although I have seen both their children after they grew up, yet I cannot say by what means they escaped from the massacre. Peter Fulkerson, another of her uncles, and his wife and child, were taken prisoners. Fulkerson himself had escaped and was out of danger, but finding that his wife and child were taken, for their sakes he turned and went to the Indians and gave himself up. They were taken to Chillicothe, where poor Fulkerson suffered a painful, lingering death, by being burned for several days, as the manner of the Indians then was. His widow was afterwards stolen from the Indians and brought in by some man, but I cannot name him; and as for the fate of the child, whether it died, was left among the Indians, or what become of it, I cannot say. When the Indians delivered up all their white prisoners on the pacification after Wayne's campaign, there was one woman advertised for several months, who said her name was Fulkerson; she had an Indian husband and children, and was in great distress for fear she should be parted from them. She could give no account of her parentage nor where she was taken from, and, as no one appeared to claim her, she was permitted to return to the Indians with her husband. It is more than probable that she was Peter Fulkerson's child, especially as I think it was said to be a female. If you

could find any one that could give a full and correct narrative of this affair it would be worth recording, for mine indeed is a very vague one; but I know of no one to whom I can refer you for better information

In vol. II. number II. there are two small errors of the type in the battle on King's mountain. Page 67, for eat a *hearty* meal, read a *hasty* meal, for a hearty one it was not. Page 68, for 1133 prisoners read 1183. You see this has neither been copied nor well corrected, but I trust that you can make it out; but if not I can excuse you, for indeed it is as much as I can do myself. I was once a swift and fair writer, but those days are gone by; you must indulge the infirmities of age and do the best you can. When a person can neither see to make or mend his pen, nor has nerve to guide it when made, you must not expect fair writing.

I am preparing the history of another important expedition, from the Holstein country, which you will receive as soon as I can get it ready.

I send you a song by way of embellishment, if any production of mine can be said to embellish the Pioneer. If it please you it may be inserted, and if not you may lay it by and say nothing about it; that will never prevent me from subscribing myself,

Your most devoted, &c.

Benj. Sharp

THE TRUE-HEARTED FARMER.

TUNE—*Old Oaken Bucket.*—(*Kinloch of Kinloch.*)

Abroad as I roam, through country or city,
Through high life, or low life, of ev'ry degree,
The gay or facetious, the grave or the witty,
Alike have but slender attractions with me,
When I'm for the friend that will never deceive me,
Who steals my affections, I cannot tell how,
I instantly leave the gay circle, believe me,
And seek for the farmer that follows the plough.
The true-hearted farmer, the high-minded farmer,
The plain honest farmer that follows the plough.

The merchant may talk of his wares and his treasure,
The lawyer may prate of the suits he has gain'd,
The statesman, in scheming and finance take pleasure,
The warrior may boast of the fields he sustain'd;
Each one, if with prudence he fills up his station,
Ofttimes will be useful we all must allow;

But still the successful of all occupations
Depends on the farmer that follows the plough.
The hard-working farmer, the brown-handed farmer,
The plain honest farmer that follows the plough.

Ye fair, in whose bosoms some tender emotion
Impels you to wish for a change in your life,
Who long to experience, with ardent devotion,
The social endearments of husband and wife;
And wish for the lad that will never perplex you,
But still may be constant and true to his vow;
Fly, fly from the coxcomb, whose folly may vex you,
And wed with the farmer that follows the plough.
The sprightly young farmer, the handsome young farmer,
The kind-hearted farmer that follows the plough.

His fields and his meadows, his garden and dairy,
His flocks and his lambkins that frolic and play,
His orchards and woodlands, so gay and so airy,
All breathing the balmy sweet fragrance of May;
Amid such profusion of sweets he will meet you
With love in his heart and grace on his brow;
Such, such are the pleasures that ever will greet you,
If wed to the farmer that follows the plough.
The frugal young farmer, the healthy young farmer,
The kind hearted farmer that follows the plough.

Benj. Sharp

Head Quarters, Dayton, May 26th, 1812.

Captain Van Cleve's company of riflemen will march to the frontiers of the state, west of the Miami, under the direction and charge of colonel Holt. Colonel Holt will assist the frontier inhabitants in erecting block-houses in suitable places, and adopt any mode he may think best for the protection of the frontiers and the continuance of the settlements.

R. J. Meigs

Governor of Ohio.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

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We have some of the best that the world can produce.—Those of them who have paid us for the second volume are real patriots—they are the very soul of the enterprise. It is all due, and did those who are behind know how much we and our men suffer for want of what is due from them, and how much joy to our hearts, and energy to the enterprise, the reception of it would be, they would not keep back another day. All who shall have paid by the issue of the next number will have PAID marked on the cover.

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Editors

Who notice the numbers and publish the contents as received, and send us their paper, will be entitled to the Pioneer in exchange, and to extract from it for their papers. ☞ We make monthly lists of their notices by which each month we send the Pioneer in Exchange.

To Contributors.

All who possess historical information relative to the first settlement and successive improvement of any part of the United States, are asked to contribute. Our aim is correctness of narrative, more than elegance of style. Some have declined because they could not write as elegantly as some of our able contributors—this is wrong. We love good style, but where that is not to be had, let us have the facts, though they be clothed in ever so plain a dress. Let them come in their "working clothes," if they have no better.

To Artists.

Drawings of ancient American relics are wanted.—Let the representations be true. We set accuracy of representation before elegance of execution—both together are acceptable. A good drawing entitles the artist to a volume of the Pioneer for his labor.

Volume II., 1843,

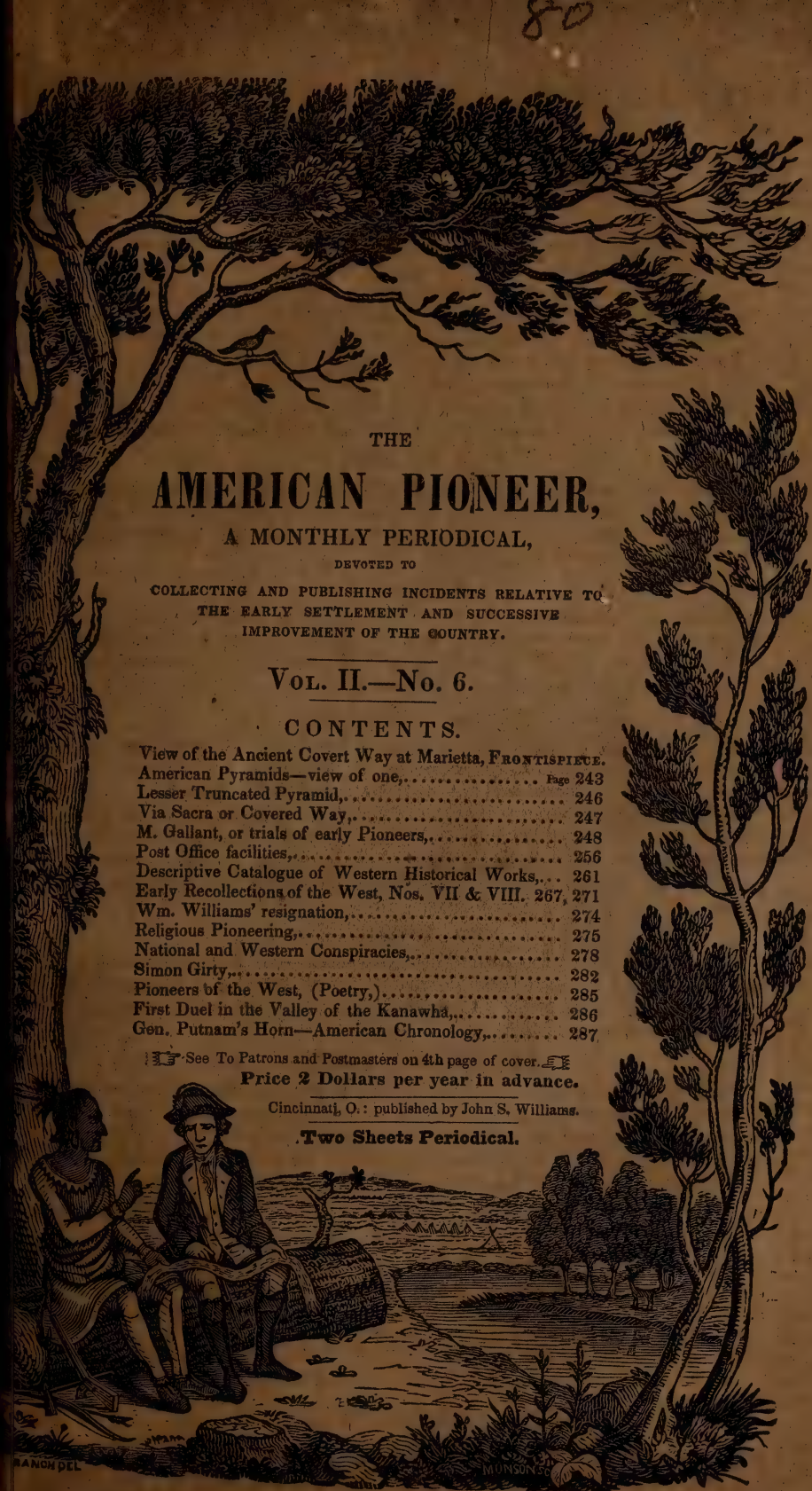
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A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

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VOL. II.—No. 6.

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THE LOWER PART OF ANCIENT COVERT WAY AS IT DESCENDS TO THE MUSKINGUM.

AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. JUNE, 1843. NO. VI.

PYRAMIDS AT MARIETTA.



[View of the ancient truncated Pyramid at Marietta.]

This beautiful specimen of the skill and good taste of that ancient race of inhabitants who once peopled the rich bottoms and hill sides of the valley of the Ohio, stands on the western border of that high sandy plain which overlooks the Muskingum river, about one mile from its mouth. The elevation of this plain is from eighty to one hundred feet above the bed of the river, and from forty to sixty feet above the bottom lands of the Muskingum. It is about half a mile in width, by three-fourths of a mile in length, and terminates on the side next the river by a rather abrupt natural glacis, or slope, resting on the more recent alluvious or bottom lands. On the opposite side, it reclines against the base of the adjacent hills, except where it is cut off by a shallow ravine excavated by two small runs, or branches, which head near each other at the foot of the hills. On this plain are seated those

ancient works so often mentioned by various writers. The main object of this article is to describe the two truncated pyramids, or elevated squares, as they are usually called. Since reading the travels of Mr. Stevens in Central America, and his descriptions of the ruins of Palenque and other ancient cities of that region, I have become satisfied in the belief, that these two truncated pyramids were erected for the purpose of sustaining temples or other public buildings. Those which he describes were generally constructed of stone, and the temples now standing on them are of the same material. He however saw some that were partly earth, and part stone. They are the work of a people further advanced in the arts than the race who erected the earth-works of Ohio; but that they were made by a people of similar habits and policy of government, there can be little doubt by any one who has taken the trouble to compare the two. It may be objected that they are too distant from each other ever to have been built by the same race. Allowing they were not of the same nation; yet similar wants, and similar habits of thinking, would probably lead to very similar results. But there can be no reasonable objection to their being erected by a colony from Mexico, where the same works are found as in Central America. Neither is there any serious objection to their being the parent tribe of the Mexicans, driven away southerly by the more northen and warlike tribes; and these the structures which precedes the more perfect one of stone. In Illinois there are similar earthen structures nearly one hundred feet high and three hundred in length. Broad, elevated basements of this kind were no doubt intended for the support of public buildings or temples, and must have been thrown up by the joint labor of the tribe for their general benefit.

While the structures of this character in the valley of the Mississippi were made of earth, and the superstructures or buildings which crowned them, of wood, those in Central America were built of stone, the imperishable nature of which has preserved them to this day. The wood has decayed and returned again to its parent earth hundreds of years since, while the clay on which the buildings rested, being also imperishable, remains to this day, bearing the outlines of the truncated pyramid in all its original beauty of form and proportion. The sides and top, where not covered with buildings, were probably protected from the action of rains and frosts by a thick coating of turf, which prevented the wasting action of these powerful agents of destruction. And when, in the course of after years, the primeval forest had again resumed its empire, that served as a further protection and preserved them in the state in

which they were found by the first white inhabitants of this valley. Our own opinion is, that these earth-works of the valley of the Ohio, were more likely to have been built by the ancestors of the Mexicans, rather than by a colony from that country. One principal reason is, that if they proceeded from Mexico they would have left some relics of their labor in stone, as the Mexicans worked the hardest varieties with their indurated copper tools, with great neatness and facility. Nothing, however, of the kind has been yet discovered, unless the sculptured impressions of two human feet in the hard limerock near St. Louis be samples of their skill in the use of metallic implements. Further researches and careful analysis of known facts may yet throw more light on this dark subject. Dr. S. G. Morton, of Philadelphia, who has spent several years in examining the skulls of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, collected from the mounds and cemeteries from all parts of this continent, has come to the conclusion that all the numerous tribes of dead and living Indians form but one race, and that race is peculiar to America. A few extracts from his discourse, delivered before the "Boston Society of Natural History," in April last, will show his views on this intricate subject.

"The same conformity of organization is not less obvious in the osteological structure of these people as seen in the squared or rounded head, the flatened or vertical occiput, the high cheek bones, the ponderous maxillæ, the large quadangular orbits, and the low, receding forehead. I have had opportunity to compare nearly four hundred crania, derived from tribes inhabiting almost every region of both Americas, and have been astonished to find how the preceding characters in a greater or less degree pervaded them all." "This remark is equally applicable to the *ancient* and *modern* nations of our continent, for the *oldest skulls* from the Peruvian cemeteries, the tombs of Mexico, and the mounds of our own country, are of the *same type* as the heads of the most savage *existing tribes.* Their physical organization proves the origin of one to have been equally the origin of all." "In fine, our own conclusion, long ago deduced from a patient examination of the facts thus briefly and inadequately stated, is, that the *American race* is *essentially separate and peculiar;* whether we regard it in its physical, its moral, or its intellectual relations. To us there are no direct or *obvious links* between the people of the *old world* and *the new;* for even admitting the seeming analogies to which we have alluded, these are so few and so casual as not to invalidate the main position; and even should it be hereafter shown that the arts, sciences, and religion of America can be traced to an exotic source, I maintain that the organic character of the people

themselves, through all their endless ramifications of tribes and nations, prove them to belong to *one* and the *same race, and that this race is distinct from all others.*"

"This idea may, at first view, seem incompatible with the history of man as recorded in the sacred writings. Such, however, is not the fact. Where others can see nothing but chance, we can perceive a wise and obvious design displayed in the original adaptation of the several races of men to those varied circumstances of climate and locality, which, while congenial to one, are destructive to the other. The evidences of history, and the Egyptian monuments, go to prove that these races were as distinctly stamped three thousand and five hundred years ago as they are now; and, in fact, that they are coeval with the primitive dispersion of our species."

But to return to the description of the truncated pyramid, a figure of which stands at the head of this article. The spectator is standing on the top of one of the earthen parapets which form the walls of this "ancient city," within which the pyramid is situated. It is distant less than one hundred yards, north-easterly, from the opening of the "via sacra," or covered way, which leads down to the Muskingum river; a drawing and description of which also accompanies this article. The dimensions are as follows:—The form is a parallelogram, one side of which is forty yards and the other sixty-five yards; the longer direction is southerly. The height is four yards, or twelve feet, above the adjacent surface of the plain; a regular glacis or avenue of ascent is thrown up on each side near the centre of the work; these are ten yards wide and eighteen yards long, rendering the ascent very easy. The foot of the south glacis terminates directly opposite to the north wall of the "via sacra," which is about one hundred yards distant. The top of the pyramid is entirely level.

Lesser Truncated Pyramid.

This work is seated near the south-east corner of the "ancient city," distant about forty rods from the larger one. Its dimensions are as follows:—Fifty yards long by forty-five yards wide; its height is eight feet above the surface of the plain. It has a glacis or avenue of ascent on three sides only, viz. the north, west, and east. Those on the west and east sides are not in the centre, but near to or only nine yards from the north side: that on the north side is near the centre. On the south side there is a recess or excavation in place of a glacis. It is sixteen yards long, and ten yards wide, and eight feet deep. This opening was probably covered by the building which stood on the pyramid, and formed a dark or secret chamber, in some

way connected with their religious rites. The other three glacis are each ten yards wide and sixteen yards long. The whole is in fine preservation, and coated over with a nice turf of native grasses.

"Via Sacra," or Covered Way.

[See Frontispiece.]

This work, which exceeds all the others in magnitude of labor, is finely represented in the drawing. The observer is standing a little past the middle of the work towards the upper end of the way next to the truncated pyramid, and facing upon the Muskingum river, which runs at the foot of the little ridge between the trees figured on its banks. On the opposite shore are the Harmer hills. This road or way is two hundred yards long, and proceeds with a very gradual descent from near the western parapet walls of the city to the present bottom lands of the Muskingum. It is supposed that at the period of its construction the river ran near the termination of the road; but this is quite uncertain. It is fifty yards or one hundred and fifty feet in width, and finished with a regular crowning in the centre like a modern turnpike. The sides of this ancient "Broad-way" are protected by walls of earth rising in height as they approach the river, commencing with an elevation of eight feet and ending with eighteen feet on the inside; on the outside the wall is about seven feet above the adjacent surface in its whole length; the increased height within, as it approaches the river, being made by the depth of the excavation in digging away the margin of the elevated plain to the level of the Muskingum bottom lands. The average depth of the excavation in constructing this avenue, may be placed at ten feet, which will make one million of cubic yards of earth to be removed in constructing this grand way into the city. This earth was probably used, as we see no other source from which it could come so readily, in the erection of the larger truncated pyramid, and a portion of the adjacent walls of the "fenced city." But as this would consume but a small portion of the earth removed, the balance was probably used in constructing a quay for the convenience of their boats. The earth from which the pyramid is made, was apparently not taken from the immediate vicinity, as there is no appearance of holes, or sunken spots, or vestiges of any earth being removed.

The transportation of this earth must have been an immense labor, as there is no probability that the inhabitants had any domestic animals to assist them in the work. The supposition is, that it was carried away in baskets on the shoulders of the men and women, a distance of one or two hundred yards, and placed where we now see it.

This mode of removing earth is still practiced by several rude nations. The population of this ancient city must have been very considerable to have required so broad an avenue for their ingress and egress from its gates.

Traces of their hearths may yet be seen by digging away the earth in the inside of the parapets or walls, along the borders of which their dwellings would seem to have been erected. Numerous relics of copper and silver have been found in the cinders of these hearths. They are generally in the form of ornaments, rings of copper, or slender bars of copper that had been used as awls. In the mounds have been found several curious articles of metal. The bowl of a brass spoon is in the possession of the writer, taken from one of the parapets in the north-west corner of the old city, at the depth of six feet below the surface. Large quantities of broken earthen-ware was found when Marietta was first settled, lying on the surface, and especially in the bottom of an excavation called "the well," about one hundred yards from the lesser pyramid in a southerly direction. It was sixty or eighty feet wide at the top, narrowing gradually to the bottom like an inverted cone, to the depth of fifty feet. Numerous fragments of broken vessels were found here, as if destroyed in the act of procuring water from the well.

S. P. Hildreth

M. GALLANT, OR TRIALS OF THE EARLY PIONEERS.

In the fall of the year 1794, after the defeat of the Indians by general Wayne, Messrs. Elliot and Williams, two of the contractors for supplying the army with provisions, bargained with Messrs. C. Green and R. J. Meigs, jr., who then kept a retail store in Marietta, for two boat loads of corn, to be delivered by them at Fort Washington, or Cincinnati.

The boats were built at Waterford during the summer, and one of them was loaded at that place and the other at Marietta; both of them with the produce of the labor of the industrious and brave men who had cultivated their fields amidst the dangers of the Indian war, and raised not only enough for their own support, but a considerable surplus for transportation. These boats when loaded were put under the charge of Matthew Gallant and five other men, being three men to each boat. They left Marietta in October, but owing to the low stage of water at that season of the year, their progress was slow,

and the boats grounded on the bar at the head of Belville island, about forty miles below Marietta and five miles below the settlement and garrison of Belville. While lying here, Gallant and his men spent their time in hunting and in visiting the settlers at Belville, whom they assisted in husking their corn; and before they again got afloat, which was two weeks after they grounded, they had become quite familiarly acquainted with the hardy borderers of that place.

As they floated along past "Graham's station," about forty miles below, they were not a little startled at the spectacle of hearing the groans and seeing the bleeding bodies of one or two wounded men, whom they were landing from the mail packet, that had been fired into by the Indians as it was ascending the river a few miles below. The mails between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati had been carried by water ever since the war began; but until now they had escaped without any serious injury.

It was late in November when Gallant with his two boats reached Fort Washington. Here the men found employment at high wages, in working for the contractors, and remained through the winter till the fore part of February. As they all lived in the vicinity of Marietta, they concluded to make their upward voyage in company. They bought a canoe and put on board such provision as they needed, with an axe, and a stout iron pot for cooking their food. It was the only route by which they could return, as the Indians still continued their depredations, notwithstanding the success of general Wayne. It was hazardous traveling in any way, but the least so by water. From recent rains the river was quite high, and their progress slow, averaging only from ten to twelve miles a day. No one can imagine, unless he has tried it, the labor of paddling a canoe against a strong current, around the fallen tree tops, which stretched out four or five rods from the shore and caused a rush of the water like that of a mill race. It also required not a little experience and caution in this kind of navigation to avoid the upsetting of the canoe in making the sudden turn round the top, or that of losing the headway of the boat and falling back again to the point from which they started in making the attempt. Not unfrequently more than one trial was made before the difficulty was surmounted. At night they encamped on the Kentucky or Virginia shore, sleeping on their blankets in the open air before a large fire. In this manner they labored along through many a weary day, sometimes almost ready to give up in despair, but were encouraged to proceed by the cheerful air and lively songs of Matthew Gallant, whose indomitable courage and perseverance nothing could cast down or overcome.

The day before they reached Graham's station, the ice began to run in the river so as greatly to impede their progress. Previous to this the weather had been mild; they however succeeded in reaching the station, by which time the ice was so thick that further progress by water was hopeless. Here they called a halt and a council of war, at which it was decided to leave the canoe and travel by land on the Virginia shore to Belville, distant about forty miles, and from thence to Marietta. At Graham's station was a block-house and stockade, with two or three families, and was the only inhabited spot between the mouth of the Big Kenawha and Belville. Their stock of food from Cincinnati was now exhausted, and they could only get a scanty supply at this place; but as they thought the journey could be accomplished in two or three days they did not need much. One bacon ham, with a little bread, in addition to what game they could kill on the way, they supposed would be an ample supply. For this purpose they had one rifle gun and an old musket, owned by Gallant, with a good stock of ammunition. They had also an axe for felling trees across the smaller streams, and for cutting up old dry logs into pieces for rafts to cross the large creeks, and a light tomahawk. The party consisted of Matthew Gallant, aged about forty-five; Daniel Convers, a young man of twenty; Sylvanus Olney, about five and twenty; Starks, a young man in the prime of life; Gardner, past the middle age, and one other whose name is forgotten.

Each man folded his blanket into the form of a knapsack, in which was placed his clothing and from thirty to forty dollars in silver, the avails of their labor while in Cincinnati. The rest of the baggage was divided as equally as could be conveniently done amongst them. Gallant, in addition to his other baggage, had about three hundred dollars in silver, a part of which belonged to his employers, that he carried in a tin box inside his blanket, and a stout old musket. As they were about to start, the question arose, what should be done with their cooking pot? The general voice was for leaving it with the canoe, as they could cook their meat well enough by their camp fire for the short time they should be out before reaching Belville. But Gallant insisted on taking it along, saying, the old pot which had furnished him so many good meals should not be deserted; so by the help of a stout leather-wood thong he strapped it to his back on the top of his blanket, making in all a load of not less than fifty or sixty pounds. The night before they left the station, it rained very hard; and the following day it snowed, rendering the traveling deep and laborious. They advanced but a few miles the first day, and camped for the night. Before morning the wind changed to the north and the

ground was suddenly frozen; heaving up, in the loose porous soil of the bottoms, into a kind of honey-comb texture, that gave way under their tread, while at the same time the sharp edges of the crystaline structure cut away the leather of their shoes and moccasons so rapidly, that in a few hours it wounded their feet.

On the second day at night, the small stock of food they had with them was exhausted, and the man who carried the rifle gun and ammunition was so careless as to lose the bullet-pouch, and lead in the course of the day, so that what powder they had was likely to be of little use to them. Thinking, however, that they might make some bullets out of the pewter buttons on their clothes, they cut them off and melted them up, casting a few balls for the rifle. This gun carried about one hundred and twenty to the pound, and when they came to try their effect on the turkeys, it was found they were too light, and that they would not kill anything at the ordinary distance, while the noise of the frozen snow-crust prevented their getting very near to the game. Cut off from this resource, their only chance now from actual starvation was to hurry along as fast as they could to Belville.

The third day they reached Mill creek, which was the largest water course they had to cross. Here Starks, their axeman, felled a tall slender tree across, and made the attempt to go over first. But as misfortunes seldom come single, when he had reached the middle of the stream his weight bent the tree into the water so deep that the current swept him under; and in his struggles to save himself from drowning, by clinging to the branches, the axe dropped from his hand and was lost. By great exertions he however saved himself and got over. No one dared to make the attempt to follow, and as the axe was lost and no stouter tree could be cut, they had to travel up the stream for a long distance till they could ford it with safety. The weather was so cold that their clothes were frozen directly after, and they had to move as briskly as possible to keep from freezing themselves. That night they had great difficulty in protecting their limbs from the effects of the cold. The snow and frozen leaves had first to be scraped away before they could kindle a fire; and this was accomplished with no little trouble, as they had not the advantage of modern lucifer matches, by which a fire may be kindled with ease at any time, but their fire was taken from a flint and the back of an old jack-knife, struck on to a piece of punk or rotten wood, and kindled with dry leaves and sticks picked out from some hollow tree or under a log. When the fire was finally got under way, after much blowing and many painful efforts, they gathered a parcel of brush or small bushes, on which to spread their blankets to keep them from the fro-

zen ground. Having nothing but the little tomahawk to cut their wood, their chief dependence for fuel was on the broken chunks of branches that lay scattered about in the snow. This scanty supply was usually exhausted before morning, and the latter part of the night was passed very uncomfortably from the effects of the cold on their poorly protected bodies. Besides, they were so greatly fatigued with the day's march that they had no heart to spend much time in looking for fuel. Their progress thus far had been very slow; they not having approached any nearer to Belville by the fourth day at night than they had expected to have been on the second day at noon. From the hilly formation of the country they were traversing, being a portion of what is now Jackson county, Va., the creeks and small streams of water were very numerous. Such as were of any size they were obliged "to head," as it is called in backwoods phrase, or travel up on the lower side until they approached so near the head as to be able to ford them without getting very deep into the water. From this cause they sometimes lodged at night in sight of the camp fire they had left in the morning, traveling hard all day to gain a distance of less than a mile.

By the fifth day they began, especially the more feeble ones, to feel the effects of a want of food, having been three days without anything but a few fragments of bread or scraps of meat. They were often tantalized with the sight of game, which was plenty, both deer and turkeys, but their want of ammunition prevented their profiting by it. As they traveled slowly along, with the hardy old Matthew at their head, leading the way with the dinner pot gallantly mounted on his shoulders as a beacon by which to steer by, he would occasionally break out into one of his old revolutionary snatches and sing a stave or two at the top of his voice; then gradually fall off into a low whistle, and finally encourage them with some old proverb, and the hope of better times in a day or two.

As they journeyed painfully along, Gallant directed the men to keep a look out at every old rotten tree for bits of punk and dry fragments that would ignite readily from the spark of the flint, with which to kindle the fire at night. These they tucked into their blankets or bosoms of their hunting shirts and took with them, as it was generally evening before they encamped for the night, and too dark to look for such materials. By these precautions, and an unceasing flow of spirits, he was undoubtedly the means of preserving the lives of several of the party, who without him would have flagged and given up in despair. He told them he had often been in the same or a worse predicament before, and could go a week without food, and

so could any other man if he would only think so. About the sixth day they traveled later at night than usual, and it was quite dark when they began to prepare for the camp fire. In the attempt to strike the life-giving spark from the flint, it dropped from his hand amongst the leaves and snow. Gallant bid them all stand still and not move a foot till it was found, lest they should trample it in the earth. After a fruitless search of ten minutes, some of them began to utter fears of despair, saying they were now certainly lost, as they should freeze to death before morning. He told them not to fret, for he would recover it if he had to find it by picking up a single leaf at a time. It was truly a fearful moment, for it was their only flint, and their sole dependence for a fire and for life rested on this poor little bit of a stone. At length it was found, and a more lucky collision brought forth the kindling spark, and soon a cheerful blaze dispelled the more immediate fear of perishing.

Every night, before going to sleep, Gallant would step out a few rods from the camp and hide his tin box of dollars, under some log or at the foot of a tree, saying, that if they were attacked by Indians they should not have the pleasure of pocketing his money. At night he sometimes made a supper of spicebush, chewing the twigs and swallowing the juice, saying it was better than nothing.

As the river still continued full of ice and there was no prospect of relief from boats, as they could not run, they concluded to leave the bottom grounds, on which they had hitherto traveled, and take to the ridges; as by this course they would avoid the annoyance of the creeks. After trying it for half a day, the project was abandoned, as no one of them was acquainted with the country, and they might get lost; whereas, by keeping in sight of the river there was no danger of this calamity.

About daylight on the seventh night they were alarmed by the sound of footsteps on the frozen snow, approaching their camp. The more timid were certain it was Indians, and old Mr. Gardner was sure they should be killed and scalped. Gallant was quite vexed at his disturbance and at being waked from a sound sleep, and told him he was an old fool, and to lie still; as for himself, he said, he had as lief be scalped as not. Others consoled themselves with the thought that if they were taken by the Indians they should get some food, and it was better to run that risk than certainly to starve to death, as the prospect now was that they should do soon. The alarm proved finally to have been made by the steps of a bear or deer, and they rested unharmed till morning.

By the eighth day the strength of most of the party were exhaust-

ed, with the exception of Gallant and Convers. The former did not seem to mind or feel the want of food any more than any ordinary man would who had been without eating for a single day. Daniel Convers also bore the privation with great spirit, and all the hardihood of an Indian; he had been a prisoner with the savages when only sixteen years old, and had then been a full week without eating; he was now several years older, and better able to bear privation. The situation of the party was truly deplorable. Nearly all of them had frozen their feet more or less badly, their shoes and moccasons were all cut through with the frozen ground, and their feet lacerated and bloody. One of their number, whose name is forgotten, had with him a pair of shoes besides his moccasons; these he put on over the latter, thinking to keep his feet very warm; but this man was more frozen than any of the others. He was a faint-hearted, cowardly creature, which probably served still more to enfeeble him, and aid the action of the frost on his extremities. The starving condition of the men served greatly to aid the depressing effects of the cold on their enfeebled bodies. Had the weather been warm, they could have borne the privation of food much better. It has been recently ascertained by Liebig, a celebrated physiologist and chemist, that animal heat is kept up by the action of the oxygen we breathe on the carbon of the food we eat; and, as animal substances contain more carbon than vegetable, man needs more fat meat in winter than in summer, to keep up the strength and supply the waste of heat from our bodies by the action of the cold air of that season upon them. Man not only needs more food in winter, but he requires animal food. Cold and hunger are two of the most enfeebling agents on the human frame, and these poor wanderers were exposed to their full power. How wonderful that any of them should have survived so severe a trial!

On the eighth morning, soon after quitting their camp, they came in sight of the lower end of Belville island. It was a welcome recognition to old Matthew, as well as to the rest of the party, as there was now a prospect of speedy relief. They had been six days without a single mouthful of food. The creeks they forded for the last two days were frozen, but not strong enough to bear them, so that the ice was broken before them with poles. Cold and starvation had nearly worn out their strength, and one more day would probably have destroyed the larger portion of them. The view of the well known island infused new life into them, and Gardner, Starks, and Olney concluded to push ahead to Belville and give notice of the approach of the others. Gallant and Convers remained with the poor fellow who was so badly frozen, and who had ceased all further exertion at the prospect

of relief, and lay down on the ground. Gallant pulled him up, cursed him for a fool, and threatened to shoot him on the spot, actually cocking his old musket, without a flint, at him. He said he never had left a man alive in the woods and never would, and he should go on or be killed. Finally, by dint of coaxing and scolding, he got the fellow on to within a short distance of the station, when the settlers came out to his aid.

Before leaving him, he had given his companions a strict charge to be cautious how they indulged in eating, for it was very dangerous after so long a fast. He told them to eat a little mush and milk, or some very light thing, and that very slowly at first. They, however, disregarded his advice; and when he came in, three hours after, he found them all very sick, and either vomiting or in severe pain like the colic. For himself and Convers he ordered a quart of whisky and some mush and milk; and so alternately he would sip a little of the one and eat a little of the other. In the meantime he was walking from cabin to cabin, chatting and talking with the men, laughing and shaking hands with the women, whom he had seen in his trip down in the fall before. With great *sang froid*, and by way of bravado, he still kept his pack and old dinner pot slung at his back; and although repeatedly urged by the females to take it off, would answer, "Oh, by and by," "No matter just yet," "La! it is nothing when once you get used to it." In this manner, for at least two hours, he paraded the old pot, greatly to the wonder and admiration of the inmates of Belville castle, especially when they learnt from his companions how far he had already carried it. At length, having satisfied his appetite for food and for whisky, he laid aside his load and stretched his brawny limbs on his blanket before the fire.

After resting two days with the hospitable borderers of Belville, they were all able to travel but the one who was so badly frozen. He was confined there a month, but finally recovered with the loss of some of his toes. When they left the station for Marietta, the streams were strongly frozen over and the rest of the journey was comparatively easy, as they could get food at the settlements on the way. Gallant again mounted the old pot and brought it in triumph to Marietta. He was about five feet ten inches in height, stout built, very quick and active in his motions, dark hair and complexion; black, piercing eye; aquiline nose; of a lively, cheerful disposition, a great talker and fond of story telling. He had been a soldier in Lee's legion during the war, and had seen much hard service; his face and arms were seamed with scars from sabre cuts received in his

different actions with the British cavalry. He joined the settlement at Waterford during the Indian war, and was a native, it is supposed, of Virginia. By nature he was fitted to dwell on the frontiers and brave all the hardships incident to such a station. Soon after the North-west territory became a state, he thought the population was getting too thick, and he emigrated farther west, where there was more room for deeds of hardihood and romantic exploit.

[NOTE.—Colonel Convers, one of the party, is still living in a fresh and vigorous old age at Zanesville. He was one of the earliest settlers in the Muskingum valley, and has been spared to see that beautiful region transformed from one vast forest, tenanted only by wild beasts and savages, into a civilized country, clothed with farms and dotted with villages.]

A. P. Stilwell

POST OFFICE FACILITIES.

Auditor's Office, Post Office Dep't., March 28, '43.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.,

Sir—William Goddard was kindly and enthusiastically received in New York and in the towns and cities he visited in New England. His plan was liberally patronised in Boston, Salem, Portsmouth, Newbury, and Newburyport. A subscription paper was opened at New London, Connecticut, on the 4th of April, 1774, to sustain the constitutional post office plan, and to unite with the southern, and other colonies, to resist British oppression.

A correspondent in Philadelphia addressed two letters to his friend in Williamsburg, Va., in April and July, 1774, professing to unite with others in desiring to put down the British American post office establishment, which he denounced as an infringement upon the liberties of America; yet he had no confidence in Mr. Goddard, and he differed from all others as to his success at the eastward, and as to his fitness to mature a measure that would improve the one then in existence.

A report was circulated in New York, in May, 1774, that the principal merchants in Philadelphia had withdrawn their subscriptions from the constitutional post office, which was affirmed not to be true. To affect the establishment injuriously, it was reported that Mr. Stinson, the undertaker to carry the mail between Philadelphia and Baltimore, had absconded with a large sum of money which had been entrusted

to his care. This was denounced as a misrepresentation, and it was asserted that Mr. Stinson was a man of property and character, well known and respected in Philadelphia. It was admitted, however, that a constitutional post rider by the name of *Bryan* did abscond with money in the mail, or which had been entrusted to him. This *Bryan* was denominated a villain, and was undoubtedly the first mail robber in the United States.

A gentleman in London, who was ardently devoted to the success of the colonies in their resistance to the oppressive measures of the king and his ministers, on the 10th of February, 1775, wrote to his friend in New York; and after informing him that all hopes of conciliation between England and the colonies were at an end, that fleets and armies were put in requisition, and that arms were shipped for seventy-eight thousand men; and having exhorted the people of this country to be firm and united, and to lift up the standard of the Holy One who led their fathers into this new world, he concluded by saying, "take the privilege of the post office into your own hands before it be seized."

The general committee for the city of New York, on the 3rd of May, 1775, appointed a select committee to wait on the postmaster to enquire whether he had discharged the eastern post-rider. And they having made said enquiry reported, that the rider had been discharged, for the reasons that the four last mails between New York and Boston had been stopped, the mails broken open, many of the letters taken out and publicly read, some of which were detained and others sent open to the general post office in that city; and that the rider informed the postmaster it was not safe to travel with the mail. They reported, also, that on Mr. Foxcroft's request, (who was most probably the postmaster,) they had left the order of the committee with him certified by the chairman.

This report was referred to the committee of correspondence and intelligence to report thereon, in obedience to which the following report was presented:

"*New York Committee Chamber, May 3d*, 1775.

"The postmaster having, for the present, discharged the eastern post-riders, the general committee have directed us, their sub-committee of intelligence, to devise the best ways and means for continuing a correspondence with the eastern colonies. It is, therefore, our opinion that the present eastern post-riders be employed to depart from this city on the usual days and to go the usual stages; and the public is hereby informed that Mr. Ebenezer Hazard has undertaken to receive and forward letters from this city.

From information received by the committee from Connecticut, it will be necessary (in order to prevent letters from being opened by the committees on the road) that they be inspected here by some well known member of the general committee, and by him endorsed with his name as one of the committee of New York.

(Signed.) P. V. B. Livingston.
Benj. Kissam.
Alex. McDougall.
Peter Van Shauck."

So far as I can ascertain, the British post office establishment in America, under act of Anne 9, chap. 10, ceased from these proceedings in the city of New York, throughout all the colonies. The constitutional post office plan had been in operation further south before these reports by the committees in New York were made.

The following notice was published at Hartford.

"*Hartford, Connecticut, May 8th*, 1775.

"We have the pleasure to acquaint the public that a constitutional post office is now rising on the ruins of the parliamentary one, which is just expiring in convulsions.

"Mr. William Goddard, encouraged by the friends of liberty in New York, hath engaged a faithful rider to proceed from Mr. John Holt's office on Thursday next with the eastern mails for Philadelphia and colonies southward. The first named gentleman is arrived here, and will proceed this day for the provincial congress at Watertown, and the camp near Boston, in order to complete the important business of his journey, having had the satisfaction of seeing constitutional posts and postmasters established in every considerable town which he hath visited. The patriotic conduct of the general assembly of this colony hath greatly contributed to the success of Mr. Goddard's enterprize; and it is not doubted but the institution will be patronised and properly regulated by the continental congress. Several of the old postmasters have resigned their appointments and engaged in the new plan, and others may follow their examples. Messrs. Peets and Hurd, and Adams and Hyde are also employed as riders in the service of their country."

Post offices were established and postmasters appointed as follows:

"GODDARD'S POST OFFICE.

Persons appointed to receive and forward letters, &c.

Cambridge, Massachusetts	Mr. James Winthrop.
Worcester, Massachusetts	Mr. Josiah Thomas.
Springfield, Massachusetts	Mr. Moses Church.
Newport, Rhode Island	The Committee.

Providence Rhode Island	The Committee.
New London, Connecticut	Mr. Nathaniel Shaw.
Hartford, Connecticut	Mr. William Ellery.
Middletown, Connecticut	Mr. Wesley Hobby.
New Haven, Connecticut	Mr. Elias Biers.
Farfield, Connecticut	Thaddeus Burr, esq.
Stamford, Connecticut	Mr. Ebenezer Weed.
Norwalk, Connecticut	The Committee, who will appoint a postmaster.
New York, New York	Mr. John Holt.
Newark, New Jersey	Mr. William Camp.
Elizabethtown, New Jersey	Mr. De Hart.
Woodbridge, New Jersey	Captain Nathaniel Heard.
Binnswich, New Jersey	John Dennis, esq.
Princeton, New Jersey	Mr. Baldwin.
Trenton, New Jersey	The Committee.
Bristol, Pennsylvania	Mr. Charles Besconer.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Mr. William Bradford.
Wilmington, Delaware	Mr. Hempfield.
Baltimore, Maryland	Mr. Goddard's office.
Annapolis, Maryland	Mr. Samuel H. Howard.
Georgetown on the Potomac	Mr. Thomas Richardson.
Alexandria, Virginia	Mr. James Hendricks.
Dumfries, Virginia	Mr. Richard Graham.
Fredricksburg, Virginia	Captain George Weedon.
Norfolk, Virginia	William Davies, esq.
Williamsburg, Virginia	The Committee, who will appoint a postmaster.

Post-Riders.

From Falmouth to Portsmouth	Mr. ———.
From Portsmouth to Cambridge	Mr. Trobb.
From Cambridge to Hartford	Messrs. Adams and Hyde.
From Hartford to New York	Messrs. Peet and Hurd.
From New York to Philadelphia	Mr. James Van Brockat.
From Cambridge to Providence, Newport and New London,	Messrs. Peet and Benjamin Mumfoid.
From New London to New York, tower road,	Messrs. Peet and Hurd.
From Cambridge to Providence, Norwich, and New London,	Mr. Nathaniel Bushell.

"A constitutional post office is now kept at J. Holt's printing office in Water street, near the coffee-house, New York, where letters are received in, and carefully despatched, by riders who may be depended upon for the faithful performance of duty and execution of the most

important trusts that business may require, as none but men of property and approved character will be employed.

The posts for Philadelphia and the south-western colonies set out about eight o'clock every Monday and Thursday morning; proceed that day through the towns of Newark, Elizabethtown, Rahway, Woodbridge, Bonnintown, Piscataway, and Brunswick, to Princeton, where they meet and exchange mails with the posts from Philadelphia, who pass through Frankfort, Bristol, Trenton and Maidenhead. These posts the next day (Tuesday) return with the mails to the above office in New York, and to Mr. Bradford's, at the coffee house in Philadelphia, from whence other posts set out for the westward and eastward at the usual times. Those from New York to the eastward set out about nine o'clock on Monday, about noon on Thursday, and return to New York with eastern mails on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The rates of postage for the present are the same that they used to be under the constitutional post office, and accounts are carefully kept of all the monies received for letters, as well as expended on riders, &c. That where rates and rules are affixed, and offices regularly established throughout the British colonies, by each provincial and by the continental congress, what shall be done before that time may be taken into the account and properly adjusted. The subscriber having at all times acted consistently, and to his utmost power, in support of the English constitution and the rights and liberties of his countrymen, the inhabitants of the British American colonies, especially as a printer, regardless of his own personal safety or private advantage; and having always, both by speech and publications from his press, openly, fully, and plainly denied the right of the British parliament to tax or make laws to bind Americans, in any case whatsoever, without their own free consent; and done his utmost to stimulate his countrymen, with whom he is determined to stand or fall, to assert and defend their rights against the encroachments and unjust claims of Great Britain and every other power; and as he has, by this conduct, incurred the displeasure of many men in power, and been a very great sufferer (the greatest, he believes, in this country,) by the stoppage and obstruction given to the circulation of his newspapers by the post office, which has long been an engine in the hand of the British ministry to promote their schemes of enslaving the colonies and destroying the English constitution, (the very institution and existence of this office afforded the ministry one of the most plausible arguments in favor of their pretended right to tax the colonies, and was a precedent in their admission of that right and of the exer-

cise of it;) and as the colonies are at length roused to defend their rights, and in particular to wrest the post office from the tyrannical hands which have long held it, and put it on a constitutional footing; and many gentlemen, among the most hearty and able friends to America, in this and the neighboring colonies, both in and out of the continental congress, having encouraged the subscriber to hope that they think him a proper person to hold the office of postmaster in this colony, with the business of which he is well acquainted, and will favor his application for the same: he humbly requests the favor, concurrence, and assistance of the honorable convention of deputies for this colony, in his appointment to the said office; the duties of which it will be his constant care to discharge with faithfulness and to general satisfaction; ever grateful for favors conferred and studious to deserve them. JOHN HOLT."

It was my intention to have contrasted the past with the present condition of the post office department, but I cannot in this communication. Most sincerely, yours,

G. Whitefield

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

This interesting catalogue we give below, as it came from the contributor's hands: it is exceedingly useful as a work for reference. The wish expressed by the writer, we hope our readers will attend to; it should be the duty of every one interested in the history of the country to send to us such a sketch of all historical works within his knowledge. Without such a list the future historian may overlook many valuable works, which he might collect, were he put in possession of the titles and a short description of the subjects; historians can never find, not even enquire for, works of which they never had any knowledge. We ask every one who knows of any unmentioned work, even a pamphlet, to send us an account of it, that our list may be completed.

Our friend, by giving us a sketch of the subjects contained in the books, has made his article exceedingly interesting as reading matter: and now, if he will continue his labor and extend it to the historical literature of the whole of North America, he will perform a real service for his country, and shall have a place high up in our list of contributors; which, by the way, would disgrace no writer in this or any other country.

HISTORICAL REFERENCES FOR THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. M. PECK.

As a *descriptive catalogue* of the principal books for the history of this valley may be desirable, I herewith submit such a catalogue, so far as materials are before me.

The aboriginal meaning of the name Mississippi is Great River. The word *sepe*, or *sepim*, among the Algonquin Indians, means *river*, or running water. Marquette spells it "Mississipy," Hennepin makes it "Meschasipi;" Du Pratz says, "by some of the savages of the north it is called "Meact-chassipi;" others have written "Meschasabe." After its discovery by Joliet and Marquette, count Frontinac called it *Colbert*, in honor of the French minister of Marine. La Salle named it *St. Louis;* but the original name has prevailed.

The O-hi-o, at its confluence with the Mississippi, for half a century, was called by the French *Ouabache*, [Wabash.] Above the mouth of the Wabash proper it obtained, amongst the early French explorers, the name of *La Belle Riviere*, the beautiful river; but amongst the English the Indian name Ohio was used. A trading post and mission station existed at Fort Massac as early as 1710, and probably as early as 1702. This post was then said to be on the Ouabache. The river now called the Wabash was one of the common routes from Canada to Louisiana in the olden time.

In noticing the authorities on the early history of the Mississippi valley, I purpose to arrange them in chronological order.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

1. *Hernando de Soto's Expedition into Florida*, or, as more commonly but improperly entitled, "The Conquest of Florida," as North America was then called by the Spaniards. This was one of the wildest and most unsuccessful of Spanish enterprises. De Soto, and his army of some twelve hundred men and four hundred horses, landed in what we now call Florida, in May, 1539, and after various hardships, disasters, defeat and conquest, in penetrating the wilderness and engaging with hostile savages in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee, they reached the Mississippi river in 1541, which they called *Rio Grande*, near the Lower Chickasaw Bluffs. The river and its scenery is described with tolerable accuracy. De Soto died of a fever in 1542, and was buried in the "Great river," near the mouth of Red river. His army, under Moscose, his successor, after exploring the "far west," and sustaining various disasters, and reduced to a mere fragment, reached Mexico.

There are two histories, or, as they are called, "*Chronicles*" of

this expedition. One was written by a Portuguese soldier, of which an English translation was published in London, 1686. An abridgment may be found in Purchas' Pilgrims. The other was written by the *Inca Garcilaso de la Vega*, and was denominated "The Florida of the Inca, or the History of the Adalantado, Hernando de Soto, governor and captain-general of the kingdom of Florida, and of other heroic cavaliers, Spaniards and Indians." This chronicle was printed at Madrid in 1723, and is to be found incorporated nearly entire by Herrara, in his history of the Indies. No doubt there is much of fable and exaggeration in these accounts of de Soto's expedition, as there is of every Spanish expedition of that period; yet both internal and external proofs exist to show them to be substantially true.

Our readers will find a free translation of these chronicles by Theodore Irving, esq., in two volumes 12mo. published by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1835. Dr. Bancroft, in his elaborate History of America, first volume, has given the substance of de Soto's ill-fated expedition.

2. *The Journal of Joliet and Marquette.*—Joliet was a trader in Canada, and a man of daring enterprise. P. Marquette was a devoted Jesuit missionary. The French of Canada, about the year 1690, had learned from the Indians that a great river existed in the west, which they fancied terminated in the western ocean. To investigate this question, Joliet and Marquette were selected by M. Talon, the intendant of New France, as Canada was then called. They conducted an expedition, attended by five French boatmen and two Indians, up Greenbay and Fox river to the "*Ouisconsing*," and down that stream to the Mississippi, which they reached June 17th, 1673. They went down the Great river past the Missouri, which the Algonquin Indians called *Pekitanoni*, as far as the *Akansas*, and returned up the Illinois river, (called by Marquette, *Illinese*,) and by Chicago to Canada.

The regular journal of Joliet, the commander, was lost, but that of Marquette was published in France in 1681. A poor translation, given as an appendix to Hennepin's volumes, was printed in London, 1698. Jared Sparks, in his Library of American Biography, volume x., has furnished a full and correct account of this expedition, the substance of which is contained in the second edition of Butler's History of Kentucky.

3. *An Account of the Expedition and Discoveries of M. de la Salle in North America;* By Chevalier Tonti.—We place this work next to that of Marquette, and in preference to Hennepin's journal, as historical authority, in point of accuracy.

La Salle was a man of uncommon enterprise and perseverance. Having formed the project of a trading and exploring expedition on the waters of the "Great river," and having obtained the sanction of the king of France, he set out from Frontenac in 1678, accompanied by Tonti, his lieutenant, father Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan, and thirty or forty men. He reached the "river of the Miamis" [Chicago] in November, 1679, passed over to the waters of the Illinois, built a fort and established a trading house not far from the present site of Peoria. In 1683, as our references show, (or in 1682, according to Bancroft,) La Salle went down the Mississippi to its mouth, set up the cross, and took possession of the country in the name of the king of France, and called it *Louisiana.*

On his return, he established trading posts at Kaskaskia and Cahokia. Subsequently La Salle went to France, fitted out an expedition to form a colony on the lower Mississippi, but could not find the river. He sailed along the gulf of Mexico, and finally established his colony on the bay of St. Bernard, in Texas. From this point he commenced an overland journey to Illinois, but was barbarously assassinated by two of his own men near the mouth of Red river.

Tonti communicated to the court of France the facts of the history to which this article refers. It is quite doubtful whether he wrote it in its present form. There is some evidence that he denied being its proper author. The probability is, his communications and journals were compiled and worked up in the present form by some French writer and published in Tonti's name. The general accuracy has not been questioned, and its credibility has been confirmed by Charlevoix and other authorities. Tonti's work was published at Paris in January, 1697, and was translated and published in London in 1698. This English translation may be found in the second volume of the "Collections of the New York Historical Society," first series, 1814.

4. *A New Discovery of a Large Country in North America, extending about four thousand miles;* By Father Louis Hennepin. —An English translation of this work may be found in the "*Archæologia Americana,*" or the "Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society," vol. i. 1820.

We hesitate not to say that Hennepin's journals are exceedingly incorrect, and portions are of very doubtful authority.

In all the Spanish and French expeditions, whether of war, discovery, or trade, the Catholic missionary or priest accompanied the enterprise. Hennepin, a Franciscan friar of the Recollet order, commanded no expedition, and had no secular authority whatever. He accompanied La Salle in the capacity of priest alone.

In 1680, while La Salle was conducting his trade at fort *Crevecœur* on the Illinois river, he projected an exploring expedition *up* the Mississippi. M. Dacan was appointed commandant, with four Frenchmen, two Indians, and father Louis Hennepin as chaplain. They started February 28th, descended the Illinois to the Mississippi, *ascended* that river to the falls of St. Anthony, to which they gave this name. Here the party were taken prisoners by the *Issati* (Sioux) and detained till August, when by means of some French traders they obtained their liberty and returned to Canada.

Soon after Hennepin went to France, and, in 1683, published his "*Description of Louisiana*," the adventures of La Salle, and of his own expedition up the Mississippi and capture by the Indians. Nothing is said in this work about a voyage *down* the Great river. In 1697, he published at Utrecht the same account substantially, with additions containing an account of a voyage down the Mississippi to its mouth. This is called "A New Discovery," &c. The reason he gives why he did not publish this voyage in his former work, is the benevolent wish that La Salle might have all the honor of that discovery, and that he violated his orders in going down the river! The truth is, this voyage down the Great river is a *constructive* one, and was first published ten years after the death of La Salle, and several months after La Salle's expedition by Tonti had appeared in Paris. Hennepin had been conversant with La Salle and Tonti, and their men, after their expedition down the Mississippi in 1683, and it is likely had access to Tonti's journal, and most likely saw it in print before his "New Discovery," as this last work was called, came out. But there is satisfactory internal evidence that his "New Discovery" was made in part out of La Salle's exploration. There are a number of remarkable coincidences in the two journals. Hennepin stops at the same places, meets the same Indians, and narrates the same incidents as are found in the work ascribed to Tonti. But taking his own account of this voyage, himself and two men paddled a canoe *up* the Mississippi at the rate of eighteen miles an hour for sixty hours in succession! But where was captain Dacan all this time? Did *he* disobey orders and go down the Mississippi? The truth is, Hennepin never commanded any expedition. He was merely the chaplain of Dacan and his party up the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony, where they were made prisoners by the Sioux, from whence he went to Canada, by the way of Wisconsin, and to France, and published a tolerably correct but somewhat exaggerated account of the various explorations and discoveries on the Mississippi, with a map of the country. In 1697, after the book ascribed to Tonti came

out, he worked up his "*Louisiane*" into his "*New Discovery*," to which he added his constructive voyage down the Mississippi, and various other fictions.

For a more full examination of this subject, our readers are referred to Martin's History of Louisiana, vol. i. p. 94.; Stoddard's Sketches of Louisiana, pp. 16—19; Spark's Life of Marquette; North American Review, vol xlvii. p. 5., vol. xlviii. p. 63., idem p. 258; and Democratic Review for April, 1839.

5. *La Houtan's Voyages to North America.*—La Houtan was born in Gascony, France; went to Canada as a soldier, at sixteen years old, in 1683, where he continued ten years; became a commandant, during which period he wrote a series of letters to an ancient relative in France. Under count Frontenac, in 1688–9, he commanded an expedition up the lakes, Greenbay, and Wisconsin to the Mississippi; thence up *Long river*, some distance above the Wisconsin. This he describes as coming from the west, its mouth full of "bull-rushes," channel narrow, alternate groves of timber and prairies. He describes villages of Indians which he visited, consisting of many thousands, as the *Eokoves*, *Essanapes*, and *Gracsitares*, and several lakes through which he passed. Of these tribes of Indians he professes to have gained much information of other great nations, far to the west, over the mountains, as the *Tahuglauk*, *Mozeemlek*, and others, and of a great salt lake. The "long river" must have been the St. Peter's, and the account an inflated and exaggerated description of what was probably a small affair. This voyage was in the *winter*, but they were incommoded with ice. It must have been a singularly mild winter.

On the 2d of March, 1689, they reached the Mississippi, down which they proceeded past the *Moingona*, (Des Moines,) and the "*Riviere de Missouris.*" Up the strong current of this river they rowed, stopping at Indian villages, until they reached the "*Riviere des Osages*," where they encamped. Here they wantonly set fire to an Indian village, "which put the women and children in such consternation, that they run from place to place, calling out for mercy." This was the first voyage by Europeans up the Missouri river. From the Osage river, La Houtan and his party returned to the Mississippi, and down that river to the mouth of the *Ouabach*, (Ohio) where they spent two days. From thence they returned and went up the *Illinese* river, and at fort *Crevecœur* met with Tonti and thirty *coureurs de Bois*, trading with the *Illinese* Indians. On the 24th of April the party arrived at *Chekakou*. At the mouth of the *Oumamis* (St. Joseph?) they met a war party of four hundred Illinese

"employed in burning three *Iroquese.*" La Houtan, having reached Canada, returned to France, and formed a project to subdue the Iroquese (Five Nations) with whom the French were at war. The "project," it seems, did not meet with sufficient encouragement from the ministry, but its projector received the appointment of lieutenant of Newfoundland, where, upon his arrival, he had a quarrel with the governor, was disgraced, returned to Europe, and spent some years in Portugal, Denmark, and England.

His "Travels in North America" were first published in French, at Amsterdam, in two volumes, 12mo., 1705, but subsequently translated, enlarged, and republished in London, 1735. His accounts of the "customs, commerce, religion and strange opinions of the savages of that country," are copious and interesting; to which is appended vocabularies of several languages, with some sketches of the natural history of the country.

6. *Histoire et Description Generale de la Nouvelle France;* By F. X. Charlevoix, a Jesuit missionary, was completed and published in three volumes, 4to., 1744. It has since been republished in various forms. Portions of his work were a series of letters addressed to the duchess Lesdiguieres, and were translated into English and published in two volumes, London, 1761. The date of these letters commence June 30th, 1720, at Rochefort, as the author was about to sail for Quebec, and close on his return to Rouen, January 5th, 1723. They are entitled, "Journal of a Voyage to North America, undertaken by order of the French king, containing the Geographical Description and Natural History of that country, called Canada, together with an account of the customs, character, religion, manners, and traditions of the original inhabitants."

The author landed at Quebec, passed up the lakes to Mackinaw, and thence up Lake Michigan to the St. Joseph's, thence to the "Theakiki," (now Kankakee,) down that into the Illinois to *Pimitiouy*, (Peoria,) and thence to *Kaskasquias.* He describes the village of "*Caoquias* and *Tamarouas,*" where was a Jesuit mission station; the "mines of the river Marameg;" the mission to the *Kaskasquiras*, fort Chartres, and the "colony of Illinois." From the Illinois country, Charlevoix went down to the "Natchez," and gives a description of their country and several Indian villages; from thence to New Orleans, Biloxi, the West Indies, and home to France.

So far as his statements depend on his personal observation, Charlevoix is mainly correct; but some of his statements, obtained from others, are doubtful.

7. *Lettres Edifiantes et Curienses*, or, Curious and Edifying Let-

ters. These are selections from the correspondence of the Jesuit missionaries from all parts of the world for more than two hundred years. The publication was commenced about 1702, and extended to twenty-eight volumes. The Lyons edition in French, of 1819, contains fifteen octavo volumes, with letters continued to about the middle of the eighteenth century. Volumes iv. and v. of this edition contain their "Lettres" from Canada and the Mississippi valley. They disclose many incidents and facts of the early history of those regions, especially of the numbers and circumstances of the various tribes of Indians.

8. *Historical Memoirs of Louisiana;* By M. Dumont, 2 vols. octavo, Paris, 1753.—M. Dumont was a military officer, and lived in the Mississippi country for twenty-five years. He describes the vegetable productions, and other portions of its natural history, with many historical facts and anecdotes. We are not informed whether this work has ever received an English dress.

9. *History of the Five Nations;* By Cadwallader Colden, *surveyor-general of New York*, one volume, 8vo., London, 1750. This is a scarce and valuable work, and gives the history of the Five Nations, that is, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas. The Tuscaroras joined them from North Carolina in 1712, making six nations. Colden has given the history of the Five Nations from their earliest intercourse with the French in Canada, 1603, to the commencement of the eighteenth century. The volume contains a number of official documents and a variety of Indian speeches. The principal historical facts may be found in Stone's Life of Brandt.

10. *History of Louisiana;* By M. Le Page Du Pratz.—This work contains a description of the country, a journey through it, the natural history, manners, customs and religion of the people, and the natives, &c. It is put up rather clumsily, without much order or taste, with copious extracts from the work of Dumont.

It was first published in Paris, in 3 vols. 12mo., 1759. The edition before us is an English translation from the French, somewhat abridged, and published in a large octavo volume, London, 1774.

11. *Journal of La Harpe.*—Amongst the early authorities for the history of Louisiana, is the manuscript journal of Bernard de la Harpe. Stoddard, in his "Sketches of Louisiana," says, "he had access to the manuscript journal of this gentleman. It comprehended the history of Louisiana from its first discovery to 1722." La Harpe commanded a corps of troops. He ascended Red river, and took possession of a post occupied by the Spanish authorities; traversed the country to the Arkansas river; explored and surveyed the bay of St.

Bernard, and repossessed that country, which had been deserted after the death of La Salle.

We think this "Journal" has been published amongst the volumes of the American State Papers.

12. *Carver's Travels.*—Captain Jonathan Carver set out from Boston, Mass., June, 1766, by way of Albany, Niagara, and the upper lakes to Mackinaw; from thence by Greenbay, Fox river, and Wisconsin to the Mississippi, thence to lake Pepin and the falls of St. Anthony. He spent more than two years amongst the Nandowessies (Sioux,) Winnebagoes, and other Indians, and has written largely and particularly on the origin, customs, religion, and languages of the Indians, with descriptions of the geography and topography of the country, its natural history and productions.

13. There is a work by captain Pitman, who was commandant at Fort Chartres subsequently to the cession of Canada and Illinois to the English. It is said to contain a variety of particulars concerning the French villages and population of that period. It was published about 1770.

[*To be continued.*] p 314

J. M Peck.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

NUMBER VII.

CHANNEL OF TRADE—WESTERN BOATMEN.

THE prosperity and security resulting to the people from the suppression of the insurrection, were increased by a treaty concluded at Granville with the combined Indian tribes, who had made war on our frontiers. This treaty was hailed with joy by all the settlers. The Ohio frontiers had long suffered all the horrors of Indian war; many children had lost their parents, many widows mourned their murdered husbands, and many mothers their lost children, some of whom had been for years in captivity among the Indians, and some sold to the French or English and held in bondage in Canada. Provision was made in the treaty for the restoration of these captives. But it was not the frontiers alone which were to profit by a lasting peace with the Indians. Great national interests were promoted by it. The frontier posts, Mackinaw, Detroit, Niagara, and Oswego,

which the British had continued to occupy in violation of the treaty of peace, were soon after surrendered. The British no longer possessed the power of exciting the Indians to war, and of furnishing them supplies, which, it was alledged, they had been in the practice of doing.

The occupation of these posts by the American army, opened new fields of enterprise. The garrisons were to be supplied with provisions, ordnance and military stores. These could only be transported by vessels on the lakes, which had to be built, fitted out, and manned. This gave profitable employ to a large number of laborers.

Among others, whose attention was drawn to this new field of enterprise opened on the lakes, was general James O'Hara, a distinguished citizen of Pittsburgh. He entered into a contract with the government to supply Oswego with provisions, which could then be furnished from Pittsburgh cheaper than from the settlements on the Mohawk. General O'Hara was a far-sighted calculator; he had obtained correct information in relation to the manufacture of salt at *Salina*, and in his contract for provisioning the garrison, he had in view the supplying of the western country with salt from Onondaga. This was a project that few men would have thought of, and fewer undertaken. The means of transportation had to be created on the whole line, boats and teams had to be provided to get the salt from the works to Oswego, a vessel built to transport it to the landing below the falls, wagons procured to carry it to Schlosser; then boats constructed to carry it to Black Rock; there another vessel was required to transport it to Erie. The road to the head of French creek had to be improved, and the salt carried in wagons across the portage, and finally boats provided to float it to Pittsburgh. It required no ordinary sagacity and perseverance to give success to this speculation. General O'Hara, however, could execute as well as plan. He packed his flour and provisions in barrels suitable for salt. These were reserved in his contract. Arrangements were made with the manufacturers, and the necessary advances paid to secure a supply of salt. Two vessels were built, one on lake Erie and one on lake Ontario, and the means of transportation on all the various sections of the line were secured. The plan fully succeeded, and salt of a pretty fair quality was delivered at Pittsburgh, and sold at four dollars per bushel; just half the price of the salt obtained by packing across the mountains. *The vocation of the packers was gone.* The trade opened by this man, whose success was equal to his merits, and who led the way in every great enterprise of the day, was extensively prosecuted by others. A large amount of capital was invested in

the salt trade, and the means of transportation so greatly increased that in a few years Pittsburgh market was supplied with Onondaga salt at twelve dollars per barrel of five bushels.

Much of the surplus produce of the country bordering on the lower Ohio and its branches, which rapidly increased after the permanent peace with the Indians, could find no other market than Pittsburgh. This rendered an ascending navigation indispensable to the prosperity of the country, and led to the introduction of keel-boats. These boats were long and narrow, sharp at bow and stern, and of light draft. They were provided with running boards, extending from bow to stern, on each side of the boat. The space between the running boards was enclosed and roofed with boards or shingles. These boats would carry from twenty to forty tons of freight, well protected from the weather, and required from six to ten men, besides the captain, who steered the boat, to propel them up stream. Each man was provided with a pole with a heavy socket. The crew, divided equally on each side, set their poles near the head of the boat, and bringing the end of the pole to their shoulders, with their bodies bent, walked slowly down the running board to the stern—returning at a quick pace to the bow for a new sett.

In ascending rapids, the greatest effort of the whole crew was required, so that only one at a time could shift his pole. This ascending of rapids was attended with great danger, especially if the channel was rocky. The slightest error in pushing or steering the boat exposed her to be thrown across the current, and to be brought sideways in contact with rocks which would destroy her. Or, if she escaped injury the crew would have lost caste who had let their boat swing in the rapids. A boatman who could not boast that he had never swung nor backed in a shoot, was regarded with contempt, and never trusted with the head pole, the place of honor among the keel-boatmen. It required much practice to become a first rate boatman, and none would be taken, even on trial, who did not possess great muscular power.

NUMBER VIII.

Hard and fatiguing as was the life of a boatman, it was rare that any of the class ever exchanged his vocation. There was a charm in the excesses, the fightings, and the frolics which the boatmen anticipated at the end of their voyage, which cheered them on. Such an effeminate expression as "I am tired," never escaped the mouth of a boatman. After the labors of the day, he went to rest highly stimulated with whisky, rose from his hard bed with the first dawn of day,

and with a large draught of bitters reanimated his exhausted powers, and was ready to obey the order, "Stand to your poles and set off." As the boats were laid to for the night in an eddy, a part of the crew could give them headway on starting in the morning, while the others struck up a tune on their fiddles, and commenced their day's work with music to scare away the devil and secure good luck. The boatmen, as a class, were masters of the fiddle, and the music, heard through the distance from these boats, was more sweet and animating than any I have ever heard since. When the boats stopped for the night at or near a settlement, a dance was got up, if possible, which all the boatmen would attend, leaving the cook to watch the boat, and wo betide him if he was not found watching when they returned. Those inhabitants who shunned their acquaintance or did not receive them with a hearty welcome, were sure to suffer for it either in person or property. Respectable families, therefore, who could not join in their revels and participate in their excesses, were careful not to settle where they would be exposed to their visits. The families on or near the banks of the river accessible to the boatmen, were generally the hardest of characters.

As the use of the pole required a much greater exercise of the muscles of the body than ordinary, or perhaps any other manual labor, these men acquired incredible strength and hardiness, which they sought opportunities of displaying. Fist-fighting was their pastime. The man who boasted that he had never been whipped, had attained to a dangerous eminence among his fellows, and was bound to give fight to whoever disputed his superiority. The keel-boatmen regarded the flat-boatmen and raftsmen with great contempt, and declared perpetual war against them. Wherever they met, a battle would ensue. They had their laws, which were strictly observed. If the crew of a flat-boat or of a raft were to be whipped, an equal number of keel-boatmen volunteered or were detailed for the service; and if they were worsted in the fight none interfered for their relief. They were great sticklers for fair play. They often committed great excesses in the villages where their voyages terminated, breaking furniture, demolishing bars and taverns, and pulling down fences, sheds, and signs. One of their favorite amusements was sweeping the streets in dark evenings. This was done with a long rope extended across the street; a party of men having hold of each end moved forward quickly, tripping up and capsizing whatever happened to be within the scope of the rope. Men, women and children, horses, carts and cattle, were overturned. The mischief accomplished, the actors would retreat to their boats and conceal their rope, while those

of their comrades who had not engaged in the sweep remained behind to enjoy the sport.

The branches of the Ohio, such as the Cumberland, the Kentucky, the Scioto, &c., could be ascended only in the spring and fall, in consequence of low water; the freighting on these rivers was therefore limited to a short period, and this brought many hundreds of the boatmen together. These assemblages would sometimes set the civil authorities at defiance for days together. Their riotous and lawless conduct was carried to such a length that sober men began to regard them with apprehension, fearing that if their numbers increased with the increase of transportation on the western rivers, they would endanger the peace of the country. But intemperate, profane, and riotous as they were, they had some redeeming qualities. They were trustworthy. Money uncounted was safe in their hands, and if freight was damaged by accident or carelessness, they never hesitated to make full compensation for the damage. Although they would not hesitate to rob a hen-roost, yet they would expose themselves to any fatigue to preserve a cargo from injury, and would not pilfer an article connected with their freight. They always espoused the cause of the weaker party, and would take up the quarrels of an old man whether he was right or wrong.

As they were scarcely ever sober, of course they were short lived; but their ranks were easily recruited from the young men who had been brought up in the frontier settlements, many of whom had acquired a restless and lawless spirit, which made them unwilling to submit to the restraints of society and eager to associate in some exciting and perilous enterprise. The transportation by keel-boats, although expensive and tedious, was as much superior to horse-packing as steamboats are to keel-boats. In packing it required one man and five horses to transport half a ton, say twenty miles per day. With a keel-boat, ascending the river, each man could push forward from two to three tons in a favorable state of the water, with nearly the same speed as the packer. Every body was satisfied with the keel-boat. No one expected or thought of a more expeditious mode of transportation. The whole business arrangements of the country were conformed to it, and but for the application of steam to navigation, "Mike Fink," (immortalised by Morgan Neville,) would not have been the "last of the boatmen." They might have continued for centuries, blighting the moral destinies of millions. But the first steamboat that ascended the Ohio, sounded their death knell.

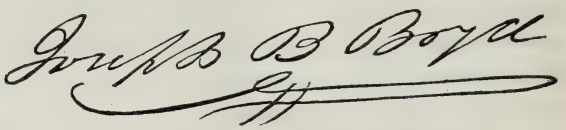
BOYD'S CONTRIBUTIONS.

Cincinnati, March 29, 1843.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.,

Dear Sir—I send you the enclosed letter, and deem it worthy of publication—it is at your service. The writer, William Williams, represented in part the state of Connecticut in the memorable congress of seventy-six; and the accompanying document is just such an one as might be expected from a signer of the Declaration of Independence. I may at some future time send you two or three letters of this true patriot and exemplary Christian, addressed to his wife, whilst attending the congress assembled at Yorktown, portraying in vivid colors the gloom and despondence pervading the minds of all our leading public men at that dark and memorable period in our revolutionary history.

Yours, respectfully,



No. XII.

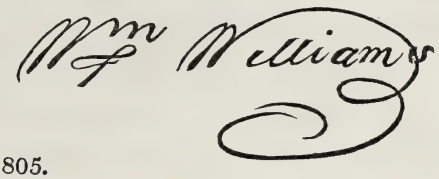
To the honorable general assembly of the state of Connecticut, holden at Hartford the 2d Thursday in May, 1805.

RESPECTED AND HONORED—By the favor and indulgent goodness of the general assembly, I have been annually appointed to hold the office of judge of the court of common pleas, for the county of Windham, for a term exceeding twenty years, during all which I have endeavored to discharge the duties of my station with all possible uprightness and integrity, and with all the skill and ability I was master of; and had that been equal to my desires, I should have merited and received your entire and perfect approbation.

I am now advanced in years, though I hope and trust my understanding is not so impaired as to disqualify me from still decently discharging the duties of said office, but my hearing by one of my ears is much injured, occasioned by riding in extremity of cold without any covering but a hat some years since, and is gradually increasing, so that it becomes more difficult for me to distinguish sounds at a distance; and, therefore, sometimes impracticable to hear low spoken witnesses, and many such are called upon in courts; the attorneys I can hear perfectly well: but, as I do not wish to judge or discriminate the

justice of a cause without properly understanding it, I do not therefore ask your honors to reappoint me to an office, the duties of which Divine Providence has partially disabled me to perform; but that your honors would fill my vacancy in the court by a gentleman more worthy and of not less integrity. The same inconvenience does *not* attend me in my probate office.

With a deep and permanent sense of gratitude to the honorable general assembly and to the good people of this state, for all the honors they have done me, and beyond my deserts; and sincerely wishing their peace, harmony, happiness and prosperity, I am, with great respect, their devoted and humble servant.



Lebanon, 7th May, A. D. 1805.

MR. BADGER'S LETTER.

It is with great pleasure that we insert the following letter in the pages of the Pioneer. It is the first we have received devoted especially to the Pioneers in a religious view, which is surely an important part of our history. That which respects the spiritual good of a community, should, by all, be held in high estimation; and to know how this was done in early times, should not be omitted. We hope this letter will be followed by others from our friend or others, who can give accounts of the early settlement of the west, and its successive improvements in both religious and political points of view.

—

Plain Wood county, February 25th, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—The American Pioneer Extra came to my hand February 8th, bearing date January 23rd, 1843, with your letter, requesting information relating to the first settlement of what is called the Connecticut Reserve. My age and infirmity renders it difficult for me to write; I will try, however, to make some concise statements.

The first missionary to this north-western region of Ohio, came under the patronage of the Connecticut Missionary Society, in the year 1800. He arrived at Youngstown in the last week of December, and preached there the last sabbath of that month. He crossed the mountains by the south road, so called at that time, and met on his way

several companies of packers going to Shippingsburg after salt. Having arrived at a place called Greensburg, and at the end of all regular traveled roads, he was directed to take a bridle-path that would lead him to a house on the Reserve. At or after the setting of the sun, he came to the Mahonon; the water was high and current strong; he must get through, drown, or lie in the woods. He put in, was drove down stream near swimming water, but reached the shore safely, and found the only house in a five mile square. He found thirty-one townships in which the forest was a little broken; there were six townships having one family each, and but one that had over eleven families. The settlements on the south and on the north part of the Reserve, were thirty miles distant from each other, and no path marked out or footsteps to direct the way.

In October, 1802, the salt road was cut from Austinburg to Vernon. This year, salt was brought from Salina in boats of about three tons; but the south part was supplied with salt from the salt-works carried on by Mr. Hermon, five miles south of Warren; he could make but little over one bushel per day, and sold at three dollars per bushel. The want of roads and bridges over streams, made traveling difficult and dangerous; the missionary, however, visited all the settlements, excepting one, in 1801, and the 28th of October laid his course for New England, on the Indian path from the Reserve along the lake shore to Buffalo.

On 24th October, 1801, a church was constituted in Austinburg with sixteen members. This was the first church collected on the Reserve. The missionary arrived at Buffalo on the 1st of November, was confined there with a fever eleven days, then rode to Bloomfield and was detained by sickness three weeks. Having recovered a pretty good degree of health, he proceeded moderately, and reached his family residence in Blanford about the first of January, 1802, having been absent from his family more than a year.

At a meeting of the missionary society, he agreed to move to the west: made preparation and began his journey in February. After a long and wearisome journey, he arrived at Buffalo about the last of April, with his wife and six children. Where that large city now stands there was only four or six log cabins. Here was the end of all but Indian residences for nearly eighty miles, and only an Indian path. He had a man to go before the team and chop out all that was necessary to open the passage. His team, a wagon and four horses, was the first that ever crossed Buffalo creek. He was four days passing through the wilderness to the first house in Pennsylvania. They slept safely in the woods under the watchful care of Him

who never slumbers nor sleeps. They arrived at Austinburg the forepart of May, very weary, and worn out with the journey, but in pretty good health. They are now in the midst of an unbroken forest, or nearly so, abounding with savage men and beasts of prey. A cabin of logs is erected and covered, so as to form a shelter from the rain, but without door, chink, or floor; and having collected some provision for the family, he entered the missionary field again, and began visiting and preaching in the scattered settlements, as he had done the year before; frequently fording or swimming through streams of water, without any regular road, and sometimes without a marked tree or a bridle-path. Between those settlements, where there was considerable passing, the mud began to tread up and become almost impassable. After the winter set in, he had a considerable stream to pass—came to the ford—it was all filled with ice from bank to bank, about ten rods wide; he went up the stream about two miles, found an open place on a rapid and rode across—made his horse jump two large trees that lay in the water, and got to a house, cold and hungry, about setting of the sun.

In the month of March, the missionary walked about eight miles to preach to a small settlement. In his way he had to cross the Cuyahoga on the ice, hoping to have the same bridge on his return: but when he came back the next day, the ice was all gone. He had no alternative but to ford the stream: he walked through—water about three feet in depth, a strong current, and exceeding cold—width about six rods.

At another time, sabbath morning, having been prevented by heavy rains from reaching his appointment, he rode a few miles, swam his horse through a stream swollen by the rain, and got very wet; had to perform service in his wet clothes. Several times, in passing from one settlement to another, fifteen or twenty miles, he was overtaken with night and lay in the woods.

In February, 1803, a man by the name of G. Beckwith, in passing from one settlement to another, was overtaken by the night and froze to death, leaving a wife and two small children. A Mr. Fowler, who came on with goods from Connecticut, there being no passable road for teaming, having collected a quantity of stone and lumber, in making the experiment to raft down the Beaver falls, was drowned. It would be almost an endless task, even for a man in good health, to name the many incidental and unexpected difficulties that fell in the way of the pioneers in their settlement of this almost unlimited west. But it was so ordered that men of enterprising spirit, with a determination to go ahead, began the great work. One family came on

from Connecticut in the spring of 1800, with a large ox team and a team of stout horses. In passing through the wood from Warren to Aurora, where they settled, a distance of about twenty miles without a house, they were overtaken with a frightful tornado that threw down the timber all around them; they had to send back to Warren for help to cut out a way for them to pass. After this providential protection, and sleeping in the woods, they arrived safely next day at their home, where they lived six years before another settler came into the place. It is now one of the best settled townships, with a large brick church and a good Presbyterian minister.

I approve of your Pioneer plan, and should be glad to take and encourage the work; but I am an old man, 86 years of age, and in a very low state of health—among the poor of this world: I shall soon go to the grave. It has been three days' painful work to write this letter.

Yours, respectfully,

Joseph Badger

[For the American Pioneer.]

NATIONAL AND WESTERN CONSPIRACIES.

"Give me liberty or give me death."—Patrick Henry.

Our nation has been flooded with *trash.* Publications of the most demoralizing influence have been poured down upon the present generation; novels, romances, and other fictitious works have been heaped upon the public without measure; all this has been done at a period, above all others, since we have been a nation, when the flame of patriotism should have burned and blazed in every American's bosom, at the thrilling details of the heroic deeds and sufferings of their forefathers in the cause of *civil and religious liberty*, secured to us as a free and independent nation, which we fear may be lost to *our* posterity, from *our own neglect* and want of vigilance.

The people of North America of the Anglo-Saxon race were driven by the despotism of civil and ecclesiastical rulers to seek an asylum in the American Wilderness; and there, still pursued by acts of oppression, declared for, asserted, and maintained their independence.

This is sketched with the view of making it the mere *introduction* to some *momentous* events, as to both *past* and *future*, which should awaken every friend to *human liberty.*

The confederation of these United States, grown up under our fed-

eral constitution into a free, sovereign and independent nation, as a LIGHT to illumine the nations of the earth groaning under the hand of oppression, is but a child of providence. Like the Jewish theocracy, it first grew up in tribes; and from the first organization under the confederation, Dr. Franklin compared it to that of the Jews under Moses, personated in our illustrious Washington, our deliverer (under God) from oppression. Indeed, a Divine Providence has watched over our destinies from the beginning—from the first settlement of our forefathers at Jamestown of Virginia, and Plymouth of Massachusetts, on the Atlantic ocean, to that of the settlement, by the bold and hardy pioneers, of the *wilderness* of the great *West!* It seemed to me that from the first settlement of the American continent, and of the wilderness of the West, together with the Revolutionary struggle, that the Almighty had raised up a peculiar race of men to meet the events;—of *men* did I say? yes, and of *women also;* of mothers, who were mothers devoted to the cause of virtue, religion, and liberty. Shall we *ever* look upon their like again? To secure to us, their posterity, our present enjoyment of rights and priviliges, required no ordinary race of the human family. The present mode of a representative system of government, unconnected with kingly power or church establishment, was both a *new* and a *bold experiment* on the practicable system of self-government. A period now approaches which will *test* its durability. May the ever watchful hand of providence, hitherto held over us, be both seen and felt in every trying conflict.

The various attempts to overthrow our civil and religious institutions and to crush and destroy us as a people, have been so repeatedly arrested by an unseen and over-ruling providence, that the periods of those signal events, like that of the Jewish nation, have been incorporated with our national history.

The attempt to supplant our illustrious Washington, as commander-in-chief of the American forces, during the Revolutionary war, was detected, and the principal and active agent punished by a wound in his *mouth.** The conspiracy of *Benedict Arnold* to deliver up the commander-in-chief to the British commander, was prevented by an extraordinary providential interposition!

In the WEST, even during the hard struggle for American independence, and when the first log cabin was raising in the first regularly arranged town in the west, (LEXINGTON)—when the western pioneers, bearing in mind the battle of Lexington, in Massachusetts, where the

* General Conway, (a slanderer of Washington,) shot by general Cadwallader. Conway made his acknowledgments to general Washington in *writing!*

first blood of the Revolution was shed; they gave it name;—the *great West* had become an object of momentous concern with the powers of Europe.* The Spaniards had seized on the mouth of the great western Nile, the great western outlet; and the Spaniards and French extended their forts and military stations to possess the whole western empire. England, at one blow, on the plains, or heights of Abraham, possessed herself of all the region east of the Mississippi. The American Revolution extending to the West, threw the great portion of that country into the hands of the Americans, through the active enterprize of their victorious general, George Rogers Clark.

From this period, (1778,) England had agents among the Indians employed in various ways to second her interest over the great West. When a man was killed in Kentucky, in order to convey intelligence to colonel G. R. Clark, or colonel Benjamin Logan, the principal military commanders, or to the other distinguished citizens, there was placed on the breast of the dead man a bundle of papers from the governor of Canada, making propositions to those persons and to the hunters and citizens of Kentucky (then a district attached to Virginia) to attach themselves to the British authority, and become independent of the American states: in case of refusal they were threatened with savage warfare! In 1787, both England and Spain, in time of peace, had their agents still employed in various ways to effect their object.

In 1788, a Dr. Connelly, a man of talent and address, as conspirators generally are, made his appearance in Kentucky, from Quebec, and began to make overtures to the leading inhabitants of the West to take sides with England, and to detach the then district of Kentucky from Virginia and from the Union. Suspicions getting abroad that he was a "British spy," he fled and left the country.

The same year, (1778,) a fruitful period for conspiracies, Gardoqui, the Spanish minister, from the history given, made overtures through a member of congress from Virginia, representing the district of Kentucky, that if Kentucky "would declare her independence," persons would be appointed by the king of Spain to negotiate a *treaty*, and grant the free navigation of the Mississippi. The proposition seems somehow intended for a convention then sitting, preparing the way for the adoption of a constitution, to become the FIRST WESTERN STATE.

* Kentucky could not be settled by Indians. It was called the "Bloody ground" from the battles fought by the south-western and north-western Indians. None were permitted permanently to settle it. It was a kind of paradise for hunters—full of game—a luxuriant wilderness—a land of contention with savages, and an object of great interest with Europeans.

In 1787, general James Wilkinson, it appears, descended the Ohio and Mississippi with a cargo of tobacco, and entered into some commercial and, it is said, political arrangements with the Spanish authorities at New Orleans, which matured into a regular *Spanish association*, by which a treaty was contemplated; and from this period till 1797, (long after Kentucky had become a state,) a regular correspondence was carried on by private agents with some of the first citizens of the West!

Benjamin Sebastian, in 1795, descended the Mississippi also to visit the Spanish governor, and to make and receive overtures; but Washington, being apprized of these movements, made a treaty with Spain, securing to the citizens of the *West* the free navigation of the Mississippi, and defeated the design of the *Spanish association*. Mr. S. being then a judge of the old court of appeals of Kentucky, drawing a salary of eight hundred dollars per annum, got for his services an additional allowance of two thousand dollars per annum from Spain, which pension ran on till Louisiana was ceded to the United States, and perhaps thereafter. This strange and extraordinary arrangement was never detected, until a combination of circumstances attending Aaron Burr's conspiracy brought it to light in 1806! a matter we may hereafter notice. Being charged with it by judge P——, a brother judge of the court, Sebastian acknowledged the *truth*, to the great astonishment of the judge! But the facts were fully proved before the legislature, and to avoid removal he resigned his office.

As late as 1797, Thomas Power, a Spanish agent, appeared again in Kentucky, being a former negotiator, and opened again his negotiations for a *separation* of Kentucky from the Union, and of forming a distinct government; and on doing *this*, the king of Spain would grant to the western citizens *all* they *desired!* These propositions were made through Sebastian to colonel George Nicholas, judge Harry Innes, and William Murray, (a lawyer,) and rejected by the two former; Murray, having made arrangements to do so soon, moved to the lower country, and *Sebastian* was pensioned!

This Thomas Power was a shrewd and experienced conspirator, and, in many respects, if not more capable, equal at least to Aaron Burr for carrying on a secrect correspondence, and of employing even the fair sex to obtain an influence. It has so happened, that one of his letters of this description has fallen into my hands, written by himself from a Mrs. *Duportell*, a Spanish lady at *Massac* or New Madrid, to Mrs. Doyle, of Fort Washington, presenting the compliments of the season and some pots of sweet-meats. From such movements Mr. Power introduced himself into the first circles of society then in the *West*,

and associated with the officers of the American army. The letter is among my papers or, in my oldest son's possession, who is absent; when found or obtained, I will forward it on to you.

To secure the West under Spanish influence, Mr. Power was authorized to *treat*—That the king of Spain should take possession of old Fort Massac, taken by general Clark in 1778 from the British, prior to the taking of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and to furnish the fort with twenty field-pieces, carriages, balls, and small arms, with a sufficient number of troops, to be equipped, and one hundred thousand dollars for raising and maintaining them! All the offices filled by the Spanish authorities were to be filled by western citizens coming into the measure. Before the great blow up of 1806, I heard many named who were tendered appointments! These last communications were made through baron Carondolet, the Spanish commander-in-chief and governor of New Orleans.

In 1794, while the whisky insurrection of the Alleghany was going on, and crushed by Washington, the French minister, Genet, was carrying on a plot in the West, to raise troops to take possession of the Spanish possessions on the Mississippi; and the command of the troops was tendered to general Clark.

What a combination of political events! The western country had not more than six or eight years repose before general Alexander Hamilton was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel, who, J. Q. Adams states, was about to be tendered an eastern division of the Union on a separation, and Aaron Burr disturbs our repose in 1805 and 1806, in enlisting an unknown number, (probably twenty-thousand,) under his banner to invade Mexico, and to dismember the Union, making New Orleans the seat of government of his *new* western empire! A brief account of this conspiracy, I shall give hereafter. Perhaps I am too tedious. I tender you a signature well known to many of the old western citizens, particularly of Ohio.

Th. S. Hinde

February 17, 1843.

SIMON GIRTY.

Senate Chamber, Columbus, O., Feb. 23, 1843.

Dear Sir—In looking over some eight or nine numbers of your interesting American Pioneer, on the subject of the settlement of considerable of the western country, and giving many interesting stories

respecting the Indians—battles with them, and many of the hair-breadth escapes of many of the whites, &c.—I have not been able to find anything of the history of a white man named Girty, that resided amongst the Wyandott, Seneca, Shawnee, and others tribes of Indians, then residing in the north-west territory.

The writer of this now resides in the north part of Ohio, in the county of Crawford, and has been residing there for the last fifteen years. There still remains a small band of the Wyandott Indians in that county, and many of the quarter and half breeds being intelligent, I have gathered from them much information that I have never seen in history; and as it relates to one circumstance respecting a white man that resided amongst the Wyandotts by the name of Simon Girty, I will detail some of the history respecting the burning of colonel Crawford.

As I have it, the story respecting the battle is, that if Crawford had rushed on when he first came amongst the Indians, they would have given way and made but little or no fight; but they had a talk with him three days previous to the fight, and asked him to give them three days to collect in their chiefs and head men of the different tribes, and they would then make a treaty of peace with him. The three days were therefore given, and during that time all their forces gathered together that could be raised as fighting men, and the next morning Crawford was attacked, some two or three miles north of the island where the main battle was fought. The Indians then gave back in a south direction until they got into an island of timber which suited their purpose, which was in a large plain, now well known as Sandusky plains. There the battle continued until night. The Indians then ceased firing; and, it is said, immediately afterwards a man came near to the army with a white flag. Colonel Crawford sent an officer to him. The man said he wanted to talk with colonel Crawford, and that he did not want Crawford to come nearer to him that twenty steps, as he (Girty,) wanted to converse with Crawford, and might be of vast benefit to him. Crawford accordingly went out as requested. Girty then said, "Colonel Crawford, do you know me?" The answer was, "I seem to have some recollection of your voice, but your Indian dress deprives me of knowing you as an acquaintance." The answer was then, "My name is Simon Girty;" and after some more conversation between them, they knew each other well. Girty said, "Crawford, my object in calling you here is to say to you, that the Indians have ceased firing until to-morrow morning, when they intend to commence the fight; and as they are three times as strong as you are, they will be

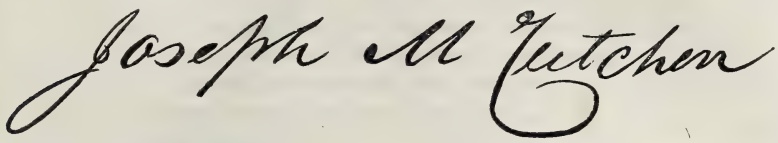
able to cut you all off. To-night the Indians will surround your army, and when that arrangement is fully made you will hear some guns fire all around the ring. But there is a large swamp or very wet piece of ground on the east side of you, where there will be a vacancy; that gap you can learn by the firing, and in the night you had better march your men through and make your escape in an east direction."

Crawford accordingly in the night drew up his men and told them his intention. The men generally assenting, he then commenced his march east; but the men soon got into confusion and lost their course. Consequently, the next day they were almost to a man cut off and, as history tells us, Crawford taken prisoner. He was taken by a Delaware; consequently the Delawares claimed the right, agreeably to their rules, of disposing with the prisoner. There was a council held, and the decision was to burn him. He was taken to the main Delaware town, on a considerable creek, called Tymochtee, about eight miles from the mouth. Girty then supposed he could make a speculation by saving Crawford's life. He made a proposition to captain Pipe, the head chief of the Delawares, offering three hundred and fifty dollars for Crawford. The chief received it as a great insult, and promptly said to Girty, "Sir, do you think I am a *squaw? If* you say one word more on the subject I will make a stake for you, and burn you along with the white chief." Girty, knowing the Indian character, retired and said no more on the subject. But, in the meantime, Girty had sent runners to the Mohican creek and to Lower Sandusky, where there was some white traders, to come immediately and purchase Crawford; knowing that he could make a great speculation in case he could save Crawford's life. The traders came on, but too late. When they arrived, Crawford was tied to a stake, blacked, his ears cut off, and part burnt, too much so to live had he been let loose. He asked Girty to get a gun and shoot him; but Girty, knowing the rebuke he got the day before, dared not say one word.

I have been on the ground often where Crawford was burnt. It is near to the creek bank, on the east side. The land is now owned by the heirs of Daniel Hodge; and in place of a bare piece of ground, as is reported, and that there will no grass grow on the spot, it is a beautiful green, and some fine healthy white oak trees growing near, which the now occupant, Mr. Wm. Ritchey, promises to preserve for future generations.

Girty afterwards went to Canada, and resided there until he was near one hundred years of age, becoming blind. He has some sons there now of some notoriety—one being the high sheriff of one of the

counties. Bad as Girty's character was, and as bad acts as he was guilty of, I am of impression that injustice is done him in this particular, as it is generally supposed Girty was at the head and front of burning Crawford.



JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

THE following poetic tribute to the memory of the pioneers of the west, taken from the Chillicothe Advertiser, will be read with interest. It is fully due to those for whom it was written.

THE PIONEERS OF THE WEST.

BY ELIEZER WILLIAMSON.

Where now, I ask, is that bold, daring band,
The honored fathers of this Western land;
They who first crossed Ohio's silvery wave,
And did unnumbered toils and dangers brave?
Though some of them did bid the world farewell,
Some still survive, their matchless deeds to tell.
Though fleeting years have passed forever by
Since first they trod beneath this Western sky;
Yet they remember well those early days,
And view our country *now* with great amaze.
The country *then* was an unbroken wild;
The "*Western Wilderness*" it then was styled;
The Ohio *then* sent forth a wild-like roar,
And dark, dense forests waved upon the shore:
Along her strand the Indians then did dwell,
And oft was heard the wild and savage yell.
The mighty oak—proud monarch of the wood,
Upon these hills in stately grandeur stood.
Along these vales did bloody panthers prowl,
And oft was heard the fierce wolf's frightful howl;
But all these savage beasts have pass'd away,
And the wild Indians too—where now are they?
They've disappeared—most of those tribes are gone,
Like night's dark shades before the rising dawn.
Can we forget that brave and hardy band
Who made their homes first in this Western land?
Their names should be enroll'd on history's page,
To be perused by each succeeding age:

They are the fathers of the mighty West;
Their arduous labors heav'n above has bless'd.
Before them fell the forest of the plain,
And peace and plenty follow'd in the train.
In vain would I attempt to bring to view
The dangers which those pioneers pass'd through.
The wintry winds in wildness round them blow,
And o'er them often rolls the drifted snow.
Upon the cold damp earth their blankets spread,
There they reposed—this was their only bed.
They often crossed great rivers, deep and wide,
Their frail canoes they paddled o'er the tide.
Through pelting storms and the descending snow,
Though thinly clad, they still would onward go.
How many long and cheerless nights they pass'd
Unsheltered from the cold and chilly blast!
For many years those hardships they endured,
And they to arduous toil became inured.
What lasting gratitude to them we owe!
'Tis from their toils our richest blessings flow.
Illustrious men! though slumbering in the dust,
You still are honored by the good and just!
Posterity will shed a conscious tear,
And, pointing, say, "*there sleeps a Pioneer.*"

December 6, 1842.

FIRST DUEL IN THE VALLEY OF THE KENAWHA.

Sometime in the close of the year 1793, while the valley of the Great Kenawha river was exposed to the hostile visits of the Indians, and while a block-house and stockade was maintained about a mile above Elk river, at the place where Frederic Brooks, esq., now resides, the following incident occurred:

Mr. Van Bibber, one of the garrison, passing early in the morning from the stockade to captain Clendenin's, about a mile above, now the seat of Daniel Ruffner, esq., fortunately having his rifle cocked, primed and ready for any scene of danger, saw rising before him from behind a fallen tree, a large and athletic Indian, with his war costume and painted for battle; who, simultaneously with Van Bibber, brought his rifle to a shoulder and aim, the two guns going off so nearly together as to produce but one sound; the Indian fell, his ball grazing his opponent's body. Van Bibber, not knowing what other enemies were in ambuscade, hurried on toward captain Clendenin's, and met the inmates of the house repairing with arms to the scene of danger; being roused by what they supposed a single shot, which was

the agreed signal of the approach of danger. Van Bibber exclaimed, "I have just fought a duel," and gave an account of the occurrence. The party repaired to the scene described, where blood was found, but no vestige of the enemy, and all search proved unavailing. Several weeks elapsed when, in milder weather, the body of the Indian was discovered, by the vultures collecting at the spot, where his body had been deposited by his own comrades in a cleft of the rocks at the foot of the hill, about half a mile distant from the place of his fatal rencounter with Van Bibber. Yours, &c.,

A. EDGAR SUMMERS.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S HORN.

THE following note from general Hoyt, the antiquarian, to C. Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., having fallen in our way, is worth an insertion, on account of the information it gives relative to the old horn.

"In the January number of the American Pioneer there are two handsome cuts of general Putnam's powder-horn, said to have been made at Lake George in 1756. The work on the horn is similar to that found on the horn of your grandfather, which was made at the same place, I had supposed in 1755, and probably by the same man. The lines of poetry are the same on both horns, and were the production of our late judge Paine, who was a chaplain in one of the regiments at Lake George in 1755. The maker of the horns must have been very ingenious. It is said he had no other instrument than a pen-knife. I am, sir, yours, EP. HOYT."

AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

1636. Henry Vane elected governor of Massachusetts.
Mrs. Anne Hutchinson commences her career, and divides the church in Massachusetts into two parts.
Roger Williams, still followed by his inveterate enemies, goes further into Rhode Island and settles at Providence.
Governor Hervey seized in Virginia and sent prisoner to England.
The Narragansetts make a treaty at Boston with the colonies, and propose to aid them against the Pequots.
The Pequots kill John Oldham, and the English declare war against them.

1637. Hervey sent back to Virginia with his former powers.
The Pequots are attacked at their fort at Mistic and routed with great slaughter, and the war rages with great fury against them. The English, Narragansetts, and Mohegans

make slaves of the captives, and declare the Pequot nation shall be annihilated.

The king takes the government of New England into his own hands.

Mrs. Hutchinson banished for religious opinions, and Mr. Wheelwright, her brother-in-law, settles Exeter.

1638. The island of Rhode Island settled by Mrs. Hutchinson's leading followers.

New Haven settled.

Uncas, sachem of the Mohegans, summoned to Boston to answer the charge of his favoring the Pequots.

Three Englishmen put to death at Plymouth for having killed an Indian.

1639. Wyatt appointed governor of Virginia.

The Spaniards conquer Florida.

The Plymouth company set off New Hampshire, to Mason, and Maine to Gorges, for which they obtained patents.

The Connecticut Indians sell Milford, Stratford, and Fairfield to the whites, who take immediate possession of them.

1640. The English settle Dover and establish a distinct government, but becoming divided in matters of religion, the dispute is settled by Roger Williams with an armed force.

1641. The settlements of New Hampshire put themselves under the government of Massachusetts.

Some Dutchmen killed by the Indians near Fort Aurania, now Albany.

Richard Smith settles in the midst of the Narragansett Indians, where he remained long in peace. This nation of Indians consisted of about 30,000.

Rhode Island establishes a republican form of government.

1642. Berkley assumes the government of Virginia, and administers it on republican principles.

The White mountains of New Hampshire visited by Mr. Field.

Indian war in Maryland commences.

The Iroquois conquer the Hurons by means of fire-arms, procured of the Dutch.

Thomas Mayhew settles on Martha's Vineyard and commenced christianizing the Indians.

1643. An act of perpetual warfare with the Indians passed in Virginia.

The colonies of New England, for mutual defence, form a compact, and hence were called the United Colonies of New England, from which Rhode Island was excluded.

War begins between the Mohegans and Narragansetts; the latter, in a great battle, are defeated by Uncas; have their sachem taken prisoner, and put to death by the advice of the English.

Lancaster taken from the Indians and settled.

The court of Massachusetts make the money (wampumpeag) a legal tender for small debts.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

Our Patrons.

We have some of the best that the world can produce.—Those of them who have paid us for the second volume are real patriots—they are the very soul of the enterprise. It is all due, and did those who are behind know how much we and our men suffer for want of what is due from them, and how much joy to our hearts, and energy to the enterprise, the reception of it would be, they would not keep back another day. All who shall have paid by the issue of the next number will have PAID marked on the cover.

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We believe, have never refused to send us the subscription money, and kindly to give us information, free of expense. It is now generally known that this is no infringement of duty or instructions, and we heartily thank them, and ask a continuance of their favors.

Editors

Who notice the numbers and publish the contents as received, and send us their paper, will be entitled to the Pioneer in exchange, and to extract from it for their papers. ☞ We make monthly lists of their notices by which each month we send the Pioneer in Exchange.

To Contributors.

All who possess historical information relative to the first settlement and successive improvement of any part of the United States, are asked to contribute. Our aim is correctness of narrative, more than elegance of style. Some have declined because they could not write as elegantly as some of our able contributors—this is wrong. We love good style, but where that is not to be had, let us have the facts, though they be clothed in ever so plain a dress. Let them come in their "working clothes," if they have no better.

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Errata.—Page 269, line 11 from bottom, Greenville for Granville.



THE

AMERICAN PIONEER,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

COLLECTING AND PUBLISHING INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND SUCCESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.—No. 7.

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☞ See To Patrons and Postmasters on 4th page of cover. ☜

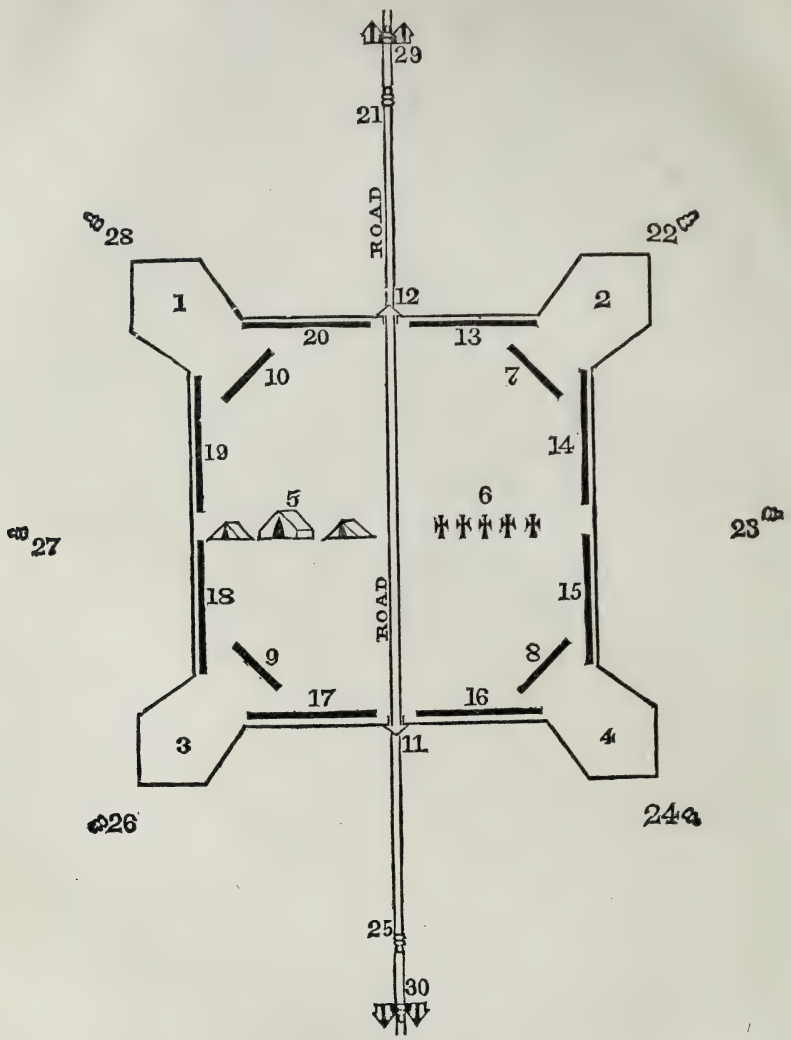
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GENERAL WAYNE'S DAILY ENCAMPMENT.



REFERENCE.

1. Lieutenant Massie's bastion.
2. Lieutenant Pope's bastion
3. Captain Porter's bastion.
4. Captain Ford's bastion.
5. Head-quarters.
6. Park of artillery.
7. Second troop of dragoons.
8. First troop of dragoons.
9. Fourth troop of dragoons.
10. Third troop of dragoons.
11. Rear gateway.
12. Front gateway.
13 and 14. Third sub-legion.
15 and 16. First sub-legion.
17 and 18. Second sub-legion.
19 and 20. Fourth sub-legion.
21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, and 28. Picquet guards.
29. Advance guard.
30. Rear guard.

AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. JULY, 1843. NO. VII.

OUR FRONTISPIECE,

For this month, was furnished to us by an able, industrious, and ingenious correspondent, Jno. W. Van Cleve. He does his work up in the right way to help us along, by furnishing us with the plates of his drawings ready for the press. He has now concluded his father's memoranda, the remainder of which we give in this number, and he has given us a sketch of the adventures of colonel Robert Patterson. We are allowed by him to hope for much other interesting matter, which his industry and care has treasured up, concerning the settlement of the western country.

Thinking that the drawing of the encampment would be more useful with a further account of it, we sent a copy of it to our soldier-correspondent, George Will, esq., who sent us the following letter. We hope his health is recovered, and that shortly he will be able to lay before our readers, his "more full account of our Indian war."

MR. WILL'S LETTER.

J. S. Williams, Esq. *Adelphi, April 12th,* 1843.

Dear Sir—Since the 17th of March I have been confined to my room, the greater part of the time to my bed, which will account for my not answering your letter of the 27th. Yours of the 5th inst. is just received, and, as you appear anxious that I should answer the queries proposed in yours of the 27th ult., I have left my bed and commenced writing, in hopes I may be enabled to finish by Saturday morning, when the mail leaves.

The drawing is a tolerably good representation of general Wayne's encampment at Greenville during our stay there, from September, 1793, until after the treaty of 1795; but we could not always find ground suitable on our daily march to form our encampment just in that form; when the ground and other circumstances admitted we generally formed our camp on that plan. On a march we generally halted early in the afternoon, say two or three o'clock; the quarter-masters of the several sub-legions, with the quarter-master-general, surveyor, and engineer, went ahead with the front guard, selected the ground, laid off the encampment, and marked the bounds of

each sub-legion, so that when the army arrived, the troops proceeded to pitch their tents. After this was done each company had to commence fortifying twenty feet in front of the company. This was done by cutting down timber, trimming off the limbs, and putting up from two to four logs high, according to the timber; so that in one hour from the commencement a complete breast-work was formed around the whole encampment. There were no gates—a few light logs were put up something in the form of bars. The picket guards consisted sometimes of a captain, one subaltern, one sergeant, two corporals, and from thirty-six to forty-eight privates; some of them only of a subaltern, one sergeant, one corporal, and from twenty-one to thirty-six privates. These were generally detailed every morning and were numbered from one to eight, or as many as necessary, (on the campaign we generally had eight,) so that when the army halted in the evening, each guard took its station at the place selected by the quarter-master, say three hundred yards from the encampment, divided his men into three reliefs, first, second, and third; the first relief he sent out with his sergeant or corporal, placed his sentinels about one hundred yards apart, so that in half an hour from the time the army halted, a complete chain of sentinels was formed around the whole encampment. While the first relief were out, which was two hours, the second and third were employed in cutting down timber and making breast-works to defend themselves in case of an attack. After the first relief had been on sentinel two hours, the second relief went on and stood their two hours, then the third relief, and then the first, and so on until morning. The front guard generally took their station half a mile in advance, the rear guard half a mile in the rear of the army; this was done for the purpose of keeping the enemy from making a sudden attack on the main body of the army. The front and rear guards never consisted of less than a whole company, sometimes more. It was intended that, should the enemy make an attack in front, this guard should maintain its position until the main army could have time to form and come to their assistance. This was the case on the 20th August, 1794, but the front guard were overpowered and obliged to retreat.

I hope, dear sir, that the foregoing may be of some service to you; I would have transcribed and wrote more plainly, but I really have wrote with great pain, and hope you will be able to read it. If I should be restored to health again, I will try and give you a more full account of our Indian war. Yours, respectfully, &c.

Geo. Will

EXTRACTS FROM B. VAN CLEVE'S MEMORANDA.

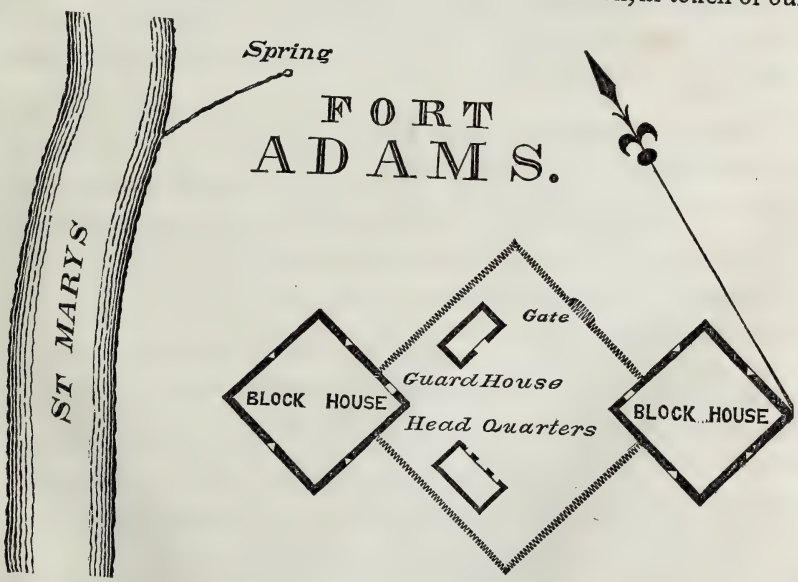
(Continued from page 224.)

FORT WAYNE.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1794.—Again entered into the contractor's employ and started with a drove of cattle to supply the army. Went to Mill creek, where we continued next day.

September 8.—Reached Fort Hamilton, and remained until the 21st, by which time we had received several additional droves. Took the whole, amounting to four hundred and sixty bullocks, to Fort Recovery, where we arrived on the evening of the 24th. There we met major Price, who had been sent on with a select corps of mounted volunteers, to hurry on some beef. I took one hundred and twenty bullocks and started with him next morning and arrived in camp on the 27th, and found the army without beef or salt. The troops ate ten beeves a day, issued regularly in rations, and the Kentucky militia sometimes destroyed as many more. This gave our party considerable trouble and occasioned some hard swearing by general Wayne, to the great terror of the commissary.

We remained until the 27th of October, when the fort was finished and called Fort Wayne. Four or five companies marched into it, and the cannon and small arms were fired on the occasion, in token of our



Plan of Fort Adams, built by general Wayne on the St. Mary's, drawn by B. Van Cleve in 1794.

success in the late battle and of our taking possession of the enemy's country. The residue of the army on the same day marched for winter quarters, taking general Harmar's old trace up the St. Mary's.

October 30.—The army being at a short distance from Fort Adams, I took six beeves and three sheep, and delivered them to the commandant of the post. We encamped at Kettletown or Girty's-town, fifty-five miles from Fort Wayne and thirty-six from Greenville. We remained there on the 31st.

November 1.—Came on Hartshorn's road to within sixteen miles of Greenville.

November 2.—Arrived at Greenville.

HAMILTON.

December 17th, 1794.—Israel Ludlow laid out a town at Fort Hamilton. It was first called Fairfield.

DAYTON.

On the 3rd day of August, the treaty was concluded at Greenville between general Wayne and the Indians, by which the lands were ceded to the United States, from old Fort Laurens to Loramie's store, thence to Recovery, and thence to the Ohio opposite the mouth of Kentucky river. On the 20th, seventeen days after the treaty, governor St. Clair, general Wilkinson, Jonathan Dayton, and Israel Ludlow contracted with John Cleves Symmes for the purchase and settlement of the seventh and eighth ranges, between Mad river and Little Miami. One settlement was to be at the mouth of Mad river, one on the Little Miami in the seventh range, and one on Mad river above the mouth.

Two parties of surveyors set off on the 21st of September—Mr. Daniel C. Cooper, to survey and mark a road and cut out some of the brush, and captain John Dunlap to run the boundaries of the purchase. I went with Dunlap. There were, at this time, several stations on Mill creek: Ludlow's, White's, Tucker's, Voorhees', and Cunningham's. The last was eleven miles from Cincinnati. We came to Voorhees' and encamped.

In the morning, Mr. Cooper and his party proceeded with the road, and our party took Harmar's old trace, in company with a Mr. Bedell, who had a wagon with provisions and tools, and was going to make a settlement a considerable distance in advance of the frontier. [It was afterwards called Bedell's station, and was a few miles west of where Lebanon now is.] On the 23rd, we reached the line between the third and fourth ranges of townships, which had been run by captain Dunlap in 1788. On the 24th and 25th, run north eighteen miles, to the south boundary of the seventh range, and then run west

to the Miami, running here nearly south. The next morning our horse was missing. He had been well secured. We hunted for him all day, but never found him. The Indians probably had stolen him. On the 27th, we carried our baggage up to the mouth of Mad river. About thirty rods from the mouth we found a camp of six Wyandott Indians. We were a little alarmed at each other at first, but became very friendly. They gave us some venison jerk, and we in turn gave them a little flour, salt, tobacco, and some other small articles. At the request of one of them, I exchanged knives with him, giving him a very large one that I had carried for several years for his, which was not so valuable, and a deer-skin to boot. We had not been here long until Mr. Cooper and his party arrived.

On the 28th, some men from Kentucky, who had come with Mr. Cooper to view the country, went up the Miami bottom a mile or two above the mouth of Mad river, and found the weeds so high and the vines so thick they could not see the land, and became discouraged and returned to Kentucky. Mr. Cooper returned to make some alterations. We continued engaged in our survey until the 4th of October. We established the northern and southern boundaries of the purchase, and meandered Mad river and the Miami from the northern line of the eighth range to the southern line of the seventh, when we returned to Cincinnati.

On the 1st of November, went again to Mad river. On the 4th, Israel Ludlow laid off the town at the mouth and called it Dayton, after one of the proprietors. A lottery was held, and I drew lots for myself and several others, and engaged to become a settler in the ensuing spring.

April 1st, 1796.—Landed at Dayton after a passage of ten days, William Gahagan and myself having come with Thomson's, and McClure's families in a large perogue. During the preceding winter, two or three settlers had arrived here; several families had settled Hole's station, [where Miamisburg now is;] a few persons had settled at the Big Prairie, [below Middletown:] two had established themselves on Clear creek, and several were scattered about the country lower down. This spring a settlement was made by Jonathan Mercer eight miles up Mad river, another was made at the forks, called Chribb's station, another at the mouth of Honey creek, and another at the old Piqua on the Miami.

I raised a good crop of corn this year—in the meantime, flour cost me nine dollars a barrel and corn-meal a dollar a bushel in Cincinnati, and the transportation to Dayton was two dollars and a half per hundred weight.

On the 26th of April, 1797, I moved to Little Beaver creek, about seven miles from Dayton. I raised a crop here. On the 16th of October, I entered into an engagement, and started with Israel Ludlow and William C. Schenck, surveyors, to survey the United States military lands between the Scioto and Muskingum. Our district was about forty miles square, next the Scioto. Our route was past Columbia, Newtown, and Williamsburg to the falls of Paint creek, where we fell into Zane's road from Wheeling to Limestone, lately opened; thence to Chillicothe, another new town, settled by a few persons the season previous, thence by the Indian path up the Scioto to the forks, [where Franklinton and Columbus now are.] We had a deep snow covered with a crust, while we were engaged in our surveys, and could kill but little game. We were twenty-nine days without bread and nearly all that time without salt, and sometimes without very little else to eat. At one time, in five days we had but four meals, and they were scanty. When we got through, our company separated at the forks of Scioto, and three of us steered through the prairies for Dayton.

1801.—This year I took in the returns of taxable property in Dayton township, which was all the Miami country from the fifth range upwards. The number of free males over twenty-one years old between the two Miamis, from the south line of the township to the heads of Mad river and the Great Miami, was three hundred and eighty-two; west of the Great Miami twenty-eight, east of the Little Miami less than twenty.

B. Van Cleve

MR. TRIMBLE'S LETTER.

Hillsborough, March 28, 1843.

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—As your valuable and interesting magazine is devoted to the history of events and scenes connected with the early settlement of our country, I propose occupying your columns with a sketch of incidents, which were associated with the life of captain James Trimble, late of Woodford county, Kentucky. I am aware that the productions of those who participated in the toils and dangers of the times would be more acceptable and interesting to your readers; but,

alas! how few remains to tell the thrilling story, and sketch, with graphic pencil, the hair-breadth escapes and perils through which they passed, to secure to us the rich inheritance of peaceful and prosperous homes! In the absence, therefore, of more useful and interesting matter, I will present some reminiscences of the early settlement of the valley of Virginia, which I have not yet seen published.

Preceding the memorable conflict with the Indians called the "battle of the Point," the citizens of western Virginia were greatly exposed to the incursions of the savages, whose retreat was always well protected by the vast and interminable range of the *Allegheny*. To protect the inhabitants and to intimidate the Indians, the expedition of lord Dunmore, then governor of Virginia, was ostensibly projected in the fall of 1774. One division of this army, composed of volunteers from the counties of Augusta and Rockbridge, commanded by general Andrew Lewis, proceeded in a direct course for the mouth of the Great Kenawha river, where it was contemplated to form a junction with lord Dunmore, and penetrate into the North-west territory, (now Ohio.) In this arrangement general Lewis was deceived. Dunmore, having crossed the Ohio, advanced to the Scioto and retraced his march without meeting any hostile bands, and left general Lewis with his band of *provincials* to their fate. There were dark suspicions of treachery in this movement of the English governor, thus designing (on the eve of the Revolution) to cripple the energies of the Virginians.

The Indians, apprised of the unguarded position of general Lewis, had formed the design of surprising him in his encampment. History has given the result of that desperate contest; and never, perhaps, in the annals of savage warfare, was skill and indomitable courage more conspicuous than in the character and conduct of the celebrated Shawanee chief *Cornstalk*. He had crossed the Ohio during the night a few miles above Lewis' camp, and would have accomplished his object of a complete surprise, but was fortunately discovered by two men from the encampment, who had turned out for an early hunt. These men came directly on the whole band of Indians, pressing on to the attack. In their retreat one was killed, the other reached the camp and gave the alarm. The troops had not time to form any regular order of battle before the enemy were upon them. Some of the men were at first panic struck and astonished; but the heroic and gallant conduct of colonel Charles Lewis and his officers, rallied them, and the first deadly onset of the foe was met and sustained by as brave a set of men as ever encountered the fearful war-

whoop of the Indian! Then it was that "Greek met Greek," and the desperate tug of war was incessantly continued until darkness separated the combatants. The force on either side was nearly equal, and alternately, throughout the day, the whites and then the Indians retreated! the battle-ground being confined within the compass of half a mile. No decided advantage was gained by the whites until late in the evening, when the Indians began slowly a stubborn reteat, still faithfully protecting their women and youths, who were all day employed in removing their dead and wounded. It is said that captain (afterwards general) George Matthews, with his company, contributed, by a well planned and successful "*ruse de guerre*," to turn the fortunes of the day.

But your readers are doubtless familiar with this history, and I indulged thus far in noticing it, simply and in truth, that my *father* was *there*, a youth of eighteen; and I feel a personal interest and pride in speaking of it, perhaps as *tradition* rather than history. My paternal grandfather, James Allen, of Augusta, was also there; and in that wild and blood-stained battle-field, fell his young and gallant brother, Hugh Allen, a lieutenant of Matthews' company. Colonel Charles Lewis also fell on that field of his glory, one which his courage and gallantry contributed to win. His memory was long affectionately cherished by his soldiers and comrades. *Here* were citizen-soldiers and volunteers, mostly men of families, inured to hardship and dangers; and *sons* were there among them, emulating the heroic deeds of sires, and schooling themselves for future conflicts upon the "bloody ground" of Kentucky. They all had every incentive to mingle in deadly strife with the Indian. Relatives and friends had often been ruthlessly butchered in cold blood, their dwellings wrapped in flames, and women and children carried away into hopeless captivity!

Among those who had injuries to redress and vengeance to repay, was captain Trimble, the subject of this memoir. His father had settled at an early period, about 1750, on Middle river, in Augusta county, Virginia, then, and for many years subsequently, a frontier post. In 1770, my father, then about fourteen years of age, was surprised by a band of Indians and made *prisoner*, with a colored boy named Adam, while ploughing corn. The alarm was given to his father and family by the horses running off to the house; and suspecting the cause, the old gentleman proceeded with his gun to reconnoitre. The Indians, having tied and secured the prisoners and left them in charge of two or three lads, made for the house. On the way, passing through a strip of woods, they encountered my grand

father and shot him, taking his scalp. His wife made her escape from the house and concealed herself not far from it, witnessing the scene of the plundering and burning the premises. Her only daughter at home, Mrs. Estell, (mother of the late hon. Benjamin Estell of Kentucky,) was too unwell to attempt fleeing, and was made prisoner. While this was going on, the young *Spartans* were trying their skill at throwing their tomahawks at the sapling to which my father was tied, often just missing his head, and inserting the deadly steel deep into the tree.

The party having packed their horses with plunder, and mounting those on horses who were not able to travel, (among them Mrs. Estell,) made a rapid retreat from the pillaged settlement with six or eight prisoners. They traveled day and night until they reached the valley of the Green Brier river, and encamped at or near the famed "White Sulphur Springs." Thinking themselves safe from pursuit, (having made about one hundred miles,) they engaged in hunting, and were feasting themselves around their camp fires when, two days after, they were completely surprised by a party of fifteen or twenty men, under colonel George Moffit, (a half-brother of my father.) Dickson, the Indian leader, had just returned from the hunt, having killed a deer within a few yards of the cover of colonel Moffit and his party. They heard the fire of his gun, and the deer being mortally wounded was running towards the party, when one of the men threw up his hat, which turned it, and it fell after running about thirty yards. Dickson followed in pursuit, and having despatched it left for the camp. He then ordered my father to bring him some water, which being presented rather turbid and impure, he threw it into his face, saying he would tomahawk him if he did not bring it clear. Although a favorite with the Indian chief, who had adopted him as a son, he dreaded his wrath ; and returning to the spring was cautiously waiting the "settling of the waters" to get it pure, when he was aroused by the sharp and clear ring of fifteen or twenty rifles. He at once suspected the cause and flew in the direction of the sound ; believing it to be, as it proved, from the party of his relative, colonel Moffit. He was rescued.

Dickson at this moment was standing by Mrs. Estell, leaning on his rifle and giving directions about ruffling a shirt which she was making for him. He alone of his party escaped from the first deadly volley—they all, eight or nine men, measured their lengths around the camp-fire, either killed or mortally wounded. Mrs. Estell sprung to her feet and fled towards her approaching friends, taking the precaution to snatch up a tin vessel by her side and placing it for a covering

to the head. Dickson, who was madly bent on retaining his victim or for revenge, pursued with uplifted weapon, which was hurled, knocking the frail protection from her hands, but fortunately without injury. He was then almost directly confronting her brother, colonel Moffit, the foremost of the party, who received Dickson's fire unhurt, (his own gun being discharged.) The brave warrior then turned and fled rapidly, making good his retreat, though hotly pursued. The prisoners were all rescued.

The black boy, Adam, had concealed himself during the fire behind a tree, and being mistaken for an Indian was fired at by one of the men, and slightly wounded in the arm. He was but recently from his native Africa, and spoke but little English, and appeared well enough contented with his fate as a prisoner. On their march, Adam had one day disturbed a "yellow jacket's nest," just as his bare legged companions were filing along in the rear, who were peppered severely. This so pleased the simple minded negro that he was about repeating the fun, when he was fallen upon by the Indian boys and got a sound beating, to the amusement of the whole party. I have often heard Adam in his old days recount, in his Guinea dialect, this notable feat, and detail all the incidents of his captivity.

Colonel Moffit and his party returned to Augusta with the prisoners rescued, but not without encountering the defeated chief. Dickson had interrupted their retreat, and from a defile in the mountains fired upon and severely wounded one of the men, Mr. *Russel.* Russel was carried home on a litter, and recovered. He lived to encounter the formidable Dickson at the battle of the Point four years after; and was foremost in the fight until he singled out his victim, and hand to hand they fought till the struggle closed in the death-rattle of the *Indian.*

Dickson was a renegade half-blood Indian, and was well known to the settlers of Virginia, among whom he lived for several years, until hostilities broke out, when he joined a band of Shawanees, and became a formidable and desperate leader. He had often been to my grandfather's, and, to exhibit his character, after killing and scalping him, he presented the trophy to my father, saying, "*Jim,* here's the old man's scalp—do you know it? If you stay with me I will make a good Indian of you; but if you attempt to run off, I will have yours." He treated Mrs. Estell with kindness and respect, and never offered any insult, supposing that, in hopeless captivity, she would become his wife. He placed her on horseback, and traveled constantly by her side through the difficult passes of the mountains.

Her situation was most delicate and trying, but it was a source of consolation and gave some sense of protection, that her young brother was a companion of her sorrows. Her first child was born a few weeks after her return to Augusta. It is difficult to form any proper conception of the dangers and trials of that period, or to estimate correctly the heroism and fortitude of the "honorable women of those days, whose virtues are the richest and most cherished legacies left to their children."

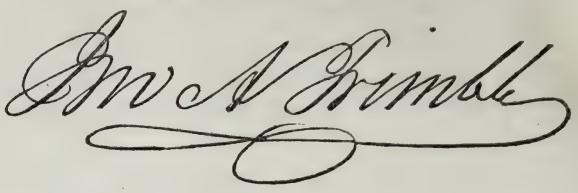
The writer, traveling through Virginia a few years since, fell in with an old gentleman, Mr. Kinkaid, of Augusta county, one of colonel Moffit's party, who gave a very full and graphic history of the expedition. The difficulties, but success, with which they followed the Indian trail, often obliterated but as often regained by slight indications of the march, which would have escaped the notice of less experienced men. The last day of pursuit, when all hope was lost of regaining the trail, they found a small piece of Mrs. Estell's handkerchief, which had been with design cautiously fastened on a bush while traveling in the night. From that point they followed with elated spirits and full assurance of success.

In the year 1780 or 1781, my father emigrated to Woodford county, Kentucky, and was among the first settlers of that district. Game of every description was abundant, and supplied their frugal wants. The dense and impervious shades of *canebrakes* which covered that rich and luxuriant soil, was the lurking place of the bear, buffalo and elk; and upon these the emigrants subsisted until the wilderness was reclaimed and became fruitful fields. On one occasion, as captain Trimble was returning to his dwelling, after a ride exploring the country, he had a fearful encounter with one of these lords of the forest. In the narrow path through a canebrake lay a large tree directly across the track; he approached and attempted leaping it, but the horse refused. He was urging him over when a large she bear rose on her hind legs upright and clapsed the horse in a deadly *hug* around the neck. Thus they were poised over the log, when my father threw himself from his horse, and, with his rifle, ever trusty and sure, he despatched the formidable tenant of the forest; thus adding largely to his burden of wild game.

After living to witness the peaceful settlement of that beautiful country, and rearing there a large family, captain Trimble visited Ohio, and made arrangements for moving thither, but died soon afterwards on the soil which he contributed to reclaim from the savage—a claim always contested by the tomahawk and rifle. That rifle which, in 1774, spoke eloquently its death-notes to the Indian, is

yet a substantial and trusty weapon, time-worn and rusty, but a prized relic of the days which tried men's souls.

Yours, very respectfully,



SIEGE OF FORT HENRY.

Among the most memorable events in border history, or indeed in the whole annals of savage or Indian warfare, may be ranked the battle of Fort Henry, at the mouth of Wheeling creek, in the year 1777. The bravery and perseverance of the little band that defended the fort against an assailing force, more than thirty times their superior in numbers, has often been portrayed by historians in the most glowing colors. Owing, however, to the difficulty of obtaining correct information on the subject, their accounts, as might be expected, are not without inaccuracies. It is much to be regretted that a full and detailed account of this interesting action, from the pen of some one who participated in its perils, has not been presented to the public. At the present day, there is not, it is believed, a single member of that Spartan band in existence. A few venerable old men who lived on the frontier, contemporary with the event, yet survive the ravages of time; but there is scarcely one among the number who has sufficient confidence in his memory to venture upon giving a narrative of the battle; and the only information derived from them has been elicited in the shape of answers to interrogatories propounded to them, with the view of testing, as far as possible, the accuracy of the different accounts of the siege which have heretofore been published. The public archives, although they throw but little light on the immediate transaction, furnish, in their records of collateral events, the means of correcting many of the errors into which historians have fallen. The following account of this interesting incident in the early history of the western country, is prepared from materials of an authentic character, which have been collected for the purpose with no inconsiderable labor. A few preliminary observations are given in regard to the condition of the north-western border previous to the battle, as they seem necessary to a proper appreciation of the subject.

Towards the end of April, 1774, a party of about one hundred persons, on their way from the Atlantic country to Kentucky, having concentrated at the mouth of Little Kanawha, received information that the Indians had assumed a warlike attitude, and were expected momentarily to commence hostilities upon the settlers. This news induced the emigrants to abandon the idea of proceeding farther on their journey at that time; and, on consultation with Captain Michael Cresap, who was engaged in opening a plantation in that vicinity, they determined upon going up to the mouth of Wheeling creek, regarding that as a convenient point to keep themselves advised of what was going on in the Indian country.

Soon after their arrival at Wheeling, a message was received from Dr. Connolly, the royal "captain commandant of the district of West Augusta," then on a visit to Fort Pitt, informing captain Cresap that a war with the Indians was inevitable, and begging him "to use his influence with the party to cover the country with scouts until the inhabitants could fortify themselves." In obedience to this request, reconnoitering parties were sent out in all directions, and the settlers proceeded at once to erect a stockade work near the mouth of the creek. This fort is said to have been planned by George Rogers Clark, (who was one of the Kentucky emigrants,) and was constructed under the superintendence of Ebenezer Zane and John Caldwell, both of whom had already made considerable improvements at the mouth of Wheeling creek. It was called *Fort Fincastle*, and served as a place of refuge for the settlers during the war which followed, and which was terminated, as far as a treaty could effect the purpose, in the fall of the year, by lord Dunmore, at camp Charlotte.

During the following year, confidence in the Indians not having been fully restored by Dunmore's treaty, the Virginia convention directed a garrison of twenty-five men, under a lieutenant, to occupy Fort Fincastle. This garrison was ordered to be increased to fifty men in 1776, but it is doubtful whether these requisitions were ever complied with. In the fall of 1776, three new counties were erected in the district of West Augusta, by the names of Ohio, Youghiogheny, and Monongalia. The justices of Ohio, taking into view the exposed situation of their county, proceeded at once to organize the militia, which work was completed in the early part of the following year; and on the 2nd day of June the several field and company officers, having received their commissions from the governor, appeared in open court and took the oath of qualification. The republican form of government having gone into operation, the name of Fort Fincastle was

changed to *Fort Henry*, in honor to the distinguished patriot who then occupied the executive chair of the commonwealth.

At this period, Ohio county was to all intents and purposes a military colony. Every able bodied man was enrolled, and kept in readiness to take the field at a moment's warning. The company rolls furnished the lists of tithables for county revenue; and colonel David Shepherd, the commanding officer of the militia, was himself the presiding justice of the county court, and became high sheriff, *ex officio*, during the year.

The convention of 1776, directed two companies to be raised in the new county of Ohio, to form part of a quota of "six battalions for the continental army of the United States." These two companies were to be commanded by captain John Lemmon and captain Silas Zane. The officers made a report of their progress to the "committee of Ohio county" on the 3rd day of February, when it appeared that they had only enlisted twenty men; and as no mention is made of these two companies in the subsequent records of the county, it is more than probable that their formation was abandoned at the time the new organization of the militia took place.

Perhaps the most extensive settlement in Ohio county in 1777, was on the waters of Short creek, and next to this at the mouth of Wheeling. Besides these there were a number of families at Buffalo creek, Beach Bottom, Cross creek, the forks of Wheeling, Grave creek, Fish creek, and Middle Island creek. There were block-houses at Beach Bottom, Cross creek, and Grave creek, together with a small stockade on Short creek in the course of construction, in connexion with the county buildings called the "court-house fort," or Vanmetre's fort; but Fort Henry was the only military work on this part of the frontier that was considered tenable in open war.

Fort Henry stood immediately on the left bank of the Ohio river, about a quarter of a mile above the mouth of Wheeling creek, and at a much less distance from the foot of the immense hill that rises with unusual boldness from the inner margin of the bottom land. Just beyond the lower line of pickets the high bench of ground, on which the fort was erected, terminates; and after an abrupt descent of about thirty feet another level commences, which stretches along with a uniform grade to the banks of the creek. Much of this lower bottom, particularly that portion next to the river, was cleared, fenced, and cultivated in corn. Between the fort and the base of the hill, the forest had likewise been cleared away; and here stood some twenty-five or thirty humble log dwelling houses, thrown together in the form of a village, which, though of little importance then, was the

germ of one of the fairest cities that now grace the domain of Virginia. The fort was built on open ground, and covered a space of about three quarters of an acre. In shape it was a parallelogram, having a block-house at each corner, with lines of stout pickets about eight feet high extending from one block-house to another. Within the enclosure were a store-house, barrack-rooms, garrison-well, and a number of cabins for the use of families. The principal entrance was through a gate-way on the eastern side of the fort next to the straggling village.

In the spring of 1777, the frequency of aggression on the part of the Indians, rendered quite certain a general outbreak would ensue. A number of savage forays upon the settlements took place in May and June, sometimes resulting in mere pillage of horses and cattle, but more frequently in the destruction of human life; and if the marauding parties at first succeeded in their designs, they were always pursued by the exasperated frontiersmen, and generally visited with deserved punishment. As the season advanced, these depredations became more frequent and were characterized with greater boldness; and so imminent was the apprehended danger, that the people threw aside their private pursuits, every man became an energetic soldier, the troops were constantly in service, all civil jurisdiction ceased from June until the following April, and martial law in undisputed power prevailed over the county. In the early part of September, it was ascertained that an immense Indian army was concentrating on the Sandusky river, under the direction of the notorious white renegade, Simon Girty. This scheming outlaw had almost unbounded command over the Wyandotts, and was so far influential with the Mingoes and Shawanees as to secure a large accession to his force from those warlike tribes. The Indian army was well appointed, having received an abundant supply of arms and ammunition from governor Hamilton, at Detroit. Girty himself was armed by this enlightened functionary with full power to grant protection, if he saw fit, to such of the settlers as might choose to swear allegiance to the British crown, and was furnished by the governor with a proclamation under his own hand guaranteeing the royal pardon to every rebel who would accept the boon which Girty was authorized to offer. The savage host, numbering, by various estimates, from three hundred and eighty to five hundred warriors, having completed every preparation for their campaign, left the Sandusky upper village and took up their line of march in the direction of Limestone, in Kentucky.

Ignorant and cowardly as many represent Girty to have been on the field of battle, he certainly possessed a degree of cunning when

not in the immediate presence of danger, which served to keep him high in the confidence of the Indians throughout the chief part of his military career. The manner in which he conducted the march of this army evinces the high order of his sagacity, and the craftiness of his management; for, although colonel Shepherd keep constantly in service a body of the most trusty and experienced scouts that ever figured in border warfare, Girty succeeded in deceiving them as to the point of his destination, and actually brought his whole force before the walls of Fort Henry before his real design was discovered.

On the night of the 26th of September, captain Joseph Ogle, with a small scouting party, while on his return to the fort from an excursion up the Ohio, descried a faint but constant body of smoke rising in the air to the southward of Wheeling. Impressed with the conviction that the smoke was caused by the burning of the block-house at Grave creek, about twelve miles below, he hastened to the fort and mentioned the circumstance to colonel Shepherd, the commandant, who lost no time in despatching two men, in a canoe, down the river, to ascertain the truth. In the course of the night all the inhabitants of the village betook themselves to the fort for shelter and safety, and several families residing in the neighborhood were sent for and brought in before the dawn of day.

The garrison numbered only forty-two fighting men, all told. Some of these were far advanced in years, while others were mere boys. A portion of them were skilled in Indian warfare, and all were excellent marksmen. The store-house was well supplied with small-arms, particularly muskets, but was sadly deficient in ammunition.

At the break of day on the 27th, the commandant wishing to despatch expresses to the nearest settlements, sent a man, accompanied by a negro, out of the fort to bring in some horses, which had been turned loose the day before to graze on the bank of the creek. While these men were passing through the cornfield south of the fort, they encountered a party of six Indians, one of whom raised his firelock and brought the white man to the ground. The negro, seized with alarm, turned about and fled to the fort, which he succeeded in entering without being pursued or molested by the enemy. As soon as the negro related his story, the colonel despatched captain Samuel Mason, with fourteen men, to dislodge the six Indians from the cornfield. Captain Mason with his party marched through the field, and arrived almost on the bank of the creek without finding the Indians, and had already commenced a retrograde movement when he was suddenly and furiously assailed in front, flank, and rear, by the whole of Girty's army. The captain rallied his men from the confusion

produced by this unexpected demonstration of the enemy, and instantly comprehending the situation in which he was placed, gallantly took the lead and hewed a passage through the savage phalanx that opposed him. In this desperate conflict more than half the little band was slain, and their leader severely wounded. Intent on retreating back to the fort, Mason pressed rapidly on with the remnant of his command, the Indians following closely in pursuit. One by one these devoted soldiers fell at the crack of the enemy's rifle. An Indian, who eagerly pursued captain Mason, at length overtook him; and to make sure his prey, fired at him from the distance of five paces; but the shot, although it took effect, did not disable the captain, who immediately turned about and, hurling his gun at the head of his pursuer, felled him to the earth. The fearlessness with which this act was performed caused an involuntary dispersion of the gang of Indians who led the pursuit; and Mason, whose extreme exhaustion of physical powers prevented him from reaching the fort, was fortunate enough to hide himself in a pile of fallen timber, where he was compelled to remain to the end of the siege. Only two of his men survived the skirmish, and they, like their leader, owed their safety to the heaps of logs and brush that abounded in the cornfield.

As soon as the critical situation of captain Mason became known at the fort, captain Ogle, with twelve volunteers from the garrison, sallied forth to cover his retreat. This noble, self-devoted band, in their eagerness to press forward to the relief of their suffering fellow-soldiers, fell into an ambuscade, and two-thirds of their number were slain upon the spot. Sergeant Jacob Ogle, though mortally wounded, managed to escape with two soldiers into the woods, while captain Ogle escaped in another direction and found a place of concealment, which, like his brother officer, captain Mason, he was obliged to keep as long as the siege continued. Immediately after the departure of captain Ogle's command, three new volunteers left the garrison to overtake and reinforce him. These men, however, did not reach the cornfield until after the bloody scenes had been enacted, and barely found time to return to the fort before the Indian host appeared before it. The enemy advanced in two ranks, in open order—their left flank reaching to the river bank, and their right extending into the woods as far as the eye could reach. As the three volunteers were about to enter the gate a few random shots were fired at them, and instantly a loud whoop arose on the enemy's left flank, which passed, as if by concert, along the line to the extreme right, until the welkin was filled with a chorus of the most wild and startling character. This salute was responded to by a few well di-

rected rifle shots from the lower block-houses, which produced a manifest confusion in the ranks of the besiegers. They discontinued their shouting and retired a few paces, probably to await the coming up of their right flank, which, it would seem, had been directed to make a general sweep of the bottom, and then approach the stockade on the eastern side.

At this moment the garrison of Fort Henry numbered no more than twelve men and boys. The fortunes of the day, so far, had been fearfully against them; two of their best officers and more than two-thirds of their original force were missing. The exact fate of their comrades was unknown to them, but they had every reason to apprehend that they had been cut to pieces. Still they were not dismayed—their mothers, sisters, wives and children were assembled around them—they had a sacred charge to protect, and they resolved to fight to the last extremity, and confidently trusted in Heaven for the successful issue of the combat.

When the enemy's right flank came up, Girty changed his order of attack. Parties of Indians were placed in such of the village houses as commanded a view of the block-houses; a strong body occupied the yard of Ebenezer Zane, about fifty yards from the fort, using a pailing fence as a cover, while the greater part were posted under cover in the edge of the cornfield, to act offensively or serve as a corps of reserve, as occasion might require. These dispositions having been made, Girty, with a white flag in his hand, appeared at the window of a cabin and demanded the surrender of the garrison in the name of his Britannic majesty. He read the proclamation of governor Hamilton, and promised them protection if they would lay down their arms and swear allegiance to the British crown. He warned them to submit peaceably, and admitted his inability to restrain the passions of his warriors when they once became excited with the strife of battle. Colonel Shepherd promptly told him, in reply, that the garrison would never surrender to *him*, and that he could only obtain possession of the fort when there remained no longer an American soldier to defend it. Girty renewed his proposition, but before he finished his harangue a thoughtless youth in one of the block-houses fired a gun at the speaker, and brought the conference to an abrupt termination. Girty disappeared, and in about fifteen minutes the Indians opened the siege by a general discharge of rifles.

It was yet quite early in the morning, the sun not having appeared above the summit of Wheeling hill, and the day is represented to have been one of surpassing beauty. The Indians, not entirely concealed from the view of the garrison, kept up a brisk fire for the

space of six hours without much intermission. The little garrison, in spite of its heterogeneous character, was, with scarcely an exception, composed of sharp-shooters. Several of them, whose experience in Indian warfare gave them a remarkable degree of coolness and self-possession in the face of danger, infused confidence into the young; and, as they never fired at random, their bullets, in most cases, took effect. The Indians, on the contrary, gloated with their previous success, their tomahawks reeking with the blood of Mason's and Ogle's men, and all of them burning with impatience to rush into the fort and complete their work of butchery, discharged their guns against the pickets, the gate, the logs of the block-houses, and every other object that seemed to shelter a white man. Their fire was thus thrown away. At length some of their most daring warriors rushed up close to the block-houses, and attempted to make more sure work by firing through the logs; but these reckless savages received from the well directed rifles of the frontiersmen the fearful reward of their temerity. About one o'clock the Indians discontinued their fire and fell back against the base of the hill.

The stock of gunpowder in the fort having been nearly exhausted, it was determined to seize the favorable opportunity offered by the suspension of hostilities, to send for a keg of powder which was known to be in the house of Ebenezer Zane, about sixty yards from the gate of the fort. The person executing this service would necessarily expose himself to the danger of being shot down by the Indians, who were yet sufficiently near to observe every thing that transpired about the works. The colonel explained the matter to his men, and, unwilling to order one of them to undertake such a desperate enterprize, enquired whether any man would volunteer for the service. Three or four young men promptly stepped forward in obedience to the call. The colonel informed them that the weak state of the garrison would not justify the absence of more than one man, and that it was for themselves to decide who that person should be. The eagerness felt by each volunteer to undertake the honorable mission, prevented them from making the arrangement proposed by the commandant; and so much time was consumed in the contention between them that fears began to arise that the Indians would renew the attack before the powder could be procured. At this crisis, a young lady, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, came forward and desired that she might be permitted to execute the service. This proposition seemed so extravagant that it met with a peremptory refusal; but she instantly renewed her petition in terms of redoubled earnestness, and all the remonstrances of the colonel and her relatives failed to dis-

suade her from her heroic purpose. It was finally represented to her that either of the young men, on account of his superior fleetness and familiarity with scenes of danger, would be more likely than herself to do the work successfully. She replied, that the danger which would attend the enterprize was the identical reason that induced her to offer her services, for, as the garrison was very weak, no soldier's life should be placed in needless jeopardy, and that if she were to fall her loss would not be felt. Her petition was ultimately granted, and the gate opened for her to pass out. The opening of the gate arrested the attention of several Indians who were straggling through the village. It was noticed that their eyes were upon her as she crossed the open space to reach her brother's house; but seized, perhaps, with a sudden freak of clemency, or believing that a woman's life was not worth a load of gunpowder, or influenced by some other unexplained motive, they permitted her to pass without molestation. When she reappeared with the powder in her arms, the Indians, suspecting, no doubt, the character of her burden, elevated their firelocks and discharged a volley at her as she swiftly glided towards the gate; but the balls all flew wide of the mark, and the fearless girl reached the fort in safety with her prize. The pages of history may furnish a parallel to the noble exploit of Elizabeth Zane, but an instance of greater self-devotion and moral intrepidity is not to be found anywhere.

About half past two o'clock the Indians put themselves again in motion, and advanced to renew the siege. As in the first attack, a portion of their warriors took possession of the cabins contiguous to the fort, while others availed themselves of the cover afforded by Zane's pailing fence. A large number posted themselves in and behind a blacksmith shop and stable that stood opposite the northern line of pickets, and another party, probably the strongest of all, stationed themselves under cover of a worm fence and several large piles of fallen timber on the south side of the fort. The siege was now reopened from the latter quarter—a strong gang of Indians advancing under cover of some large stumps that stood on the side of the declivity below the fort, and renewing the combat with loud yells and a brisk fire. The impetuosity of the attack on the south side brought the whole garrison to the two lower block-houses, from which they were enabled to pour out a destructive fire upon the enemy in that quarter. While the garrison was thus employed, a party of eighteen or twenty Indians, armed with rails and billets of wood, rushed out of Zane's yard and made an attempt to force open the gate of the fort. Their design was discovered in time to defeat it; but

they only abandoned it after five or six of their number had been shot down. Upon the failure of this scheme, the Indians opened a fire upon the fort from all sides, except from that next to the river, which afforded no shelter to a besieging host. On the north and the east the battle raged most fiercely; for, notwithstanding the strength of the assailants on the south, the unfavorableness of the ground prevented them from prosecuting with much vigor the attack which they had commenced with such fury.

The rifles used by the garrison towards evening became so much heated by continued firing that they were rendered measurably useless, and recourse was then had to muskets, a full supply of which was found in the store-house. As darkness set in, the fire of the savages grew weaker, though it was not entirely discontinued until next morning. Shortly after nightfall, a considerable party of Indians advanced within sixty yards of the fort, bringing with them a hollow maple log, which they had converted into a field-piece, by plugging up one of its ends with a block of wood. To give it additional strength a quantity of chains, taken from the blacksmith shop, encompassed it from one end to the other. It was heavily charged with powder, and then filled to the muzzle with pieces of stone, slugs of iron, and such other hard substances as could be found. The cannon was graduated carefully to discharge its contents against the gate of the fort. When the match was applied it burst into many fragments, and although it made no effect upon the fort, it killed and wounded several of the Indians who stood by to witness its discharge. A loud yell succeeded the failure of this experiment, and the crowd dispersed. By this time the Indians generally had withdrawn from the siege and fallen back against the hill to take rest and food. Numbers of stragglers, however, lurked about the village all night, keeping up an irregular fire on the fort and destroying whatever article of furniture and household comfort they chanced to find in the cabins.

Late in the evening, Francis Duke, a son-in-law of colonel Shepherd, arrived from the Forks of Wheeling, and was shot down by the Indians before he could reach the gate of the fort. About four o'clock next morning, (September 28th,) colonel Swearingen, with fourteen men, arrived in a periogue from Cross creek, and was fortunate enough to fight his way into the fort without the loss of a man.

About daybreak, major Samuel McColloch, with forty mounted men from Short creek, came to the relief of the little garrison. The gate was thrown open, and McColloch's men, though closely beset by the Indians, entered in safety; but McColloch himself was not permitted to pass the gateway. The Indians crowded around him and

separated him from his party. After several ineffectual attempts to force his way to the gate, he wheeled about and galloped with the swiftness of a deer in the direction of Wheeling hill.

When McColloch was hemmed in by the Indians before the fort, they might have taken his life without difficulty, but they had weighty reasons for desiring to take him alive. From the very commencement of the war, his reputation as an Indian hunter was as great, if not greater, than that of any white man on the north-western border. He had participated in so many rencounters that almost every warrior possessed a knowledge of his person. Among the Indians his name was a word of terror; they cherished against him feelings of the most phrensied hatred, and there was not a Mingo or Wyandot chief before Fort Henry who would not have given the lives of twenty of his warriors to secure to himself the living body of major McColloch. When, therefore, the man whom they had long marked out as the first object of their vengeance, appeared in their midst, they made almost superhuman efforts to acquire possession of his person. The fleetness of McColloch's well-trained steed was scarcely greater than that of his enemies, who, with flying strides, moved on in pursuit. At length the hunter reached the top of the hill, and, turning to the left, darted along the ridge with the intention of making the best of his way to Short creek. A ride of a few hundred yards in that direction brought him suddenly in contact with a party of Indians who were returning to their camp from a marauding excursion to Mason's Bottom, on the eastern side of the hill. This party being too formidable in numbers to encounter single-handed, the major turned his horse about and rode over his own trace, in the hope of discovering some other avenue to escape. A few paces only of his countermarch had been made, when he found himself confronted by his original pursuers, who had, by this time, gained the top of the ridge, and a third party was discovered pressing up the hill directly on his right. He was now completely hemmed in on three sides, and the fourth was almost a perpendicular precipice of one hundred and fifty feet descent, with Wheeling creek at its base. The imminence of his danger allowed him but little time to reflect upon his situation. In an instant he decided upon his course. Supporting his rifle in his left hand and carefully adjusting his reins with the other, he urged his horse to the brink of the bluff, and then made the leap which decided his fate. In the next moment the noble steed, still bearing his intrepid rider in safety, was at the foot of the precipice. McColloch immediately dashed across the creek, and was soon beyond the reach of the Indians.

After the escape of major McColloch, the Indians concentrated at the foot of the hill, and soon after set fire to all the houses and fences outside the fort, and killed about three hundred head of cattle belonging to the settlers. They then raised the siege, and took up their line of march for some other theatre of action.

During the investiture, not a man within the fort was killed, and only one wounded, and that wound was a slight one. But the loss sustained by the whites during the enemy's inroad was remarkably severe. Of the forty-two men who were in the fort on the morning of the 27th, no less than twenty-three were killed in the cornfield before the siege commenced. The two men who had been sent down the river the previous night in a canoe, were intercepted by the Indians and killed also; and, if we include Mr. Duke in the list, the loss sustained by the settlement amounted to twenty-six killed, besides four or five wounded. The enemy's loss was from sixty to one hundred. Agreeably to their ancient custom, they removed their dead from the field before the siege was raised; the extent of their loss is therefore merely conjectural.

The defence of Fort Henry, when we consider the extreme weakness of the garrison and the forty-fold superiority of the besieging host, was admirably conducted. Foremost on the list of these brave frontier soldiers was colonel Shepherd, the commandant of the fort, whose good conduct on this occasion gained for him the appointment of county lieutenant from governor Patrick Henry. The brothers, Silas and Ebenezer Zane, and John Caldwell, men of influence in the community, and the first settlers at Wheeling, are spoken of as having contributed much to the success of the battle. The name of every individual composing the little garrison ought to be inscribed on the pages of history; but several of them, it is feared, have so long slept in oblivion that they can never be recovered. Besides the names already mentioned, those of Abraham Rogers, John Linn, Joseph Biggs and Robert Lemmon must not be omitted, as they were among the best Indian fighters on the frontier, and aided much in achieving the victory of the day. The lady of Ebenezer Zane, together with several other females in the fort, undismayed by the sanguinary strife that was going on, employed themselves in running bullets and preparing patches for the use of the men, and by their presence at every point where they could make themselves useful, and by their cheering words of encouragement, infused new life into the soldiers and spurred them on in the performance of their duty. The noble act of Elizabeth Zane, which has already been related, inspired the men with an enthusiasm which contributed not a little to

turn the fortunes of the day. The affair at Fort Henry was emphatically one of the battles of the Revolution. The north-western Indians were as much the mercenary troops of Great Britain as were the Hessians and the Waldeckers, who fought at Bennington, Saratoga, and in New Jersey. If the price received by the Indians for the scalps of American citizens did not always amount to the daily pay of the European minions of England, it was, nevertheless, sufficient to prove that the American savages and the German hirelings were precisely on the same footing as part and parcel of the British army.

The siege of Fort Henry took place, agreeably to most accounts, on the 1st day of September, 1777. This is, doubtless, a mistake. In the order book of Ohio county court, in the proceedings of the court at the August term, 1789, it is recorded, that an application was filed for a pension, from Mary Ogle, widow of "sergeant Jacob Ogle, of captain Joseph Ogle's company of Ohio county militia, who was killed in actual service, September 27, 1777." This entry establishes the 27th of September as the day of the battle.

Geo. S. McKiernan

HISTORICAL REFERENCES FOR THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. M. PECK.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

(Continued from page 269.)

14. *Conquest of Illinois by Colonel George Rogers Clark, in* 1778.—This was one of the most daring and chivalrous exploits of the American Revolution. The original documents of this expedition are the journals of colonel Clark, copies of which were sent to the governor of Virginia; the original papers are in the depository of the Historical Society of Kentucky, at Louisville. There is also a journal by major Bowman in the same depository.

The principal facts of Clark's expedition may be found in Butler's History of Kentucky. In 1840, the writer of this article prepared and delivered a discourse on the 4th of July, in Belleville, Ill., containing the outlines of this "conquest." This discourse has been published in several newspapers, and other periodicals.

15. *A Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America;* By George Imlay.—This author was a captain in the American army during the Revolutionary war, and, as he styles himself, "commissioner for laying out lands in the back settlements." He spent several years in Kentucky, during which the main body of the work now before us was written in a series of letters to a correspondent in England. We have not the means of determining when the first edition was published, but think it must have been sometime between 1785 and 1788. The second edition, the one in our possession, was published in London, in octavo form, four hundred and fifty pages, 1793. This edition has an appendix, which contains the following very interesting articles, by John Filson.

"1. The Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucky, and an Essay upon the Topography and Natural History of that Important Country.

2. The Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boon, one of the first settlers, comprehending every Important Occurrence in the Political History of that Province.

3. The Minutes of the Piankeshaw Council, held at post St. Vincent, April 15, 1784.

4. An Account of the Indian Nations inhabiting within the limits of the Thirteen United States, their Manners and Customs, and Reflections on their Origin."

This work of Filson, attached to Imlay's work, was first published in 1784, and to it is appended the following:

"Advertisement.—We, the subscribers, inhabitants of Kentucky, and well acquainted with the country from its first settlement, at the request of the author of this book [Filson] have carefully revised it, and recommend it to the public as an exceeding good performance, containing as accurate a description of our country as we think can possibly be given, much preferable to any in our knowledge extant; and think it will be of great utility to the public. Witness our hands this 12th day of May, Anno Domini, 1784.

Daniel Boon,
Levi Todd,
James Harrod."

The "Adventures of Daniel Boon," purport to have been written by himself, as the first person is used. Boon, we know, was but a "poor scribe," yet he was capable of writing legibly. His power of composition was superior to his penmanship. The "Adventures," in style and description, are perfectly characteristic of Boon. He was calm, contemplative, and an ardent admirer of nature in the uncultivated wilds. We give the following extract as a specimen:

"This day, John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the scene in the close of it. We had passed through a great forest, on which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, others rich with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruits beautifully colored, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavored; and we were diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucky river, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick canebrake upon us and made us prisoners."

The Indians, however, could not manage such a man as Boon. The seventh day of their captivity, Boon says, "in the dead of night, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me for rest, I touched my companion and gently awoke him. We improved this favorable opportunity and departed, leaving them to take their rest, and speedily directed our course to our old camp."

At a future time we intend to give the readers of the Pioneer a correct account of the life and character of this man, whom we knew in Missouri.

16. *Journal of Andrew Ellicott.*—This is a scarce and valuable work, especially for its exactness in determining, by a series of astronomical observations, the latitude and longitude of various points on the Ohio and Mississippi.

Mr. Ellicott was commissioned to examine and run the southern boundary of the United States adjoining that of Spain, which he executed in 1796, '97, '98, 99, and 1800. The work before us is a large quarto volume, containing the "journal," with "occasional remarks on the situation, soil, rivers, natural productions, diseases of the different countries on the Ohio, Mississippi, and Gulf of Mexico," six large maps, and an appendix containing all the astronomical observations in detail, are included in the book.

17. The next work deserving of notice is entitled, "*Sketches, Historical and Descriptive, of Louisiana*," by major Amos Stoddard, of the U. S. army. Major S. took possession of Upper Louisiana, as Missouri was then called, in 1804. He spent about five years in Upper and Lower Louisiana. The "Sketches" evince great industry in collecting facts, and skill in arranging them. The author evidently was a gentleman of science, literature, good taste, and sound judgment. He was wounded at the siege of Fort Meigs, under general Harrison, May 1st, 1813, and died the tenth day with the lockjaw.

18. *A Tour into the Territory North-west of the Allegheny Mountains, made in the spring of the year* 1803, *with a Geogaphical and Historical Account of the State of Ohio;* By Thaddeus Mason Harris—evinces industry, candor, patient research, and a mind devoted to science. It is confined chiefly to the state of Ohio and the shores of the Ohio river.

19. *History of the Expedition under the command of Captains Lewis and Clark, to the sources of the Missouri, thence across the Rocky Mountains and down the River Columbia to the Pacific Ocean, performed during the years* 1804, 1805 *and* 1806, *by the order of the Government of the United States.*

This journal was prepared for the press by Paul Allen, esq., and published in Philadelphia, in 1814, in two volumes 8vo., and gives a vast amount of original intelligence of the "far west" at that period. An abridged form of the same expedition, in 12mo., was published in 1807 by Patrick Gass, one of the persons employed in the expedition. This is the earliest definite account we have of the Oregon territory.

20. We may here as well mention the *Voyage and Exploration of Alexander McKenzie, through the continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific oceans, in the years* 1789 *and* 1793; *with an account of the rise, progress, and condition of the fur trade at that period.*—Mackenzie's first voyage, in 1789, was from Fort Chepewyan, latitude 58.40 north, longitude 110.30 west from Greenwich, at the "Lake of the Hills," through a branch of the lake to Pearl, or, as called by some, Slave river, and down that river and connecting lakes and rivers, a N. N. W. course to the ocean, which the party reached July 13th, latitude 69.14 north, and within the arctic circle, where the sun was seen at that season of the year for the whole twenty-four hours in succession. They returned the route they came and reached Fort Chepewyan, September 12th, 1789.

The second voyage was commenced at the same fort, and the party proceeded up Pearl river a west-south-west course to its source, and with much difficulty pass the mountain range, and enter a river that leads them a western course, and partly by water in a birch canoe and partly overland, the party reached the Pacific ocean, in latitude 52.20 north, on the 20th July. They returned the same season, after suffering great privations and hardships. These voyages were published in London, in two volumes, octavo, 1802.

21. *Schutlz's Travels*, in 1807 and 1808, deserve notice, as exhibiting candor and a desire to be fair and impartial in his descriptions Christian Schultz, jun., was from England, and passed through the

states of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and the territories of Indiana, Louisiana, Mississippi, and New Orleans. He visited Illinois, St. Louis, the Missouri lead mines, and appears to have taken unwearied pains to be correct in his descriptions. His travels form a happy contrast with the British tourists in general at that period. They are contained in two small duodecimo volumes, with maps and plates. The edition before us is New York, 1810.

22. *Breckinridge's Tour in Upper Louisiana*, should not be overlooked as an interesting and valuable work in its day. This tour was made in 1809.

23. *Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories, between the years* 1760 *and* 1776; By Alexander Henry, esq. —This author was engaged in the fur trade, up to the lakes and to the north-western regions, for many years, and in 1809 compiled the work before us from his journal. The work was published in New York the same year, in one octavo volume, and contains the incidents and adventures in which the author was engaged, observations on the geography and natural history of the country he visited, with views of the society and manners of the Indians. There is much interesting matter in this volume.

24. *Harmon's Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America.*—The author was a native of New England, and in 1800, when his Journal commences, he became a clerk in the "North-West Company," as the firm of McTavish, Frobisher, & Co. was styled, and at the expiration of seven years' service became a partner. His "Journal" was continued to August, 1809, when he returned to Vermont. It was prepared for the press by the Rev. Daniel Haskel, and published at Andover, Mass., 1820. The region of country he visited lay between the 47th and 58th degress of north latitude, and extending from Montreal nearly to the Pacific ocean. He gives a particular description of the face of the country, the manners, customs, laws and religion of the Indians and other inhabitants, with a copious vocabulary of the languages of the Knisteneux, Tacully, and other tribes.

25. *Volney's View of the Soil and Climate of the United States of America.*—C. F. Volney resided and traveled in the United States and territories from 1795 to 1798, and penetrated into almost every portion. He speculates and philosophizes extensively upon the geology, climate, winds, and other meteorological phenomena, the solar and lunar influence on the winds, diseases, &c. He also describes and speculates about the French colonies on the Wabash, which he

visited, and the American Indians. This work was published in France after his return, and translated by C. B. Brown, and republished in Philadelphia in 1804, in one volume 8vo.

26. *A Narrative of the Campaign against the Indians, under the command of Major General St. Clair.*—This book contains the "Narrative" of this unfortunate campaign of the general's, and various official documents intended to vindicate his conduct before the nation. It is a small octavo, and was published in Philadelphia, 1812.

27. *The Expeditions of General Z. M. Pike,* are contained in an octavo volume, accompanied by an atlas, and published in Philadelphia, 1810. General Pike's first expedition was to the sources of the Mississippi in 1805 and 1806.

His second expedition was in 1806 and 1807, up the Missouri river and, through the interior of Upper Louisiana, to the sources of the Platte and Arkansas rivers. The party, without knowing it, got into the province of New Mexico, was roughly treated by the government, and after being marched a long distance into the interior, at last obtained their liberty and returned to the United States.

28. *The Life and Times of General James Wilkinson,* in three volumes, 8vo., should not be overlooked as a source of historical information of the west.

29. *Adventures on the Columbia River;* By Ross Cox.—Mr. Cox was connected with the expedition sent out by John Jacob Astor, of New York, in 1811, for the establishment of Astoria and in the prosecution of the fur trade; and after the failure of the Astor enterprise, he united with the "North-west company," and continued in the Oregon country till 1817. These "Adventures" were published in an octavo volume in New York, 1832, and contain much valuable information on the soil, climate, and other facts of the Oregon.

In connection with this work, we name *Irving's Astoria,* in two volumes, 8vo., and the *Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West,* compiled by W. Irving from the Journal of captain Bonneville, in two volumes. To these we add, *Memoir, Historical and Political, on the North-west coast of America and the Adjacent Territories;* By Robert Greenhow, a United States Senate document, February 10th, 1840. *A Geographical Sketch of Oregon,* By Hall J. Kelly; *Journal of the Rev. Samuel Parker,* in 1835, '36, and '37; and *J. K. Townsend's Narrative of a Journey, &c.,* as furnishing complete and specific information of the Oregon territory.

30. *Travels throughout the Interior of the United States and Mexico, from* 1808 *to* 1816; By Henry Ker.—Mr. Ker was born

in Boston, Mass., but was taken by his father to England when a boy and raised in London. His travels commenced at Charleston, South Carolina, from whence he proceeds across the country to the French Broad river, and down the Tennessee to the Ohio and Mississippi; from thence to New Orleans, thence to the West Indies and back to New Orleans; ascends Red river to Nachitoches, and thence through the Indian country to Mexico. On returning through Texas, then a wilderness, the author falls into the hands of a band of robbers, is confined in a cave, his faithful servant (Edom) is killed, and his mules and property taken. He gains the good will of the captain, who liberates him in the night, and furnishes him with a purse of gold and a horse, and he reaches Nachitoches. From thence he proceeds through the Opelousas and Attakapas regions to the Chickasaw country, and reaches Nashville, Tenn.; thence to Knoxville, and a circuitous route through Western Virginia into Kentucky, and visited Lexington and Frankfort; then south through Alabama and the Choctaw country to Mobile, Florida, and round through Georgia and the Atlantic states to New Jersey, where he prepared his "Travels" for the press. The author says, "My propensity for a wandering life was very strong," of which we think he has furnished ample proofs.

31. *Drake's Lives of the Indians*, is a curious and interesting book, and should be in the possession of every one who desires to be acquainted with Indian Biography.

32. *Bradbury's Travels in the Interior of America*, in 1809, '10, and '11, contain much scientific and general information of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and other western regions. Bradbury was an Englishman, a naturalist, and deserves credit for his candor and impartiality.

Michaux (the elder and younger) and Nuttall, as naturalists and explorers, have done much to develop the botany and other branches of natural history in the western valley.

33. H. R. Schoolcraft, esq., has been an industrious and successful laborer in developing the resources of the great West and adding to its stock of science and literature.

His first work, published in 1819, is "*A View of the Lead Mines of Missouri*," in an octavo volume. The work, however, includes "observations on the mineralogy, geology, geography, antiquities, soil, climate, population, and productions of Missouri, Arkansas, and other sections of the western country."

His *Narrative of an Exploring Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to the Itasca Lake*, its extreme source, in 1832, is a val-

uable work. His *Algic Researches*, or Tales and Legends of the Ogibeway Indians, are interesting and curious volumes.

34. *Darby's View of the United States*, should not be overlooked in our western historical collections.

35. *Birbeck's Letters from Illinois in* 1817, is a little work of some interest. But as many other European travelers at that period appear to have been delighted in giving frightful exaggerations of the inconveniences of western Americans, Mr. Birbeck evidently erred on the other side. Every thing in Illinois and the West appeared to him in the fairest colors and the most flattering aspect.

36. *Beck's Gazetteer of Illinois and Missouri*, compiled in 1819 and 1820, while the author was a resident at St. Louis, is an invaluable work of the kind, shows great research and patient industry in collecting a vast amount of original matter, and arranging it in a neat and scientific manner.

37. James Hall, esq., is well known as an able and successful laborer in the field of western literature. His "Letters from the West," published some twenty or twenty-five years since in the Port Folio are sprightly, graphic, and original. As the conductor and editor of the "Illinois," and subsequently styled "Western Monthly Magazine," with "Legends," "Sketches of the West," and other works, he is too well known as a successful western writer to need further remark in this place.

38. *Recollections of the Last Ten Years, passed in Occasional Residences and Journeyings in the Valley of the Mississippi*, By Timothy Flint, was first published in 1826, and is a sprightly and valuable work of the kind. His "*History and Geography of the Western Valley*," appeared in 1832. These and other works of Mr. Flint are both valuable and indispensable to a library of western literature.

39. *The Expeditions of Major S. H. Long and his Corps*, the first up the Missouri, and the next up the Mississippi, the St. Peter's, Lake Winnepeck, and to the Red river colony of the north, with the notes of Messrs. Say, Keating, and Calhoun, contain a large amount of information concerning the regions they explored.

40. *Tanner's Narrative*, By Dr. Edwin James, is an interesting account of the captivity and adventures of John Tanner during thirty years' residence among the Ogibeway and other Indians in the interior of North America.

41. *The History of Louisiana from the Earliest Period*, By Francois Xavier Martin, in two volumes, 8vo., 1827, is an elaborate and sterling work. The reader will find in this work nearly

every fact pertaining to the early history of Canada and the American colonies, with much pertaining to the revolutions and changes of Europe, as well as the events of this western valley.

42. *The History of Kentucky*, By Humphrey Marshall, in two volumes 8vo. This work was commenced in 1812, but not printed till 1824. It is confined chiefly to the civil, political, and military history of the state. Unfortunately the author carried his political partialities into his historical sketches.

A History of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, By Mann Butler, esq., was first published in 1834. This is more connected and condensed than the one by Marshall, still neither are complete as a history of that state.

43. *Description of the Antiquities Discovered in the State of Ohio, and Other Western States;* By Caleb Atwater, esq.—This elaborate work was a communication to the American Antiquarian Society, and published in the first volume of the "Transactions" of that society, 1820.

44. *The Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee up to the First Settlement therein by the White People in the year* 1768; By John Haywood, Nashville, 1823.—This is a curious and interesting octavo volume of four hundred and fifty pages, abounding in interesting facts and antiquarian lore. There is another volume, by the same author, containing the *Civil History of Tennessee*, which we have not seen. Judge Haywood, though a little eccentric, was a man of profound research and investigation.

45. *History of the Late War in the Western Country;* By Robert B. McAffee.—This volume professes to contain a full account of all the transactions in the western valley, from the commencement of hostilities at Tippecanoe to the termination of the contest at New Orleans on the return of peace; 534 pp. 8vo., Lexington, Kentucky, 1816.

46. *A Collection of some of the most Interesting Narratives of Indian Warfare in the West;* By Samuel Metcalf.—This collection contains Boon's Narrative, and the Expeditions of general Harmar, Scott, Wilkinson, St. Clair and Wayne, with an account of the manners, customs, traditions, superstitions and wars of the Indians; 270 pp., 8vo., Lexington, Ky, 1821.

47. *Incidents of Border Life*, is a compilation of Indian adventure, accounts of battles, skirmishes and personal encounters with the Indians, together with the history of various captivities and escapes, and a great variety of historical sketches of the north-west. It is an octavo volume of more than five hundred pages, and well

worth the attention of those who delight in exploring our frontier history.

48. *Sketches of Western Adventure*, containing an account of the most interesting incidents connected with the settlement of the West, from 1775 to 1791, by John A. M'Clung, Maysville, Ky., 1832. This work contains substantially the same matter as is found in the "Incidents."

49. *Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from the year* 1763 *until the year* 1783, *inclusive;* together with a view of the state of society and manners of the first settlers of the western country; by Dr. Joseph Doddridge; 12mo., Wellsburgh, Va., 1824. This is a curious and interesting little volume, especially as giving a most graphic picture of the "state of society and manners of the first settlers of the western country."

50. *Notes on the State of Virginia;* By Thomas Jefferson, written in 1781 and 1782, should be consulted in connexion with western history. The edition before us is a small duodecimo; Boston, 1832. It has an appendix relative to the alledged murder of the family of Logan by colonel Cresap.

We have by no means given a descriptive catalogue of all the works deserving of attention, but such as are either in the possession of the writer, or with which he has had acquaintance. We hope that some one else will make the "Catalogue" more complete.

Yours, respectfully,

J. M. Peck.

MR. DRAPER'S LETTER.

We publish the following extract of a letter from our valued correspondent, Mr. Draper, now of Buffalo, New York, on account of its valuable information, enquiries, and suggestions. We presume he did not expect us to publish it.

Buffalo, New York, February 23*d,* 1843.

John S. Williams, Esq.,

My Dear Sir—* * * * You may be assured the "Pioneer" greatly exceeds my expectations. I used to say to my friends, five or six years ago, that could I have my wishes gratified, I would

have, at some central point in the great Mississippi valley, a magazine devoted to its early history; and, my dear sir, how rejoiced I am that my early fancied notion has been so happily consummated in your able periodical. I can find no fault in it, and if I could, my frankness would prompt me to point it out.

It does appear to me that you do not give *yourself* sufficient "elbow room;" and I would seriously suggest whether it would not be a decided improvement were you each month to devote one, two, or three of your last pages to editorial notices of your own. Here you could concentrate all your little items of pioneer news, new works published or in progress relative to western history, obituary notices of distinguished men of the West, and particularly of the pioneer fathers, chit-chats with your readers and correspondents, your prospects and success. Here, too, you could note doubtful points in western history, to the end that some of your many intelligent correspondents might throw light upon them. An instance of this kind just occurs to me. All the western historians agree that a noted Shawanee chief of the name of BLACK FISH was killed during colonel John Bowman's campaign of July, 1779, against old Chillicothe. Now your worthy correspondent, Thomas S. Hinde, says, on the 374th page of your first volume, that a Shawanee chief of the *same name*, who was the father of Tecumseh, the "INDIAN BONAPARTE," was living as late as 1798. Were there two Shawanee chiefs of the name of *Black Fish?* or, if but one, have not Marshall, Butler, McClung, Flint and others, erred in saying that this brave old chief was killed in 1779?

Again—could'nt you request, editorially, your correspondent, the Hon. George Darsie, of the Pennsylvania senate from the Pittsburgh district, to procure you a copy of colonel Burd's manuscript journal, to which allusion was made in the interesting history of "Redstone Old Fort," by James L. Bowman, esq.?

I have not, by any means, abandoned the idea of furnishing you a sketch of major Jas. Fontaine. I have obtained, since here, additional materials; and when you get it, which will not be as soon as I could wish, I hope it will contain something new and acceptable. I have concluded to re-write and send you my "Sketch of the Harpes," which appeared in the Historical Magazine, but sadly mutilated by blunders and omissions. I took very great pains in collecting the facts contained in it. The narrative is very plain, to be sure, but very minute, and I shall be *contented* with any disposition you may think proper to make of it. I am looking for some new Harpe matter from an aged Tennessee friend. When I get them I will speedily prepare

it for the pages of the "Pioneer." Have you any knowledge of the Harpes?

I intend, too, to furnish you an article on the death of Walter W. Butler, of whom you published a letter from the "Zodiac." I took notes, in 1838, of a conversation I then had with an octogenarian who was present at Butler's death. It differs somewhat from colonel Stone's version.

I am, with great truth, your friend,

Lyman C. Draper

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY—SANDUSKY.

Cincinnati, March 15, 1843.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Sir—We have received the American Pioneer, in which your correspondent, Mr. Green, (vol. i. p. 199.) gives some account of the origin of the name Sandusky in this country. Mr. Green is in the main correct, and, as respects the origin of the name, strictly so. He was, however, mistaken as to the family left by our grandfather. He left four sons and one daughter, who settled in different places; but the family has not much increased.

Our grandfather, Jonathan Sandusky, or more properly Sodowsky, came to this country, as we are told, in the reign of queen Anne of England, and landed and settled where the city of New York is now. He became an Indian trader, and lived at Sandusky, as stated by Mr. Green, but the time we know not. For some cause, not known to us, a dispute arose between him and the Indians, and on his way from Sandusky to the Potomac, in Virginia, where it is understood his family were stationed, he was killed in Virginia by the Indians, or, as was more generally believed, by some whites, on the credit of the Indians.

Our father, James Sandusky, came down the river in 1773, and again in 1774, with Hight and Harrod. In the first trip they went down as far as the falls, and returned. In the last they went down to the mouth of the Kentucky river, and up that stream to Harrod's station, where they cleared land and planted corn. This was the first improvement in Kentucky; but that settlement was broken up by the Indians. It may be worth mentioning, that these trips were both made in periogues or large canoes. In the second trip they encamped at the mouth of Deer creek, where Cincinnati now is. It is be-

lieved that they cut the first tree ever cut by white men on that ground.

Our father returned to Virginia upon the breaking up of Harrod's settlement. He then married and removed to Washington county, Kentucky, and built Sandusky's station, on Pleasant run, about the year 1776. In the same year, Harrod returned and built his station.

On the breaking up of Harrod's settlement in 1774, our uncle Jacob traveled to Cumberland river; he then got a canoe, descended the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi rivers, to New Orleans; from thence he came round, and at last got back to Virginia, *via* Baltimore. He is believed to have been the first white man that ever descended those rivers, except French or Spanish. He came out and settled at Sandusky's station with our father. From this station, he and our father removed across the Kentucky river and settled in Jessamine county, in about 1785. Our uncle lived here until his death, about ten years ago. He kept notes of the settlement of the country, and had great quantities of them. We are not sure that we can recover them from a printer who was to have published them, but did not. If we can get them, they shall be at your service for the Pioneer. He knew well the history of the first settling of the country, and always condemned, in many particulars, all the published histories, as he knew them to be incorrect.

Our father removed to Bourbon county about 1786 or 1787, where one of us now lives, on Cane ridge. His station was then the farthest east from Lexington, unless it might have been at the L. B. Licks or Kenton's station.

Isaac Sodowsky

Jacob Sandusky

X It will be seen by the above, that the origin of the name Sandusky is fairly settled to be as Mr. Green represented. The Messrs. Sodowsky are twin brothers, as they say, and as any person would almost believe from their near resemblance of each other, even if they denied it. It is a little singular that two such different orthographies should be introduced between brothers. They told us that the occasion of Jacob altering the spelling of his name, was the misspelling of it in some land titles, which he chose to follow rather

X See page 464

than to hazard, by adhering to the proper orthography and pronunciation. In their respective neighborhoods they are known by names just as differently pronounced as they are spelled. This was to be expected.

MR. GARRETSON'S LETTER.

Locust Spring, 4th Month, (April,) 25, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Editor of Pioneer—Having returned from my anticipated northern journey, I now purpose fulfilling my promise of furnishing some matter for the Pioneer; in the preparing of which, however, I am aware that it will be necessary to be very brief, leaving those readers who wish for a more extended account of William Penn and his government of Pennsylvania, to the perusal of the Journal of his life, written by himself, and to Clarkson's Life of Penn, &c.

William Penn, and the Early Settling of Pennsylvania; his Kind Treatment of the Natives, and the Effects resulting therefrom, &c. &c.

NUMBER I.

William Penn was born in London in the year 1644, being the only son of admiral William Penn, on the death of whom he inherited a considerable estate. In addition to land property, it appears that sixteen thousand pounds were due from government for *services* which his father had rendered as admiral, and for sums of money which he had advanced from time to time for the benefit of the navy. In lieu of this amount he wished to obtain land in America, and accordingly petitioned Charles the Second that letters patent might be granted him for the tract of land now known by the name of Pennsylvania. One of the objects which William Penn expressed in his petition as an inducement for the application, was, the promotion of the glory of God by the civilization of the Indians, and the conversion of the Gentiles, by *just and lenient* measures, to Christ's kingdom. In short, his motives may be summed up in the general description of them given by Robert Proud, one of his modern historians, and who had access to many of his letters, and who spared no pains to develop his mind in the most material transactions of his life. "The views of William Penn," says he, "in the colonization of Pennsylvania were manifestly the best and most exalted that could occupy the human mind; namely, to render men as free and happy as the nature of their existence could possibly bear in their civil capacity, and, in their religious state, to restore to them the lost rights and privileges which God and nature had originally blessed the

human race. This in part he effected, and by those means which Providence, in the following manner, put into his hands, he so far brought to pass, as to excite the admiration of strangers, and to fix in posterity that love and honor for his memory which the length of future time will scarcely ever be able to efface."

The petition of William Penn to the king was granted, and he was, by charter, dated at Westminster the 4th of March, 1681, and signed by writ of privy seal, made and constituted full and absolute proprietor of all that tract of land which he had solicited, and invested with the power of ruling and governing the same.

After obtaining the charter for Pennsylvania, he published some account of the province, and the conditions on which he would sell land; also the form of government, together with many regulations too tedious here to mention. But *one* regulation respecting the natives, being so intimately connected with my object in writing, I cannot consistently overlook. In order that the Indians might not be abused nor provoked, it was stipulated that all merchandize intended to be offered to them in barter for furs, &c., should previously undergo inspection; in order that if it was good it might be sold as such, but if not judged to be good it should not be sold as good. That if any white man should in any way wrong an Indian, he should suffer the same penalty for the crime as if he had committed it against his fellow-planter; and if an Indian should abuse, in word or deed, any planter of the province, that the said planter should not be his own judge in the case, but make his complaints to the governor of the province, or his deputy, or to some inferior magistrate near him, who should to the utmost of his power take care, with the king of the said Indian, that all reasonable satisfaction should be made to the said planter who had sustained an injury. And that all differences between planters and Indians should be settled by six planters and six Indians chosen as arbitrators, and thus prepare the way for living in harmony and peace.

These stipulations in favor of the poor natives, evinced that the mind of William Penn soared above the prejudices and customs of the age in which he lived. He regarded them as creatures endued with reason, as men of like feelings and passions with himself, as brethren both by nature and grace, and as persons, therefore, to whom the great duties of humanity and justice were to be extended, and who, in proportion to their ignorance, were the more entitled to his care. The condition and frame of government having been mutually signed, three ships full of passengers set sail for Pennsylvania, this year, to wit, 1681. William Markham went in one of those ships,

attended by several commissioners, whose object was to confer with the Indians respecting their lands, and endeavor to make with them a league of lasting peace. With this view they were enjoined in a solemn manner to treat them with all possible candor, justice, and humanity. They were also bearers of a letter to them, which Wm. Penn wrote with his own hand. The subject will be continued.

I remain, very respectfully, thy friend,

Joseph Garretson

MR. RENICK'S LETTER.

Indian Creek Farm, near Chillicothe, O., Jan. 23, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 5th inst., with the first volume bound, and the first number of the second volume, has been received. I am truly sorry to hear that you are so much discouraged in the progress of the Pioneer, and that you are fearful you will be compelled to stop. I hope this will not be the case, for I am induced to believe that if you can hold out another year, we shall have a change of times for the better. I hope your subscribers will not only pay promptly, but do as I have done, double their subscription and make use of other means in their power to get subscribers.

I shall detain this letter until I meet with a good private conveyance, and shall enclose a letter recently received from judge Weight, of Missouri, which will show you a part of what I have been trying to effect, but am sorry to say with poor success; they all sing about the same tune the judge does, though I hope he may yet be able to do something. I have written to him again, and requested him to write to "Old Zeke," as he calls him, and as he was commonly called twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, when I first became acquainted with him. He was then one of the most advanced settlers of the far west. We stopped with him several days to recruit ourselves and horses, after passing over the grand prairie between the Mississippi and the Missouri, where we and our horses suffered much from flies, and to get some provisions to serve on our intended journey still farther west. He was then living very comfortably on a good farm of his own, well improved in good frontier style, plenty of negroes to do his

farm-work, a wife, (a fine old lady to all appearance, who, we understood, had been a widow when he married her.) He was a man for whom nature had done a good part, both in mind and body. While there we were treated, both by himself and wife, with true pioneer hospitality, and, best of all, was entertained with a full detail of all his previous and early adventures in the far west, which was not only a great treat, but truly astonishing. Who would think that a man could, or would if he could, content himself to live six or seven years, as he did on his first adventure, at least one thousand miles from the face of a white man, in the gorges and defiles of the Rocky mountains, and the adjacent plains; surrounded, as he must have been, by the numerous tribes of Crows, Black Feet, Camanchees, and other savage, hostile, roving, marauding creatures, who are always on the prowl, seeking to plunder all that come in their way or their keen eye can discover? I again say, is it not wonderful that he could so long escape the vigilance of these hawk-eyed marauders? No other proof is wanting to show his sagacity, prudence, and vigilance. We could hardly have given credit to his story, had it not been corroborated by colonel Cooper, his neighbor at that time, a man of wealth and good standing, with whom we then formed some acquaintance, and who I have frequently seen since in my late trips to Missouri. Previous to receiving judge Weight's letter, it was my impression that I had heard that our old friend "Zeke" was dead, but I now find that he has followed the modern example of the pioneer, by pulling up stakes as soon as they get a little too much crowded by neighbors.

I shall now give you a brief history of judge Weight. He came to this state thirty odd years ago, with good clothes but a very light purse. He was introduced to me in Chillicothe, as wishing to teach a dancing school, and, in duty bound as a Virginian, in those days, I patronized him, and introduced him to Mr. Joseph Harness, my then near neighbor, of whom you have often heard me speak, who did likewise. At the expiration of his quarter in Chillicothe, Mr. Harness and myself employed him to teach a common school in a schoolhouse on my place, in which capacity we kept him ten years. His urbanity and good deportment soon made him very popular in the township; he was elected a justice of the peace, and did most of the surveying business in the neighborhood, which was a great relief to me, as I had done it previously without charge. He soon acquired funds enough to enter a quarter-section of good land, and about the time his tenth year expired he married a sister-in-law of Mr. Harness, who had recently come from Virginia. She was a daughter of

colonel Vincent Williams of the S. B. of Potomac, with whom our old friend "Zeke" claimed a relationship, as well as with old Isaac and all the other Williamses that I then knew any thing of. Soon after marrying, judge Weight removed to Missouri, purchased land near Boonville, on which he is still living. There, as well as here, he soon became popular, was elected as justice of the peace, representative in the legislature, county surveyor—in the latter capacity, as well as judge of the court of that county, he still officiates.

His letter you will see develops one good trait in his character, in not forgetting his old patrons. I have been thus particular in giving you the character of judge Weight, that should he become a subscriber and furnish you with any matter for publication, as I hope he will do both, that you may know any thing he says may be relied on. I have requested him to get the outlines of "Old Zeke's" (or captain Williams, as we called him,) stories, and write them out; as I do not suppose the old captain could now do it as well as it should be done, and I know judge Weight could do it better than I can. I have, however, written out the captain's last adventure after wild horses, but have been waiting for some particulars of the first adventure, as that should appear first; but I hope Mr. Weight will relieve me from writing either.

I regretted seeing my last communication in your last number, as I supposed I would be able to make it perhaps better and more correct. On reading it I the more regretted it, in consequence of a mistake in leaving out the word "south," in describing the location of Lewis' camp. By a reference to the manuscript, you will find that the camp was situated on Congo, about two and a half miles *south*-east of Wm. Renick's house, at least this is the way it should read; in place of which it reads two and a half miles east, &c. Now this reading entirely misplaces Lewis' camp, and he could as easily have went to the Indian town near Renick's house, as to the point where this incorrect reading places the camp; and by which it would also appear that Lewis intended to evade the towns by leaving them two miles and a half to his left. Now any one that had the least knowledge of Lewis' character, as well as those who had any knowledge of the location (of which there are many,) of Lewis' camp and Renick's house, would naturally conclude that I knew nothing of the subject matter on which I was writing. You will of course correct the mistake, let it have originated where it may, as soon as convenient.

You will please return judge Weight's letter, after reading it, by private conveyance, when it offers; and I shall be happy to hear from you as often as convenient. If your publication continues, you may

expect another communication shortly from Jno. Renick; I have been aiding him a little, and it is nearly ready.

Yours, with respect,

Felix Renick

The above letter would have been published months ago, but we waited the reception of other promised documents not yet received, which would, to the eye, have corrected the error spoken of, which appears in vol. ii. p. 38. We still hope to receive from Mr. Renick, the valuable documents he promises. "Old Zeke" is a brother of Isaac Williams, of whom we gave a biography in our first volume from the pen of Dr. Hildreth. In old Zeke s lonesome trapping expedition, mentioned by Mr. Renick, he made a fortune, which he now enjoys.

In respect to our discouragements in relation to the Pioneer, Mr. R. has pursued the right course. If other friends would do the same, it would increase our energies and, of course, the interest and usefulness of the work. But while the American people, especially of the west, look upon it and treat it as a publication of little importance, and let the first effect of hard times erase their names from our subscription lists, it is to be expected that we will become embarrassed and eventually fail, with little prospect of retrieving our injured circumstances. Are we to have a publication, into which our early history can be collected, and through which the pioneers can readily speak? or, shall the jaws of death, or the rats and moths on their shelves, destroy what remains? Let our friends and patrons answer this question.

COLONEL McDOWELL.

Warren County, Mo., May 8, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.—You mention a general McDowell of Hillsborough, O., who complains that I have done his uncle, colonel McDowell, great injustice, by stating that he was not in the battle of King's Mountain. I should regret to do injustice knowingly to any one, but if colonel McDowell was in the battle, or even in the army, from the time that colonel Campbell took the command till we were discharged from it, he must have been invisible to me and my associates. Major McDowell was in the battle and with us the whole expedition, and was respected by all with whom I had communication, as a brave, efficient officer. I know of no one now living who was in that battle to whom I could refer to strengthen my evidence. Yours, &c.,

Benj. Sharp

MR. WHITTLESEY'S LETTER.

THE following is just the thing for a periodical, "devoted to the truth and justice of history." We hope for much more from the same source. Shall any thing that is true be kept back lest readers will not believe? Forbid it, Clio! We hope the sufferings and incidents of the last, as well as the first war, will be told in the Pioneer. Let the tale be told—full credit will be given to our correspondents.

—

Washington, D. C., May 2nd, 1843.

SIR—I have just noticed the article signed "Clio" in the Pioneer, vol. ii. number iv. p. 174. The writer having informed you, he arrived at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kenawha, Virginia, in the winter of 1813, proceeds to say, "After I had been there about a week, the Petersburg volunteers arrived on their way to relieve Fort Meigs, then besieged by the British and Indians." You will be pleased to excuse me for correcting "Clio's" statement. The goddess of History should be scrupulously accurate.

He undoubtedly saw the Petersburg volunteers in December, 1812, at Point Pleasant, and he may have kept them at bay and put them to shame after having called them scoundrels, as he gives you to understand he did, by his firmness, defiance, and soldier-like bearing; but he is incorrect in saying the company volunteered to relieve Fort Meigs, and that it was then besieged by the British and Indians.

General Winchester was defeated at the River Raisin on the 22nd of January, 1813. General Harrison retreated from the Rapids of the Maumee, after hearing of this defeat, on the 23d of January, and encamped the same evening at the crossing of the Portage, or Carrying river, on the road cut out by general Hull the previous summer.

The erection of Fort Meigs was not then contemplated. During the march on the 23d, general Harrison addressed the troops, and informed them that he fell back to cover the artillery, ammunition, and provisions that were being sent to the north-west army, to concentrate and unite with the troops then on their march; which could not be effected if he remained on the west (or north) side of the Maumee, if the ice should be removed by a freshet. He assured them that in two weeks at farthest he would return, and, if practicable, invade Canada during the winter. He said nothing about building a fort, and he had been encamped on the opposite side of the river from where Fort Meigs was afterwards erected.

The Petersburg volunteers were in Chillicothe on the 22nd of December, 1812, which, of course, was after they were at Point Pleasant. I encamped with them on the ground, or in the mud, in the Maumee swamp, during the night of the 26th of January, 1813, (I think—I have no memoranda with me,) five miles, or thereabouts, from general Harrison's camp. They marched that day between three and five miles, and a part of them did not arrive until dusk. They probably reached general Harrison the next day at the Portage river. This is not the time nor the place to describe the difficulties they and the other troops encountered and the privations they suffered during that campaign, and but few of the present generation would believe the facts if they were stated.

I was absent under orders from Harrison, from the 26th of January to the 9th of February, and do not, therefore, know how long general Harrison was absent from the Maumee; but I believe from ten to fourteen days. He commenced to build Fort Meigs after his return.

Having returned to camp from Chillicothe on the 9th of February, and learning an expedition was ordered to march on the ice down the river to attack an Indian force at Presq'isle, if found there; I took a fresh horse and resumed my duties in general Perkins' staff. In that march I saw captain McRea and company. Fort Meigs was then being constructed. General Perkins' command having served their tour of duty, were discharged the latter part of March.

On the 26th of April the enemy first made their appearance before Fort Meigs. Some Indians crossed the river in rear of the fort on the 27th.

During the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of May, the enemy opened their batteries, and kept up an incessant and tremendous fire. The siege was raised on the 9th of May.

The Petersburg volunteers were favorably mentioned by the commander-in-chief during their tour of service, and they must have had their nerves much strengthened, for when they were at Cleveland on their return home, they would not have suffered "Clio" to call them "scoundrels," with impunity.

Very respectfully, yours,



Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

GOVERNOR McARTHUR.

When this gentleman, in his youthful days, first visited the western country, he stopped some time at Baker's station, a small stockaded work, on the eastern bank of the Ohio river, about twenty miles below Wheeling. War existing at the time with the Indians, the settlers about Fish creek were occupying the station for security; but owing to the long continued absence of the enemy from that section of the country, the discipline at the works had become so much relaxed, that the inmates were permitted to go and come when they pleased.

Perhaps the most interesting object at the place was a young lady of extreme beauty, who had acquired, in connection with the usual accomplishments of her sex, a great proficiency in the art of shooting with the backwoods rifle. I think her name was Scott; that is my impression, but it may have been Baker. Early one morning she went to the run, some fifty or sixty yards above the post, for the purpose of washing linen, taking her gun along to prepare herself for any emergency that might happen, and young McArthur, in the spirit of ancient chivalry, accompanied her, to stand guard while she was employed at the wash-tub. Before they had been out a great while, a small dog that was with them commenced barking, and gave such manifestations of alarm, that the young lady desired her companion to make a hasty reconnoisance of the adjacent grounds. The motions of the dog had awakened in her mind a slight fear that Indians might be lurking close by; but McArthur, after walking about a few paces, discovered nothing to confirm the suspicion. The washing was thereupon resumed, and in due course completed; after which they both returned in company to the station. Just as they were about to enter the gate, a tall, athletic looking Indian sprang from behind a tree not more than thirty paces beyond the spot at which they had been washing, and darted off with amazing rapidity into the woods. A pursuit was instantly made, but the red skin was not overtaken.

This Indian must have posted himself behind the tree during the previous night, and doubtless with the intention of shooting the first person that ventured out of the works in the morning. The appearance of *two*, however, disconcerted his plan, and he found himself constrained, by a regard for his own safety, to keep close behind the tree during a great part of the day. Mr. McArthur's gallantry on this occasion was the means of saving the young lady's

life; for had she gone out unattended, she would in all probability have been killed.

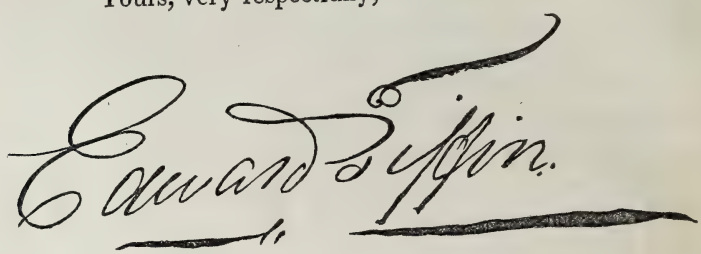


GOVERNOR TIFFIN'S LETTER.

Chillicothe, August 31st, 1804.

Dear General—I have just received yours of the 28th inst. enclosing the returns of general Findlay's election, and herewith you will receive his commission. I am glad to hear you are now nearly completing your very laborious task of organizing your division. Do pray push forward with the same zeal and industry you have uniformly manifested until it is completed. If you knew the trouble and plague I have with the other divisions you would pity me, and ——

Yours, very respectfully,



General Gano.

AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

1643. Anne Hutchinson and some of her followers, who fled from persecution in Massachusetts and settled near the Dutch at Manhatten, are attacked by a party of Indians, who murder sixteen whites, among whom is Mrs. Hutchinson herself.

1644. April 18—Second Indian massacre in Virginia, in which about three hundred whites are killed.

The legislature of Massachusetts divided into two houses, after numerous broils and discontents between the representatives and council for supremacy, while together.

War against the Indians in Virginia breaks out in consequence of the massacre, and Opechancanough taken prisoner, and shot without orders.

1645. Roger Williams obtains a charter for Rhode Island. He is employed by the Narragansetts to aid them in making peace with the English at Boston, which is effected.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

Our Patrons.

We have some of the best that the world can produce.—Those of them who have paid us for the second volume are real patriots—they are the very soul of the enterprise. It is all due, and did those who are behind know how much we and our men suffer for want of what is due from them, and how much joy to our hearts, and energy to the enterprise, the reception of it would be, they would not keep back another day. All who shall have paid by the issue of the next number will have PAID marked on the cover.

Those of our patrons in arrears, who really wish us success, or wish to avail themselves of the *advance price*, ($2,) will send the money soon.

Post Masters,

We believe, have never refused to send us the subscription money, and kindly to give us information, free of expense. It is now generally known that this is no infringement of duty or instructions, and we heartily thank them, and ask a continuance of their favors.

Editors

Who notice the numbers and publish the contents as received, and send us their paper, will be entitled to the Pioneer in exchange, and to extract from it for their papers. ☞ We make monthly lists of their notices by which each month we send the Pioneer in Exchange.

To Contributors.

All who possess historical information relative to the first settlement and successive improvement of any part of the United States, are asked to contribute. Our aim is correctness of narrative, more than elegance of style. Some have declined because they could not write as elegantly as some of our able contributors—this is wrong. We love good style, but where that is not to be had, let us have the facts, though they be clothed in ever so plain a dress. Let them come in their "working clothes," if they have no better.

To Artists.

Drawings of ancient American relics are wanted.—Let the representations be true. We set accuracy of representation before elegance of execution—both together are acceptable. A good drawing entitles the artist to a volume of the Pioneer for his labor.

Volume II., 1843,

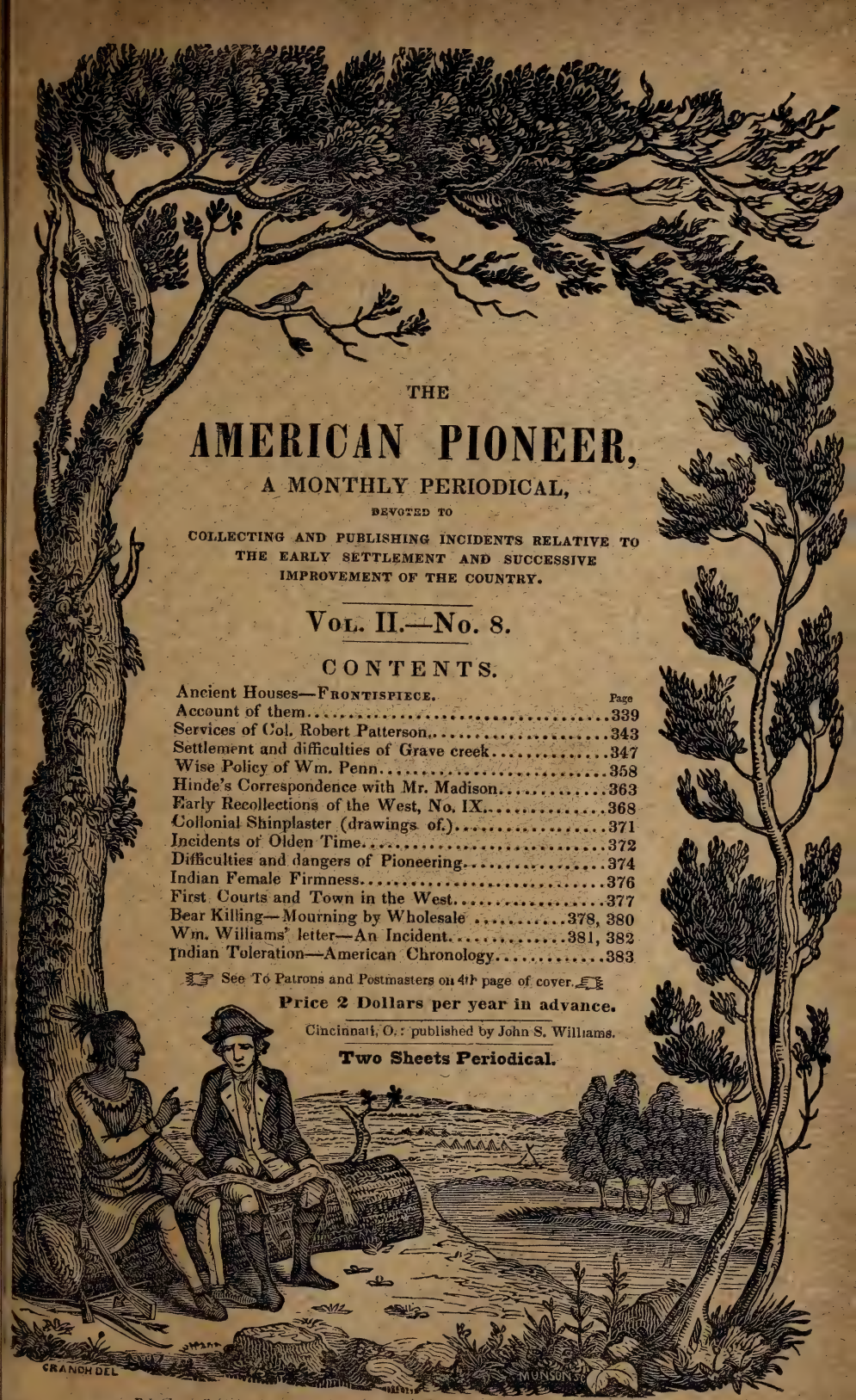
Will contain 480 pages, with a copperplate frontispiece, and be embellished throughout with drawings of American historical subjects, and the fac-simile signatures of contributors. It will also be furnished with a copious index. *Terms*, $2 for a single copy, or $10 for six copies, *in advance*.

Back numbers of both Volume I. and II. always kept on hand for new subscribers, on the same terms. Volume I. is embellished as Volume II.

Agents.

Every enterprising person is solicited to aid us in extending the circulation and usefulness of the work. It will be seen, that for three new subscribers to both volumes, or six for either volume, (for which they remit us $10,) they will have $2 for their trouble. In addition to this, when their remittances shall amount to $30, they shall have one volume as a premium; and, when they shall have remitted $50, they shall be entitled to two volumes in like manner.

R. P. BROOKS, PRINTER.



THE

AMERICAN PIONEER,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

COLLECTING AND PUBLISHING INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND SUCCESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.—No. 8.

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☞ See To Patrons and Postmasters on 4th page of cover. ☜

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Two Sheets Periodical.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1843, by John S. Williams, in the Clerk's Office for the district of Ohio.

PIONEERS, COUNTRYMEN, AND PATRIOTS!

"Hear me for my cause, and listen that you may hear."

The time will soon arrive when it must be decided, whether the deeds of our fathers, in reclaiming our Paradise from a savage wilderness, are to be more fully written for future generations; or whether, with those noble actors, they are to be consigned to the grave of everlasting oblivion! To avert this deplorable result, the American Pioneer was commenced under the most unfavorable auspices, and has been prosecuted nearly to the end of the second volume under the most unfavorable circumstances.

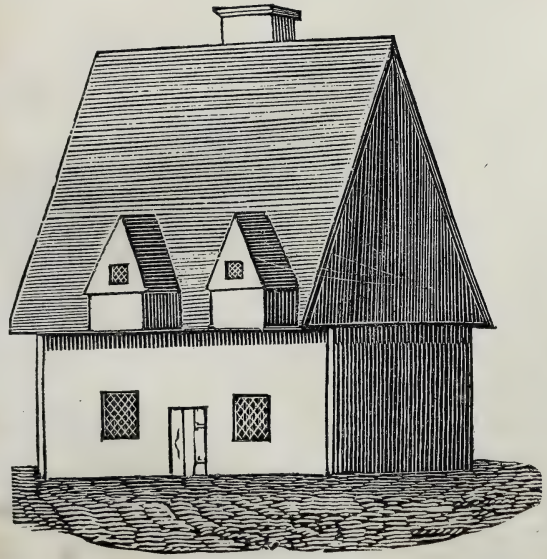
The work has (if we believe even one-tenth of what has been said in its favor) so far fully answered the end for which it was designed, and has exceeded in usefulness the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Our aim has been, to let every one tell his own tale in his own way, believing that in this variety consists the beauty of history, as well as the best guarantee of its correctness.

Our list of contributors is most respectable as regards numbers and the characters of the individuals comprising it—we earnestly solicit an increase and continuance. The most general complaint of our friends has been, that we did not commence before many that have left us took with them caskets of historical knowledge, now lost and gone forever! That delay cannot be better remedied than by a vigorous effort now to rescue what yet remains, in heads white or bare from the peltings of many a storm, or on shelves among the moths, all of which are in the way to be erased from the pages of time.

That a periodical is the proper and only proper medium, in and by which to make these gatherings, is now seen by hundreds that had doubts in the commencement. The question to be decided now—and it must be decided soon—is, shall that which has been so successfully begun be now continued and established on a permanent basis? Enough has been done by way of experiment, the utility and practicability fully proved, and there are thousands who to that question would answer yes, by giving us their cordial support, if we could but reach them.

When we commenced we were under professional engagements, which prevented us from attending to the pecuniary side of the concern; and now, from some cause or other, our health has so failed that we can promise little else than attention to the editorial duties of the work. In order that the work shall be continued beyond the end of the present (second) volume, two things are necessary—one of which is indispensable. One thing necessary, is that the work pass into more efficient hands, or that we take a partner who is both able and willing to go heart and hand into the enterprise. We, therefore, give notice, that we will either dispose of the whole concern, or take a partner, if a person every way qualified shall be presented.

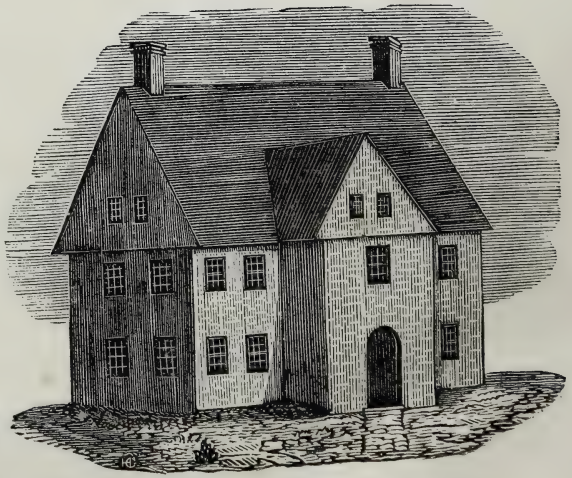
The other thing necessary, is that our friends every where make an extra effort in our behalf. The hard times, so much and so justly complained of ever since the Pioneer commenced, are evidently better, and any proper view of affairs will convince any one that the cause of hard times, if any exist, may very soon be looked for in other quarters than in the times themselves. We cannot conceive it possible but that, if those who now take the work will make a little extra exertion, our list of patrons may be many times doubled. Who is there who likes such a work but that could, with a clear conscience, say three times as much in favor of its continuance as we could, under the most



[Stebbin's house.]



[West Springfield Meeting House.]



[The Pynchon House, erected 1660.]

AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1843. NO. VIII.

ANCIENT HOUSES.

William Pynchon, the political father of Springfield on the east side of the Connecticut river, came from England with governor Winthrop, and commenced a settlement at Roxbury, near Boston, 1630. Having explored the Connecticut valley, and obtained leave of court, he, with several others, among whom was Rowland Stebbins, ancestor of all of the name, came to Springfield, 1636; and in true spirit of pilgrims, entered into a solemn compact for the government of the settlement, especially to settle a minister; the soil having been purchased of the Indians, by leave of court, without which the land could not be received on lease, gift, or purchase. Each settler had a house-lot on the west side of the street eight rods wide, which extended from the river east and west, to contain about twenty-five acres more or less. The whole township embraced a tract of nearly twenty-five miles square, on which are now (1843) ten or twelve flourishing towns.

After a few years, William Pynchon returned to England and left his son John at the head of the settlement, a man of superior talents, who erected the Pynchon house, so called, [see frontispiece,] about the year 1660, of bricks said to have been brought from Holland. This house stood about one hundred and forty years, and then taken down by one of the descendants. It was an elegant specimen of architecture for that day, being two stories, thirty-eight by forty feet on the ground, having a brick kitchen back one story and a half, eighteen by twenty; the porch in front about ten by twelve feet, the roof steep after the Dutch fashion. This house had undergone some repairs before the Revolutionary war, and deprived of the ornamental fixtures from the corners, which were in shape of inverted cones.

There was another ancient house of wood, [see frontispiece,] in possession of the Stebbins family, about a half mile north of the Pynchon house. As places of security, both were posted or surrounded

by pallisades, each glazed with glass set diagonally in leaden sash. Philip's war broke out 1675; the town was burnt, but these two houses were saved. There is a tradition that the physician, who on some occasions was detained among the sick until the shades of evening had set in, was so stealthily followed by an old Indian called *Gray Lock*, that in closing the gate or door of the fort, the Indian's foot was caught in it. This Indian afterwards declared that he had tried more to capture that man than all he had ever caught or killed, and believed there was a *spell* to protect him. There were two large elms in the street in front of the house, probably left for shade when the town was laid out. They are now taken down. Some sixty years ago, I measured one of them and it was three rods around the roots above ground, and the body above the roots five or six feet in diameter.

In the early settlement of this town the people were called together on the sabbath by beating of the drum. The drummer was paid by a peck of corn or a certain quantity of wampum, annually collected of each family.

The main street was about two miles in length, but now (1843) there are several parallel streets intersected by numerous streets at right angles, from the river to Continental hill, and handsomely built. Here is the largest armory in the United States. There is also an elegant court-house, jail, two banks, five or six printing offices, and seven churches. The armory buildings are east of Main street, constructed of durable materials, on a beautiful level of nearly a mile square. On this spot was the contest with Shayes. In 1837, the public buildings and land were valued by the assessors at two hundred and ten thousand dollars, machinery fifty thousand dollars; and one hundred and seventy thousand muskets at two millions forty thousand dollars. The muskets manufactured during the year ending April 1, 1837, was fourteen thousand, valued at one hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars; ordnance and stock, eighty thousand dollars, there being two hundred and sixty men employed.

During the Revolutionary war, Springfield being considered a safe location for the military stores, and on the great traveled routes, east, west, north, and south, the manufacture and repairs of munitions was then established. The park of artillery was on a lot on Main street, about mid-way between the old Pynchon and Stebbins houses, and the laboratory for making cartridges, &c., in an old barn near the park. The laborers and soldiers used the Stebbins house for barracks. The park of artillery contained iron and brass cannon, mortars and howitzers of various sizes and calibre, handsomely mounted on carriages,

and stacks of cannon ball and shells piled in ample order, and as a whole, made a splendid appearance. These had been collected from various sources, and many of them captured from the enemy. Soon as preparations were made by government, they were removed to the Continental buildings, where they are now kept in prime order with other munitions of war. The Western railroad, from Boston to Albany, crosses Main street near where the old Pynchon house formerly stood.

West Springfield was originally within the limits of Old Springfield, separated by the Connecticut river. It was partially settled at the outbreak of Philip's war, 1675, when Old Springfield was burnt. The first meeting house in West Springfield was erected about 1702; forty-two feet square and ninety-two feet from the ground to the top of the steeple, of which the above sketch [see frontispiece] is a fair representation, taken from the original. In this house the people assembled for public worship about one hundred years. In 1802, a new meeting house was erected about half a mile north of the old house; a temple, so called, which stood in the centre of a public green, extending from the west bank of Connecticut river westward nearly a half mile, twenty or thirty rods wide. The same green remains to this time with handsome farm-houses on both sides. The old house remained as a monument of olden time till the year 1820, and then taken down by vote of the parish, having stood one hundred and eighteen years. The timber was so sound as to be used in the building of a *Town Hall.* The old house might have been used many years longer, but for the pride of some living in handsome and elegant dwelling houses, but particularly in consequence of the generous offer of Mr. John Ashley, a wealthy farmer, that if the parish would give up the old house, he would pay eight hundred pounds towards building a new house upon an elevation he selected. The offer was accepted and the new house erected.

The Rev. John Woodbridge was the first settled minister. There is a tradition, that near his house was a cavern, connected by a passage with the cellar, to which the women and children fled upon any Indian alarms. There is another historical tradition, that among the early settlers of Old Springfield a certain tailor having, for a small consideration, purchased of an Indian a tract of land in West Springfield of about three miles square, offered to make a suit of clothes for another man who owned a clumsy wheelbarrow, or give him the tract of three miles square. The latter was accepted. On this tract is now some of the best settled parts of the town, and for cultivation worth one hundred dollars per acre. There is nothing improbable in

this story; the small value paid by the English settlers is no evidence of fraud or cheating the Indian. To him the land was of little value without an English purchaser; and to the Englishman the value could only be enhanced by his labor. Some years since, many an acre of land within the limits of Old Springfield was purchased by an innkeeper at a *mug of flip per acre*, and many long scores were run up in that way. One or more of the heirs of the innkeeper have told me, that when they came in possession, the value of the mug of flip, with interest, would amount to more than the land was worth.

Rev. Joseph Lathop, an eminent divine, preached forty-six years in the old meeting house, and for many years afterwards in the new house erected upon the liberality of Mr. John Ashley. In early days two of Mr. Ashley's nephews, going after the cows, in crossing a patch of woods, their small dog took the track of some game to a large oak tree. The boys hastening on, espied a strange animal out upon a limb, with eyes fixed upon the dog and nestling for a leap; the boys threw stones at the animal, the dog flying about. The animal soon pounced upon the dog; the boys rushed to the rescue, and with clubs broke the back bone of the animal, and finally killed him, and dragged him home, not knowing what it was until told by their father, in astonishment, that it was an enormous catamount. The then boys are now living in West Springfield, and have confirmed the story.

I have this day found among my papers a memorandum made in 1832, that the land on which Cincinnati (Ohio) is now built, was originally bought, one mile square, or six hundred and forty acres, for the sum of *forty-nine dollars*, less than eight cents per acre; and that in 1832, some part of it had been sold at *thirty dollars per foot, (?)* Was the estate of Elmore Williams on any part of the six hundred and forty acres? There was a time, within my knowledge, when eighty dollars was offered by a company in this place, as a premium, to encourage settlers to remove and settle on their land in Ohio. Another instance of the low price of land I have within my knowledge—a purchase made in 1834, of a tract of twelve thousand five hundred acres of western land, which, including the original cost, interest, and charges, would exceed five thousand dollars. To settle an old concern, however, and discharge the balance of some incidental expenses, for the consideration or sum of twenty-five dollars, a deed was made and duly executed, of *one-eighth* of one hundred thousand acres of land, which, based upon the price now given, would not exceed the two-tenth of one cent per acre. The deed is in my possession; the land I have seen, the soil is deep and rich, well watered, good

timber and climate healthy. There are several settlers on the tract, excellent farms and extensive sugar orchards; but the location is destitute of navigable waters or railroads, and never will sell for thirty dollars per foot, although it may be worth that much by the acre for cultivation of grain or grazing, and in due time measures may be adopted to multiply settlers.

David Stebbins

COLONEL ROBERT PATTERSON.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Sir—Mr. Jefferson Patterson, son of colonel Robert Patterson, the founder of Lexington, Ky., and one of the three original proprietors of Cincinnati, has kindly placed in my hands the few remaining memoranda of his deceased father, to enable me to give a sketch of his life and adventures. They are only loose papers, and go very little into details; in many cases being only mere references, to the incidents of which they give the dates. From some other authentic sources, I have been able to give more particular accounts of some of the events merely mentioned in the memoranda, and have accordingly made use of them, although they have, in some cases, already been in print.

JOHN W. VAN CLEVE.

Colonel Robert Patterson was born March 15th, 1753, in the neighborhood of the Cove Mountain, in the state of Pennsylvania. His father was a native of Ireland. In 1774, being twenty-one years old, he served six months with the Rangers against the Indians on the frontiers of Pennsylvania. This was the year of Dunmore's war, and his treaty quieted the settlements until the close of the next year.

In October, 1775, in company with John McLelland and family, he and six other young men, left the neighborhood of Pittsburgh for Kentucky, taking their movable property in canoes and driving their cattle by land. At the mouth of Salt Lick creek, he and three of the young men left the Ohio river, intending to meet the families and canoes at Leestown. They went up the creek to its head, crossed Cabin creek and struck the Stone Lick where Francis McDermond afterwards located his settlement and pre-emption. From thence they proceeded by May's Lick to the Lower Blue Licks, where they met with Simon Kenton and John Williams, who knew of no other white persons in the country. They then proceeded across Licking, and sev-

eral branches of the Elkhorn, to Leestown. As soon as the canoes arrived, they went with John McLelland and his family to the Royal Spring, now Georgetown, where they helped to build a house and made it their home until April, 1776. The young men of the party then built a cabin two miles below, where Lexington now is, where William McConnell afterwards lived, the place being near the centre of their improvements; and they continued there until the corn was laid by.

During that summer, the inhabitants on the north side of the Kentucky river, in consequence of the Indians having renewed their hostilities, formed a military organization, by choosing a committee who enrolled the militia. A battalion was formed, the officers of which were soon afterwards commissioned by the state of Virginia, and drew pay and rations until the conclusion of the war. Some of the families, collected from the mouth of Kentucky river, from Kingston's settlement, and from Drennan's Lick, and built a fort at Royal Spring, where Georgetown now is, which was known by the name of McLellands fort or station. It was attacked by the Indians on the 29th of December following, and, about a month afterwards, was abandoned by its occupants, who retired to the defences on the southern side of the Kentucky river.

Colonel Patterson had assisted in building the fort and was one of its defenders until the beginning of October, 1776. The supply of powder had been nearly exhausted, and he and six others started to Pittsburgh to procure ammunition and other necessaries. They went by the Lower Blue Licks, where they spent three or four days curing buffalo jerk and tallow, for their journey up the river. They procured a canoe at Limestone, commenced their voyage, and arrived at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kenawha, without any trouble on the way. Point Pleasant was the only place occupied by the Americans between McLelland's station and Grave creek, a few miles below Wheeling. The state of Virginia supported a garrison there under the command of captain Arbuckle, from whom the party received some despatches for the commandant at Wheeling. They traveled very cautiously, on account of the danger from the Indians, starting before daybreak and going on until after dark, and sleeping without fire.

Late in the evening of the 12th of October, they landed a couple of miles from the mouth of the Hockhocking, and, contrary to their usual practice, made a fire; having become less cautious in consequence of their approach to the settlements. They laid upon their arms around the fire, and in the night were attacked by a party of eleven

Indians, who gave them a volley and then fell upon them with their tomahawks. Colonel Patterson received two balls in his right arm above the elbow, by which it was broken, and a tomahawk was struck into his side between two of his ribs, penetrating into the cavity of the body. He sprang out into the darkness and got clear, supposing all his companions were killed. He made for the river, in hopes of getting into the canoe and floating down to Point Pleasant; but as he approached it, he discovered that there was an Indian in it. After some time the whole party of Indians went on board and floated off down the river. Colonel Patterson then made an attempt to get to the fire, in which he succeeded. He found a companion named Templeton wounded in a manner very similar to his own case, another named Wernock wounded dangerously, and another named Perry slightly. Of the other three, one was killed, one was missing, and the other, named Mitchell, was unhurt. They had saved one gun and some ammunition. They remained on the ground until morning, when they attempted to proceed up the river on foot; but Wernock was unable to move, and they were forced to leave him. They, however, found themselves unable to go any farther after they had gone a little more than a quarter of a mile from the camp, and it was then agreed that Perry should endeavor to reach Grave creek and bring them aid, while Mitchell was to remain and take care of the others. Wernock, who was left behind, died in the evening, and Mitchell, who had gone back to assist him, lost his way in returning to Patterson and Templeton, and did not find them until next morning. They then moved a couple of hundred yards further from the river, and the next day got under a cliff, which sheltered them from the rain, where they remained until Perry returned from Grave creek with assistance. They were removed to that place after lying eight days in their suffering condition. He laid twelve months under the surgeon's care.

In April, 1778, with ten other volunteers, he joined colonel George Rogers Clark, at Pittsburgh, who was then about starting on his celebrated Illinois campaign. They descended to the falls of Ohio, where they built a fort, and were joined by a portion of the Kentucky militia. They descended the falls on the 24th of June, and on the evening of the 28th landed at a creek just above Fort Massac. The next morning, without cannon and without a single horse, they commenced their march through the wilderness, every man carrying provisions for six days. On the 4th of July, about midnight, they surprised and took Kaskaskia, and on the next night Coho, and the country was reduced under the government of Virginia. Colonel

Patterson returned to Kentucky in September, with about seventy of the Kentuckians, and settled at Harrodsburg, and enrolled himself with the militia.

In April, 1779, being then an ensign, he was ordered to proceed from Harrodsburg, with twenty-five men, and establish a garrison at some convenient site, north of the Kentucky river. On the 17th, he accordingly commenced the erection of a fort at the place where Lexington now stands, and about that time laid off the town. On the 15th of May following, he joined the expedition of colonel Bowman against the Shawanee town, Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, near the present town of Xenia, Ohio. He was an ensign under the command of captain Levi Todd. His memoranda generally agree with the "Notes on Kentucky," published some years ago in the Kentucky Gazette; but in this case he puts the number of men under Bowman's command at four hundred, and the Notes on Kentucky say one hundred and sixty.

In August, 1780, he served as a captain under colonel Clark in his expedition against the Shawanees on the Little Miami and Mad river. They reached Chillicothe, the town attacked by colonel Bowman the year before, on the 6th, and found it in flames, having been set on fire by the Indians. On the 8th, they had a battle with the Indians, in the prairie at the lower end of the Pickaway town, on the west side of Mad river, seventeen miles above the present town of Dayton. They defeated the Indians, destroyed their town and their crops, and for the next year freed Kentucky from their molestations.

At the battle of the Lower Blue Licks, on the 19th of August, 1782, colonel Patterson was second to colonel Boon, who commanded one of the lines. During the retreat, he was on foot, entirely exhausted, and the enemy was close at hand. A young man, named Aaron Reynolds, overtook him, and, seeing him in such a desperate situation, dismounted, gave him his horse, assisted him into the saddle, and risked his own safety on foot. Colonel Patterson escaped; but Reynolds, after swimming the river, was taken prisoner by three Indians. In a short time two of them started in pursuit of some white men who came in sight, and Reynolds shortly afterwards knocked the other one over with his fist and took to his heels and made his escape. Colonel Patterson afterwards presented him with a tract of land, in gratitude for his timely aid and generous service.

In the latter part of September, general Clark assembled an army at the mouth of Licking, to revenge the defeat of the Blue Licks by an invasion of the Indian country. Colonel Patterson served as colonel in the expedition. The towns on the Little Miami and Mad

river, and the Pickaway town on the Great Miami, were destroyed, but the Indians retired before the army without giving them battle.

In 1786, he was under the command of general Logan, as colonel, in an expedition against the Shawanee towns. They surprised Mecocheck, Moluntha, and McKee's town, on the head waters of Mad river. In the assault upon Mecocheck, which took place on the 5th of November, he had a personal contest with an Indian. As he was making a stroke at the Indian's head with his sword, the Indian knocked it off by a blow with his rifle, which he was aiming at the colonel's head. The rifle struck the back of his hand and broke two of the bones. Not having proper surgical aid, inflammation ensued, and caused the old wound in his arm, which had been partially healed, to break out afresh, and it never healed again, but remained open until his death, more than forty years afterwards.

In 1804, colonel Patterson removed from Lexington to the vicinity of Dayton, Ohio, where he resided upon a farm until his death, which took place on the 5th of August, 1827.

John W. Van Cleve.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF GRAVE CREEK.

Removal of Joseph Tomlinson from Maryland to Grave creek—Discovery of the great mound—Timber, &c.—Trouble in Cresap's war—Captain Foreman surprised and killed—The impertinence of two Indians—Fort at Grave creek re-built—Dillie's fort and Baker's station built—Mr. Chapman's son killed—Mr. Tate's house attacked and sacked—Simon Girty's attempt on Baker's fort—John Wetzell killed in his canoe—John Bean pursued and shot—Captain Enoch's unsuccessful pursuit—Two brothers taken at Wheeling creek—Strange escape of one—Robin Carpenter's capture and escape—Peace and prosperity—Mr. Tomlinson's letter in conclusion.

My father, Joseph Tomlinson, was married near Cumberland, in the state of Maryland. Soon after he migrated to the west in quest of a suitable country to settle. Accordingly, in the year 1770, he arrived upon the Grave creek flat, and prepared it for his situation; and, with the assistance of his brother Samuel, he built a small sapling cabin and cleared some land. The spot he selected for his cabin was about one-fourth of a mile from the Ohio river, and about three hundred yards distant and a due north course from the Mammoth mound.

During his stay here (which he continued until some time in the year 1772) he discovered the Mammoth mound. The circumstances

of his discovering it were these:—He had shot and wounded a deer that had approached his cabin; his dog gave it chase, and he also followed. The deer ran a southern direction to the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, when he was overtaken by the dog and caught. My father dressed it, and was returning to his cabin, with the deer on his shoulder, when he unexpectedly came to, apparently, a hill of considerable height and very steep. This astonished him, as he had supposed the flat on which he had settled was level; but the density of the forest had obscured from his view the mound. He laid the deer from his shoulder and ascended to the top, when he discovered it to be an artificial mound. Many others of the same character he had seen in the neighborhood, but of much less dimensions. These mounds he supposed to have been used by the Indians as burying grounds, consequently he called them Indian graves. He stated that the growth of the timber upon the mound at that time, was as large and thickly set as any of the surrounding forests, and dates of quite remote periods were upon the trunks of some of the trees that stood upon its top. The timber upon the surrounding bottom at this time was of somewhat irregular growth. The most valuable and elevated portion of the flat, and where those ancient mounds and entrenchments are most numerous, was generally covered with a young growth of timber, with here and there a cleared spot containing, perhaps, an acre or two of ground. These patches were supposed to have been cleared and tilled by the Indians, consequently were called Indian fields. But upon the other mounds, and within and on the ridges of the ancient fortifications, grew timber of gigantic size, by no means falling short in majesty to those upon the Mammoth mound, described in my last letter.

In 1772, my father returned to the state of Maryland, and in the following year took his wife to his new improvement. They were accompanied by several families, whose names I do not now recollect. This was a short time before colonel Ebenezer Zane and others settled at Wheeling. The war of 1774 imposed upon these new settlers the necessity of erecting forts, which was soon done both at Wheeling and Grave creek. My father had his fort built upon the same ground on which his cabin was erected. Nothing of importance occurred, that I remember, previous to his leaving his fort in 1777, except the murder of two boys. They were sent to hunt the cows, and had taken a north-eastern direction from the fort; when about two hundred and fifty yards off, and near the base of three of those ancient mounds, they were fired upon by Indians. One of the boys fell dead, the other took to flight and endeavored to se-

crete himself in a thicket of alder bushes that stood a short distance south of the place where they were attacked, but he was pursued by the Indians and killed

In 1777, colonel Zane received a letter from his brother Isaac, who was near Sandusky and living with the Indians at the time, stating that three hundred Indians would strike the Ohio river somewhere between Wheeling and Limestone, but most likely at Wheeling. This intelligence soon reached Grave creek, and, deeming it imprudent to undertake to defend the fort with their weak force, they immediately made preparation to leave the fort. Their heavy domestic articles, such as ploughs, hoes, axes, gears, pots, &c., were hid in swamps and other secret places, and by four o'clock the same day they were on their march for Wheeling. My father proceeded with his family to the mouth of Pike run, some distance below Brownsville, on the Monongahela river. Samuel, his brother, remained at Wheeling, and was killed in the anticipated attack.

Soon after the attack at Wheeling, which occurred on the 2nd of September, captain Foreman and his men were surprised at the head of Grave creek Narrows; the account of which event, as given in the Border Warfare, differs somewhat from the way Robin Harkness, my uncle, related it, who was with captain Foreman at the time. I will, therefore, give it as related by him. A smoke was discovered down the river in the direction of the fort at Grave creek, which induced those at Wheeling to believe that the Indians had not yet left the country, and that the fort at Grave creek had been set on fire. In order to make discoveries, on the 26th of September, captain Foreman with forty-five men set out for Grave creek. Having arrived there, and seeing the fort standing, and discovering no signs of the Indians, they returned. On arriving at the foot of the Narrows, a contention arose between captain Foreman and a man by the name of Lynn, who had been sent with him as a spy, about which road they should take, the river or ridge. Lynn urged the probability of the Indians having been on the opposite shore, and had more than likely seen them pass down; and the most likely place for waylaying them was in the Narrows, and therefore urged the necessity of going the ridge road. Foreman, being indisposed to take the counsel of Lynn, proceeded along the base of the hill. During the contention, Robin Harkness set upon a log, having very sore eyes at the time, and took no part in the dispute; but when captain Foreman started he followed him. Lynn, however, with seven or eight other frontiersmen, went the ridge road. Whilst passing along a narrow bottom at the head of the Narrows, the foremost of captain Foreman's men picked up some

Indian trinkets, which immediately excited a suspicion that Indians were near, which caused a halt. Before them some five or six Indians stepped into the path and behind them about the same number, and at the same moment a fire was poured in upon them from a line of Indians under cover of the river bank, and not over fifteen steps from the white men. Those that escaped the first fire fled up the hill, but it being steep and difficult to climb they were exposed for some time to the fire of the Indians. Lynn and his comrades, hearing the fire when they were below them on the ridge, ran along until opposite. They then proceeded to the brink of the hill, where they saw a man ascending near them, who had got nearly to the top when he received a shot in his thigh, which broke it. Lynn and his comrades ran down and lifted him up, carried him over the hill and hid him under a cleft of rocks, and then proceeded to Wheeling. As Robin Harkness was climbing the hill near the top and pulling himself up by a bush, a ball struck it and knocked the bark off against him, which alarmed him, as he supposed it to be the ball; he however proceeded on and escaped unhurt. In this fatal ambuscade twenty-one of captain Foreman's party were killed and several much wounded; among the slain were captain Foreman and his two sons. The Indian force was never ascertained, but it was supposed to have been the same party that attacked the fort at Wheeling on the 2nd, which was supposed to have been upwards of three hundred strong. On the ensuing day, the inhabitants of the neighborhood of Wheeling, under the direction of colonel Zane, proceeded to the fatal spot to bury those who had fallen, and at the same time to get the man who was wounded and hid under the rocks, who was still alive and finally recovered.

My father remained at the mouth of Pike run about seven or eight years, and during his stay there I was born, April 3rd, 1779. When I was about four years old he returned to his place at Grave creek, and found it burned down and destroyed by the Indians. They were soon employed in searching for their hidden articles; but in consequence of their long absence and the hasty manner in which they were secreted, but few were found.

Not long after the return from Pike run, when I was about five years old, the men had left the cabin for some purpose, not now recollected, and my grandmother had gone a few steps from the cabin to get chips. While thus occupied, she was suddenly approached by two Indians that had been secreted in a brier thicket close by. One was an elderly man and the other apparently young. The eldest one laid his arm around her neck, saying, at the same time, "We are

friendly Indians—we won't hurt you—we are hungry—we want something to eat." She told them to come into the cabin and she would give them something to eat. They did so; she prepared them their breakfasts, and when told to sit up to the table they did so, but did not use the knife and fork. After eating they commenced looking for something to carry away with them. The eldest discovered some flour that my father had brought from Monongahela. He had a blanket, but it was very old and much torn; seeing it would not do so well to carry flour in, he took from the wall a check apron, that hung with many other articles of clothing, and spread it on the floor to put the flour in. Grandmother violently snatched it up, saying, "Hut! hut! de'il the bit of that shall you have," which was articulated very strongly in her Irish tongue. He then took a skirt of a dress and was about to put the flour in it, when she took it from him in the same manner, which enraged the Indian and he gave her a violent shove, which sent her against the wall. She called out to John Carpenter (a boy about twelve or thirteen years old, who had skulked around the cabin and was looking through one of the cracks at what was going on within,) to go and tell the men to come. To this the Indian responded, "Don't tell the men to come—white man kill us," and was content with putting some flour in his blanket and went off peaceably.

The same Indians went on to Wheeling creek, about twelve or fifteen miles from the fort at Wheeling, and killed two men that were keeping batchelor's hall—one of their names was Randle Dearth, the other Redford. The Indians took their guns and went off, and were not heard of until they had returned to Sandusky, where my father heard of them; and through the means of Isaac Zane, he wrote to them and thanked them for their kind treatment to his family.

Some time after this event, colonel Zane received intelligence again that a large number of Indians would strike the Ohio somewhere between Maysville and Wheeling. On hearing this, the inhabitants of Grave creek met for the purpose of determining on what course to pursue for their safety, as they were in a poor state for defence, not having as yet rebuilt their fort. They determined to rebuild and defend it. Accordingly, their force was collected, which amounted to ten or twelve men, and in a few days a good fort was built, and they prepared for the anticipated attack; but the Indians crossed the Ohio near Maysville.

A year or two after this fort was rebuilt, another was built on the west side of the river, close to the bank, and directly opposite the Mammoth mound—it was called Dillie's fort; and another was erect-

ed about nine miles below Grave creek, on the east side of the river—this was called Baker's station. These improvements placed the inhabitants in a tolerably good state of defence; but by artful cunning the Indians made many depredations upon the inhabitants of the neighborhood.

Previous to the building of Dillie's fort, the inhabitants were in the habit of crossing the river to hunt. A Mr. Chapman, who had recently come to the country, had been on a hunting expedition in the fall, and left his horses on the opposite side during the winter, where they lived very sumptuously, as the pasture was good. Some time in the spring he sent his son John, in company with another lad, in quest of the horses. After having crossed the river, John ascended the bank and called them. Not hearing of them he advanced further back, and called the second time; after which he turned to come back, when he was shot down. The other lad took to flight and escaped to this side of the river unhurt.

About two hundred and fifty yards below Dillie's fort, on the bank of the river, lived a man by the name of Tate. The old man, arising very early one morning, went to the door and opened it: he was shot down by Indians; his daughter-in-law and grandson pulled him in and shut the door and barred it. The Indians endeavored to force it open; but by the exertions of the boy and woman, they were kept out for some time. They eventually fired through the door and wounded the boy, who then left his post and hid behind some barrels. The woman also endeavored to escape out at the chimney, but whilst in the act was shot from the outside, and she fell in the fire. The boy seeing her condition, sprang from his hiding place and pulled her out, and retreated behind the barrels again. The Indians soon after entered the house and killed a girl, after their entrance. They scalped the three persons killed, and went behind the house, being on the opposite side from the fort. The boy (who had been wounded in the mouth) embraced the opportunity and escaped to the fort. The Indians, twelve or thirteen in number, remained behind the house until they had wiped and loaded their guns, and went off unmolested by the men in the fort, notwithstanding they had witnessed the whole transaction, and their strength nearly equal to that of the Indians.

Baker's station was next attacked by about three hundred Indians, with Simon Girty at their head. The whites had sufficient warning of their approach to enter the fort, and were prepared for its defence. When the Indians advanced along the hill-side, (near the base of which the fort stood,) Simon Girty called out to those in the fort to

turn out and surrender. The voice of Girty was recognized by some of the men, who answered him by curses, telling him, if they did not leave before morning (this being between sundown and dark) they would come out and drive them from the country. The Indians, however, fired upon the fort; and perceiving that their shots would not take effect from their present position, they proceeded further up the hill, in order the more easily to discover those in the fort. From this position they engaged the fort all the next day and part of the next night. But the whites concealed themselves under cover of the walls so securely that no one sustained any injury. The Indians finding their efforts to be vain, abandoned the attack and went off without effecting their purpose. During the attack on the second night, a Mr. Downing left the fort to give the alarm to those at Grave creek, and, if possible, to get assistance. Some seven or eight men returned with Mr. Downing early next morning, but the Indians had left, and all was peaceable.

John Wetzel, the father of Lewis, and who migrated to this country with colonel Zane and others, had left some of the upper stations and was descending the Ohio for this fort, (Baker's) and was seen by those at the station, floating down the river in his canoe. They called to him; and as no answer was given, he was approached by some of the men, who found that he had been shot and was dead, still sitting upright on his seat with his head reclining forward. He was taken ashore and buried not far from the fort.

From this place, John Bean and another person, as spies, crossed to the west side of the river. They had not proceeded far before they discovered two Indians, who saw them at the same time. Bean and his comrade retreated towards the river. Having arrived at the shore some time before the Indians, they were anxiously waiting an opportunity to give those at the fort signal for a craft, fearing to call aloud lest the Indians should the more easily find them. Whilst thus secreted under the bank of the river, the Indians approached. Bean and his comrade sprang into the river to escape to the other side by swimming. Bean received a slight wound in his thigh; his comrade was shot dead at the water's edge and scalped. Bean, by assistance from the fort, succeeded in reaching the other shore without further injury. Preparation was immediately made to go in pursuit of the Indians.

Those in the fort, fifteen or twenty in number, with captain Enochs at their head, crossed the river, and soon fell upon the trail of the two Indians. Their trail was pursued but a short distance, when it was discovered that they had fallen in with many others. Captain Enochs

was induced to believe by the signs manifested, that the strength of the Indians was equal to his own. They, however, followed on the trail, which soon fell upon Captina creek and proceeded up it, apparently marching along in a careless and deliberate manner, which induced captain Enochs and his men to believe that the Indians had not suspected the pursuit. After following the trail to the distance of about two miles from the river, they came to an Indian field, or prairie, as called by some. They struck the field about midway and proceeded through it. Captain Enochs had arrived at about the centre, when a galling fire was opened upon them from the west side of the field, from which no injury was sustained. A retreat was ordered to the other side, where a position was gained equal to the one occupied by the Indians, when a warm skirmish ensued until captain Enochs fell, when his men precipitately retreated toward the fort at Grave creek.

In the retreat, John Baker received a shot in his thigh and fell. Downing was behind Baker at the time and running in the same direction; as he came up to Baker he caught him up and set him on his feet, but he could not stand. Downing, seeing that no further assistance could be rendered to Baker, and being closely pursued by the Indians, again took to flight. George McCollough, whilst retreating in the advance, sprained his ancle, which impeded his progress very much. Discovering that he must inevitably be caught if he did not seek a hiding place before discovered by the Indians, he turned on one side a few steps to a pool of water in a ravine, and sunk himself in it near the side of a log that lay there. Here he remained and distinctly heard those of his companions who were behind pass him, and soon after he heard the Indians also pass. When he heard the Indians pass back, he crept from the pool and proceeded on to Grave creek. During the same night they all arrived at the fort at Grave creek except Mr. McCollough, who arrived about ten o'clock the next day. In this ambuscade, captain Enochs and a Dutchman were killed on the ground, and Baker was found dead where seen by Downing. The number of Indians killed could not be ascertained, but signs where three had lain on the ground was distinctly seen. A sheaf of arrows, a bow, and a weasle skin full of red vermillion paint was also found upon the ground the next day when they had repaired there to bury the dead. It was discovered that the Indians had passed through the field to the opposite side, where they had turned short around, and marched back and secreted themselves near the edge of the woods, from whence the whites received the first fire.

Shortly after this, two young men were taken prisoners on Turkey

run, a branch of Wheeling creek, by three Indians who had stolen two or three horses in the neighborhood. The Indians set out with their prisoners for the Ohio river, intending to cross at the mouth of Captina creek. On their route thither they fell upon the Grave creek flat, at the north end, where Little Grave creek enters the flat. They followed the creek down about a mile and opposite an old cabin that stood some two hundred yards to the west, when John Carpenter commenced pounding corn, who had gone there for that purpose. The Indians, not doubting but the cabin was crowded with men, from the racket within, took alarm and fled to the other side of the creek, ascending the hill and passing down on its face until opposite the fort. They then ascended to the top of an elevated point, where they seated themselves and watched the manœuvre in and about the fort for some time. The young men stated that the inmates of the fort were engaged in beating the drum and playing the fife at the time. They, however, came down the point and crossed Big Grave creek about two miles from the river; ascended the hill and proceeded on toward the mouth of Captina. Night came on them when they had got about five miles from Grave creek: they encamped that night on the hill near the head of Baker's run. After having built a fire and taken the necessary refreshment, a light was discovered at some distance on another point. After some conversation by the Indians, not understood by the young men, one of the Indians set out with his gun towards the light. He was gone sometime, when the two remaining Indians had some conversation, and a second one set out in the same direction.

Shortly after the two young men, being much fatigued, lay down to repose. Sometime in the night one of the young men awoke, and found that the cords that confined his hands had been taken off, and that the Indians had left the camp. He felt benumbed and giddy: he put his hand to his head, which he discovered to be bloody; and did not until then know that he had been tomahawked and scalped. He shook his brother, who muttered something not understood; he then took hold of him and set him on his feet, but he could not stand. Seeing he could not take his brother with him, he took a check apron that had been left by the Indians, tied up his own head, took a set of silver spoons that was also left, loosed a mare that stood hitched close by, got on her, and put off in the direction he had seen the fort the day before. He had not gone far before he began to feel sick and faintish. Finding that he could not proceed further without repose, he alighted, hitched the mare, and went a few steps to a cleft of rocks, where he found a comfortable place to lie in: he went to

sleep and slept till some time in the morning, when he got up and found that the mare had been loosed and taken away. He set out on foot, and arrived at the fort in the forenoon of the same day. There he remained until he recovered of his wounds, under the care of David Enlow, his half-brother, who had heard of his condition, and came to Grave creek for that purpose. It was with great difficulty the apron could be taken from his head, as it had become dry and adhered to the skull. Some men left the fort and went in quest of his brother, who they found where he had been tomahawked. The Indians had returned and tomahawked him again; he was buried, and the men returned to the fort.

When I was about thirteen or fourteen years of age, my principal duty was to hunt the cows, for which purpose I had a young pony of a bluish color, called Little Blue. One day the cows had left their usual range, and I could not succeed in finding them. Robert Carpenter, a young man twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, mounted his horse and set out in an easterly direction on their pursuit. About a mile from the fort he struck the north fork of Big Grave creek, and proceeded up it and found the cattle. He was on his return home along a path that led to the fort, when he discovered the foremost cow spring to one side as if frightened, continuing out of the path some distance. The others followed alternately in the same way, all appearing to be frightened at the one particular place. Carpenter had left the path to turn the cattle in, and on arriving opposite the place where they were frightened, he was fired upon, and at the same time two Indians stepped out of the weeds. Having no gun with him, and being in his shirt sleeves, the ball passed through his shirt near his back and hit his elbow joint, knocking him from his horse. He sprang to his feet and ran, but was soon overtaken by the Indian that had no gun, who ordered him to return back. Carpenter started back in a brisk trot and, being eager to escape, sprang off again; but in his flight his foot struck a log he was jumping, which tripped him down. The Indian bounded upon him, and kicked and cuffed him, again ordering him to return. Carpenter returned in a slow walk, at the same time slipping off his old shoes, which he found to be much in his way. When he returned to the place where he had been attacked, the other Indian had caught and got upon his horse. He was told by the Indians to catch a neighbor's horse that was close by, and they gave him some salt for that purpose. Carpenter had with him a small dog, that barked fiercely and frightened the horse they were endeavoring to catch, making him run off. The Indian on foot ran to head him, when Carpenter dropped the salt, taking care

at the same time to grip the wounded arm close to his side, and sprang off again to escape. The Indian on foot followed him, calling out, "stop! stop!" which only, if possible, had a tendency to increase his speed. Carpenter soon discovered that the voice behind him was getting further off, which animated him to greater agility. He soon reached a large patch of weeds, and springing in them he heard no more of the Indians. He continued on, taking care to pass through all the weeds he could on the way, and reached the fort. Carpenter's horse likewise returned to the fort in a few days.

The Indians almost constantly kept the inhabitants destitute of horses. My father, therefore, was driven to the the necessity, at one time, to work a yoke of oxen singly among his corn. The Indians, having been in the neighborhood for the purpose of stealing horses, and seeing him at work with the oxen, said, when they returned to Sandusky, that the white men had no horses—they worked the cows.

The treaty of 1795 closed these events, and afforded the whites an opportunity of extending the settlement, which was soon done; and thus, in the prospering condition of the country, a town was laid out upon the beautiful Grave creek flat, by Joseph Tomlinson, and called Elizabethtown. This town, at first laying out, extended over fifty or sixty acres of ground, being quite level, and covered ancient mounds, entrenchments, &c. It is a soil well adapted to the use of a people unacquainted with the use of tools. It is a very fine loam sand, with little or no stone in it, except those that lay upon its surface, which was found to be very numerous when first visited by the whites; and they were of such size as rendered them convenient weapons for battle or defence, and was supposed to have been carried there for that purpose. Flint arrow-points also lay very plentifully upon the surface of the ground. Many other stone, cut in various shapes, were found very abundant in early days.

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Elizabethtown, Marshall Co., Va., March 8, 1843.

John S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—I have succeeded in procuring for you a short narrative of the first settling of the Grave creek flat and neighborhood, but I fear it will be of but little consequence to you, owing to its being so destitute of correct dates. It is related by my father, whose memory is not capable, at this time, of calling the dates to recollection; but if you will be able to use it, I will be gratified in considering that I have thus far contributed my mite of western incident. Since my last letter to you, I have stepped around the mound for the first time to ascertain the distance, and I find it to be two hundred and seventy

yards. If I stated to you that the spots continued one hundred and twenty feet, it is incorrect; the distance being one hundred and eleven feet from the beginning to the centre of the mound, and from the centre to the extremity of the base it is one hundred and twenty feet.

Yours, respectfully,

A B Tomlinson

WILLIAM PENN,

And the Early Settlement of Pennsylvania—Treatment of the Natives, and the Effects resulting therefrom.

NUMBER II.

William Penn, in his letter to the Indians, informed them that he should shortly come to see them himself, at which time they might more largely and freely confer on the subjects contained in the letter. About nine years previous to this time, he had joined in marriage with Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of sir Wm. Springett. She was esteemed an extraordinary woman, and not more lovely on account of the beauty of her person, than of the sweetness of her disposition. At this time they had three children, which to leave, and engage in so long and perilous a journey, must have been a great sacrifice. Yet having engaged in the work, it was necessary to move onward with persevering fortitude. He accordingly, in the summer of the next year, (1682) made preparations for the voyage; but previous to his embarkation he, as matter occurred, wrote a letter of several sheets to his wife and children, as much as might be to supply his place in their long separation. To show the turn of his mind on this occasion, I will here introduce a few short extracts taken *verbatim* from said letter:

"*My Dear Wife and Children*—My love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself can extinguish or lessen toward you, most endearedly visits you with eternal embraces, and will abide with you for ever; and may the God of my life watch over you and bless you, and do you good in this world and forever. Some things are upon my spirit, to leave with you in your respective capacities, as I am to one a husband and to the rest a father, if I should never see you any more in this world. My dear wife—remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life, the most beloved, as well as the most worthy, of all my earthly comforts. First,

Let the fear of the Lord and a zeal and love to his glory dwell richly in thy heart, and thou wilt watch for good in thyself and thy dear children and family," &c. Towards the close of that part directed to his wife he adds, "And now, my dearest, let me recommend to thy care my dear children, abundantly beloved of me as the Lord's blessings, and the sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection," &c.

"And now, my dear children, hear my counsel and lay it up in your hearts; love it more than treasure, and follow it, and you shall be blessed here and happy hereafter. In the first place, remember your Creator in the days of your youth. O, my dear children, remember, and fear, and serve him who made you, and gave you to me and your dear mother, that you may live to him and glorify him in your generations. Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honor to you; for she has been exceeded by none in her time for her plainness, integrity, industry, humanity, virtue, and good understanding; qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honor and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and as your father's love and delight," &c. The closing paragraph runs thus, "So, my God, that hath blessed me with his abundant mercies, both of this and the other and better life, be with you all, guide you by his counsel, bless you, and bring you to his eternal glory! that you may shine in the firmament of God's power with the blessed spirits of the just, that celestial family, praising and adoring him, the God and father of it forever; for there is no God like unto him, the God of Isaac and of Jacob, the God of the prophets, the apostles and martyrs, of Jesus, in whom I live forever. So farewell to my thrice dearly beloved wife and children. Yours, as God pleaseth, in that which no water can quench, no time forget, nor distance wear away, but remains forever. WILLIAM PENN."

The reader may perceive, from the foregoing, that much tender regard and solicitude for the welfare of his family pervaded the mind of William Penn, and that it was no easy thing in nature to be so long separated from the endearing pledges of his love.

In the autumn of this year, William Penn, together with about one hundred passengers, set sail. In about six weeks they anchored in the Delaware river, and landed at Newcastle, then a small town settled mostly by Dutch and Swedes, who, together with the English that had gone the preceding year, received him with equal demonstrations of joy. The commissioners whom William Penn had sent the preceding year, to purchase land and to make a treaty of eternal peace with the Indians, having been favorably received by them, the

time at length arrived when this treaty, by mutual agreement, was to be publicly ratified. He proceeded, therefore, accompanied by his friends, consisting of men, women, and young persons, of both sexes, to Coaquannoc, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands.

On his arrival there, he found the sachems and their tribes assembling. It is much to be regretted, that while we have accounts of minor treaties between William Penn and the Indians, that in no historian we find a more minute account of this, though so many mention it, and concur in considering it the most glorious of any in the annals of the world. There are, however, relations in Indian speeches and traditions in Quaker families, descended from those who were present on the occasion, from which we may learn the following concerning it. It appears that though the parties were to assemble at Coaquannoc, the treaty was made a little higher up at Shackamaxon, upon which Kensington now stands, the houses of which may be considered as the suburbs of Philadelphia. There was at Shackamaxon an elm tree of prodigious size, to which the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its widely spreading branches. William Penn had no crown, sceptre, or insignia of eminence, being only distinguished by wearing a sky-blue sash around his waist which was made of silk net-work. Before him were carried various articles of merchandize, which, when they came near the sachems, were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand. One of the sachems, who was the chief of them, then put upon his head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, as among the primitive eastern nations, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the chief who had a right to wear it put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn, the Indians threw down their bows and arrows and seated themselves around their chiefs, in the form of a half-moon, upon the ground. The chief sachem then announced to William Penn, by means of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him. Having been thus called upon, he said, The Great Spirit who made him and them, who ruled the heavens and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus

provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood and love. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and, by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents also from the merchandize which had been spread out before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not call them children or brothers only, for parents often whipped their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he would consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and other sachems present to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.

That William Penn must have done and said a great deal more on this interesting occasion, than has now been represented, there can be no doubt. What is advanced may be depended on, but I am not warranted in going further. It is also to be regretted that the speeches of the Indians on this memorable day have not come down to us. It is only known that they solemnly pledged themselves, according to their country manner, to live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and the moon should endure. Robert Proud, in his history of Pennsylvania, speaking of this treaty says:—"He purchased lands of the Indians, whom he treated with great justice and sincere kindness. It was at this time when he first entered personally into that friendship with them which ever afterwards continued between them, and which, for the space of twenty

years, was never interrupted, or so long as the Quakers retained power in the government. His conduct in general to these people was so engaging, his justice in particular so conspicuous, and the counsel and advice which he gave them were so evidently for their advantage, that he became thereby very much endeared to them; and the sense thereof made such deep impressions on their understandings, that his name and memory will scarcely ever be effaced while they continue a people."

After the treaty, he went up the Delaware a few miles to see the mansion which colonel Markham had been preparing for him. The manor on which it stood was beautifully situated, being on the banks of the Delaware over against the present Burlington, and only a few miles below the falls of Trenton. The mansion was built of brick, and was large and commodious, having in it a spacious hall, intended as a place of audience for the sovereigns of the soil. Reserving this seat for his own residence, he gave it the name of Pennsbury.

Having now fairly purchased the land of the natives, he ordered a regular survey of it. This was performed by Thomas Holme, who had come out as surveyor-general of the province. During the survey he pitched upon Coaquannoc as the most eligible and commodious place for his new city. It was situated between the rivers Schuylkill and Delaware, and therefore bounded by them on two sides, and on the third by their confluence. The junction of two such rivers, and both of them navigable, the great width and depth of the latter so admirably calculated for commerce; the existence of a stratum of brick earth on the spot, immense quarries of building stone in the neighborhood, together with other considerations, influenced him in the selection. Having now determined upon the scite, and afterwards upon the plan of the city, he instructed Thomas Holme to make a map of it, in which the streets were to be laid out as they were to be afterwards built. *(To be continued.)*

Very respectfully, thy friend,

Joseph Garretson

Locust Spring, 5th month 12th, 1843.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Editor of the Pioneer.

Equality.—An Indian chief, on being asked whether his people were free, answered "Why not, since I myself am free, although their king."

HINDE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Our valued and reverend correspondent, who furnished the following correspondence and autograph, has since forwarded to us about fifty autographs in one "batch," and promises more. We will be glad to publish all he has sent us or shall send, with many others, and a multitude of curious and interesting things, provided the American people will say we shall live by our labor, but which every day becomes more doubtful. Times are now hard, and if they get better the love of money and speculation will again swallow up the means of the country; and thus the present will swallow up the past and the future. Our work is too expensive to be prosecuted without ample patronage, which it has not yet received.

MR. HINDE'S LETTER.

Mount Carmel, Ill., April 6, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—What was once thought to be an "uphill business," in 1829, by the worthy editors of the best national periodical (the National Intelligencer,) seems now to have taken the wings of the morning. You started your Pioneer, a work I had been contemplating for twenty years, and now they must have a "Pioneer" at Boston; and, forsooth, the *Romanists* have started one. If they will take hold of the French antiquities of America and keep to that subject, they may render science an important service.

Agreeably to my promise, herewith you have enclosed my correspondence with Mr. Madison in 1829. Mr. Madison's letter is enclosed in an envelope sealed with black—in mourning, I was told, for his mother, who lived to an advanced age.

Should I give a sketch of the grand conspiracy of 1805–6, it will be a curious affair; but I will bury in oblivion names of persons and parties, so that the succeeding generation may not have any cause to complain. As for some of the prominent *men*, we feel no delicacy on their account. From such dark designs, for the future, may it be ever our prayer, "Good Lord, deliver us."

The letter of the famous conspirator, I thought to be in the possession of my elder son; but he returned last night and says he did not take it away. When found it will be forwarded. As for others, the winter only left us yesterday (no *swallows* or martins yet,) and I find it too cold to stay in the garret to hunt up papers and letters for you and Mr. Boyd. I am, dear sir, verv respectfully, yours,



MR. HINDE'S LETTER TO MR. MADISON.

Urbana, Champaign co., O., July 23, 1829.

JAS. MADISON, ESQ.

Dear Sir—These lines are dictated under a strong and, I may add, a powerful conviction of the critical state of our national affairs. It is neither vanity nor flattery that influences my mind on the present occasion. I am but an humble individual, a pioneer of the west from a lad; a personal friend of your relations in Kentucky, having a son in my family bearing the name of one, and an uniform supporter of your "trying" yet "triumphant" administration.

I am pleased to find that you, sir, are about preparing to write a political history of our country.* This history could not have fallen into better hands to perform the work; and since I set down hastily to address you this note, subjects in relation to this matter, other than I had in view when I began to write, have rushed upon my mind. Your administration was one blended with so many eventful occurrences, that, for a season, the mind was led to view the whole history of that memorable period, as a recurrence to a second revolution; and one would be often at a loss to know which should be most admired, the firmness of the people that supported you, or the untiring patience and fortitude with which the affairs of the nation were administered —to remark, too, the powerful opposition, and this opposition overcome by moderation and forbearance! But I fear the day of our splendor and glory is like to be overcast by the cloud or vapor of a far different character. There is a want of forbearance, that I fear will convulse the whole body politic, and in the end settle down in party strife and animosity. Therefore, if the information be correct, that the contemplated political history may not see light till you are no more; it may be that this *procrastination* may prove injurious to your country.

At the close of your administration there was evidently, to superficial observers, a kind of mist that rested upon many occurrences that bewildered the mind; but the rays of truth, as time advanced, has dissipated it; and the faithful historian, in after ages, will place your administration on higher grounds than that of any other since the days of Washington. The great and good Jefferson had left you as a kind of executor to settle our affairs with foreign nations—affairs in Europe necessarily rendering it so.

I therefore hesitate not in declaring that the sentiments now expressed are the cool and dispassionate convictions of my own judg-

* The newspapers had so asserted the fact.

ment. I have, therefore, expressed my mind freely and fully, as I intended to do, without any design to solicit an answer. But the circumstance before hinted at, was that it either fortunately or unfortunately fell to my lot, when a youth, to become the organ of the first disclosures, in the West, of the plot for dismemberment of the Union, under Mr. Jefferson's administration. If, therefore, any facts in relation to that very singular transaction, be important, if requested, at a leisure time I will commit them to paper and forward them to you.

I shall not be at all surprised, if it again falls to the lot of the Old Dominion (Virginia) to call back our national councils to the very serious consideration of first principles.

I hope, sir, you will pardon the liberty I have taken, and accept the assurances of my very sincere respect and esteem, as a citizen of this republic, and remain your obedient, humble servant.

TH. S. HINDE.

MR. MADISON'S REPLY.

Montpellier, August 17, 1829.

Dear Sir—Your letter of July 23d was duly received, but at a time when I was under an indisposition, remains of which are still upon me. I know not whence the error originated, that I was engaged in writing a history of our country. It is true, that some of my correspondences, during a prolonged public life, with other manuscripts connected with important public transactions, are on my files, and may contribute materials for a historical pen. But a regular history of our country, even during its revolutionary and independent character, would be a task forbidden by the age alone at which I returned to private life, and requiring lights on various subjects which are gradually to be drawn from sources not yet opened for public use. The friendly tone of your letter has induced me to make these explanatory remarks, which, being meant for yourself only, I must request may be so considered.

The authentic facts, which it appears you happen to possess, relating to the criminal enterprize in the west during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, must merit preservation as belonging to a history of that period; and if no repository more eligible occurs to you, a statement of them may find a place among my political papers. The result of that enterprize is among the auspicious pledges given by the genius of republican institutions, and the spirit of a free people, for future triumphs over dangers of every sort that may be encountered in our national career.

I cannot be insensible to the motives which prompted the too partial views you have taken of my public services, and which claim from me the good wishes which I tender you.

James Madison

MR. HINDE TO MR. MADISON.

Urbana, August 27, 1829.

Dear Sir—Your esteemed favor of the 17th instant was received yesterday morning. I thank you, sir, for the opportunity afforded me of making a deposit of an important document relating to national affairs. I feel deeply and sensibly, sir, for *many reasons*, the honor conferred on me in affording me the opportunity of doing so; for we *live* for posterity, and set up beacons for the next generation. So soon as I have a little leisure and can seize an opportunity, (to use an expression once applied to yourself by the tall colonel Jos. H. Daviess,) and "can burn tallow," I will commence the task. This letter will be a kind of introduction to the subject. Aware of the propriety of doing so, I will condense the matter both for the present and future communications.

I stated in my first letter, that I was a *pioneer of the west* from a lad. You may, perhaps, form some idea of the fact, if I can present to your inspection, in a condensed form, a view of the scene. I present you my venerable parents at an early period, at the head of a large family, climbing the "cloud-cap't mountains" to seek an asylum for their rising progeny in the wilderness of Kentucky,—my father, the surgeon of *Wolfe* and *Henry*, in his declining years recommencing his professional services in a region but recently the scene of *carnage;* at the age of eleven or twelve years, myself placed at the country school, to gather what little education the country could afford. Having combatted a wolf on the top Souill's mountain and came off victor, I was not greatly terrified by their yells, or the screams of panthers, along my lonely school-path.

At sixteen, I placed myself in the office of the superior judicial tribunal of Kentucky, which held its terms twice a year at the metropolis. Pursuing the course recommended by Mr. Jefferson to his grandson (Mr. Randolph,) I had the good fortune to acquire the friendship and good will of all the principal men of that country; among others, your esteemed relatives, the late governor Madison and his nephew, (the latter, Dr. John Madison,) than whom worthier men are not to be found, from personal attachment, which continued till his

(governor Madison's) death, and at his request my youngest son bears the name of the latter.

In 1805, Messrs. Wood and Street, from Richmond, Va., found their way to Kentucky. Friendly considerations led me to patronize them. This was done through the solicitations of a young friend from Virginia. They commenced a paper, published in 1806, called the *Western World.* Imbibing strong prejudices against *slavery,* perhaps from my mother's repeating, in my infancy, the nurse's songs composed by Cowper, designed to make such impressions. In June, 1806, to the great astonishment of my friends, I left Kentucky, with all the flattering prospects a youth could have, and hastened to Ohio. *Connecting* circumstances, and from hints that fell from Wood and others, a deep impression had been made on my mind, that an eventful period was fast approaching.

The 16th of June, the sun was eclipsed—all nature appeared to mourn; both animate and inanimate creation were overcast with a gloomy shade. I thought this an awful omen of approaching events. One source of amusement was to call my new comrades to the summit of an *Indian mound.** Here I called their attention to the surrounding scenery, my former pursuits, my friends, my country, my prospects,— all these had been abandoned for the *pride* of opinion, against the entailment and *perpetuation* of slavery upon the rising generation! I remember their looks when I remarked, that after all, (pointng to the sun eclipsed,) I spoke of the *gloom* that overshadowed my future prospects!

In September, the *cloud* indeed began to appear—it rose in the *East.* The first rumbling of thunder was heard from the hills of Marietta. Herman Blannerhasett marshaled all his strength in the *Querist.* This brought forth the "Fredonian," that sprang from numbers into a newspaper: it poured destruction upon the ranks of choice spirits until colonel Burr was arrested in Florida. The subsequent operations are all known. The noted John Wood had withheld the information disclosed by the Fredonian; I believe he received a *douceur,* fled to Washington city, and commenced his Atlantic World, 1807.

The first numbers of the Fredonian was published in a paper which still exists, the Scioto Gazette. I preserved the numbers, and in 1825 I forwarded them to Mr. Clay, to be deposited in the office of the secretary of state; before he left that office these papers had unaccountably disappeared. Mr. Berryman, of Newmarket,

* Windship's mound, Chillicothe.

Highland county, Ohio, kept a file. At his death, Mr. John H. James, of this place, purchased it. These numbers had been taken out! Mr. John Bailhache, now public printer at Columbus, succeeded Hinde and Richardson (my nephew) in the Fredonian; the paper that continued the subject was taken from his office. Captain R. D. Richardson, who kept the only file of the Fredonian, had his file slipt from him whilst residing in Newport, Kentucky. This is a strange *combination* of circumstances, which has induced a desire on my part, of seeking some safe depository of facts, and therefore so cheerfully embrace the opportunity thus afforded.

With the most ardent wishes for your present and future welfare, and that your last days may be your best days; and that, after having discharged the important duties recently assigned you, your *sun*, while setting, may cast beams of light of a new era in my beloved and native state, is both the wish and prayer of

TH. S. HINDE.

The statement in full, but in a condensed form, was forwarded from Springfield, Ohio, to Mr. Madison, while the Virginia convention was in session, and acknowledged by him by forwarding to me a copy of the first impression of the *new* constitution of the *Old Dominion*.

T. S. H.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

NUMBER IX.

After tranquillity had been restored to Western Pennsylvania, the state lost no time in surveying that portion of her territory which lay north-west of the Ohio and Allegheny rivers; but she adopted a plan for encouraging the settlement of these lands, which resulted in great injustice to the settlers, and gave rise to long, protracted and ruinous litigation. For a small sum, the legislature granted to a number of rich speculators, associated under the style of the "Population Company," the right of locating a large portion of the country surveyed, extending from the Allegheny and Ohio rivers to the lake, and westward to the territorial (now Ohio,) line. The company intended that their purchase should cover all the choice lands within these limits. It was conditioned in their grant, that by a given day the company should cause certain improvements to be made on each tract of four hundred acres which they had selected. Among these improvements was the erection of a cabin, which should be tenanted

by an able bodied settler, who should continue to reside on said tract and clear, fence, and cultivate a certain portion of it.

The company expected that settlers would gladly embrace the opportunity of settling on their lands, on receiving a clear deed of one hundred and fifty or two hundred acres, and that the half or more of each tract which they reserved to themselves, would sell for a high price when the country became well improved.

The legislature, in order to effect the settlement of those parts of the surveyed territory which should not have been selected by the Population Company, passed an act granting four hundred acres to every settler who should enter upon and improve the same within a specified time. It did not require great sagacity to prefer the terms offered by the state to those offered by the company. The settlement duties to be performed were the same, and when complied with the settler could, by paying a small sum to the state, have a deed of four hundred acres; whereas those who settled under the company would have but one hundred and fifty, or at most two hundred acres.

As the territory to be settled was contiguous to Pittsburgh, where necessaries could be obtained, settlers flocked to it by companies, and all the good tracts, not located by the Population Company, were soon taken up.

Causes of difficulty and litigation commenced with the settlement. Two persons would often enter on the same lot, one claiming under the state and the other under the company, and neither would yield his claim. They either tested their rights by a fight on the spot, or resorted to litigation. Sometimes these collisions were owing to mistakes occasioned by the lines of lots located by the company not being sufficiently marked, and sometimes from a determination on the part of settlers under the state to secure the best lands by possession, and put the company at defiance. The company did not succeed as well as they expected in settling their lands. The law under which they claimed was unpopular, and many disregarded it. When the time allowed the company for settlement had expired, it was supposed that all their unsettled locations reverted to the state, and were fairly open to settlers. They were therefore taken up and improved.

But the company, who had taken the precaution to have a proviso in their first contract with the state, which granted them an extension of time if the settlement should be interrupted by Indian hostilities, alleged that their settlement had been thus interrupted, that some surveyor or settler had either been killed or his life endangered by Indians. The settlers denied this, alleging on their part that the company had hired some vagabonds to personify Indians and get up an alarm to

enable them to effect their purpose. Settlers on the company's land were in some places maltreated, threatened with violence, and compelled to relinquish their contracts with the company and join the popular party.

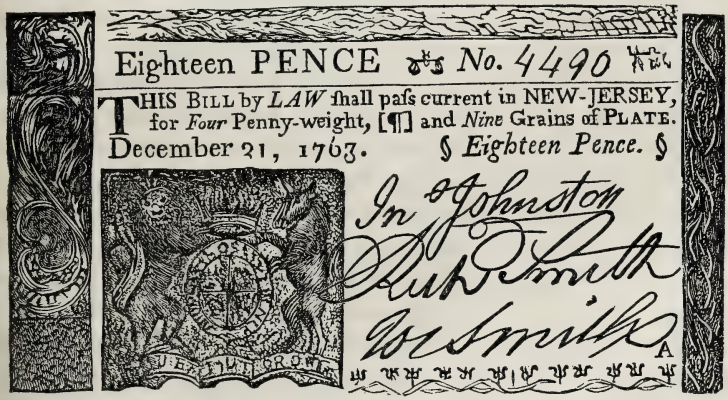
The company resorted to law and brought suits in ejectment. Some of the settlers, relying on maintaining forcible possession, neglected the suits, and judgment was rendered against many by default. In some cases families were ousted in an inclement season of the year; but the settlers made common cause with the sufferers, contributed to their relief, and restored them to their possessions. Suits were at first brought in the state court, but when these were defended, the company had little chance of a fair trial, as their cause was unpopular, and juries generally favored the settlers. The company at length resorted to the district court of the United States, which was then held in Philadelphia. The settlers objected to the jurisdiction, but as some members of the company were citizens of other states the suits were sustained. This decision was fatal to the settlers, few of whom were able to fee foreign counsel, or even to attend court on court at Philadelphia, much less to send their witnesses there. But the company, composed of rich and influential individuals, and able to secure the best legal talent, as a matter of course succeeded. Many of the litigant settlers who had lost their suits, quit the country to avoid paying the costs; others, unable to purchase their farms, or disgusted with a country where they had spent so many years under the painful uncertainty of litigation, and believing themselves grievously oppressed, resolved to seek some other home. The territory was depopulated as rapidly as it had been settled. Whole neighborhoods were deserted, and the improved lands again became a forest.

Many of these emigrants found a home in New Connecticut, as the Western Reserve was then called. This district of country was surveyed and brought into market a short time after the Pennsylvania district adjoining it. On the Reserve there were no questionable titles—there was no land to be given away. The settler could not even obtain a contract without paying down some part of the purchase money. The hunting, trapping, ragged loafer found no resting place there. The policy pursued by the state of Connecticut in bringing the Reserve into market, the low prices and liberal terms at which the land was sold, and the encouragement given to settlers by aiding them to open roads and erect public buildings, were eminently wise; and our country presents no better example of a heavy forest converted—in so short a time, and to so great an extent—into well cultivated farms, occupied by intelligent, moral, and enterprising people.

But rapid improvements in the West were not limited to the Re-

serve. Every avenue to the great valley of the Ohio was thronged with emigrants from the east and the south. The Indians, having been forced to relinquish the hunting grounds which they had occupied for ages, withdrew to their reservations; and scarcely had the fires gone out in their deserted wigwams, before their places were occupied by the abodes of civilization and refinement.

The following engravings represent both the front and back of a specimen of colonial money. The blank, or form, is letter press work, both front and back; the filling and signatures are real. The vignette and border on the front were clumsily engraved, as well as the leaf on the back. The impression was made on double paper, or thin paste-board, made by pasting two sheets of coarse paper together, between which is enclosed small pieces of mica. The front engraving is the exact size of the money, and a good likeness in every particular. It will appear that this was a kind of government shinplaster, rather dangerous to counterfeit.





INCIDENTS OF OLDEN TIME.

Gill, (Franklin,) Mass., May 1, 1843.

Jno. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—I send you a few incidents in the "olden time," called to mind by the contributions of your worthy correspondent, Mr. D. Stebbins, of Northampton, in vol. i. of the Pioneer.

The "Shays' war," so called, has become a matter of history. The misdirected efforts of captain Shays and his "brethren in arms," have, for the most part, been faithfully recorded by the historian; but, as ever will be the case, numerous interesting incidents connected with that rebellion, have escaped his pen, ink, and paper. I have been particularly amused by an account of one individual, whose insurrectionary spirit led him to Springfield Hill.

My father remembers, when a boy, being awakened from sleep at night by the noise of a redoubtable personage, who, it appears, had received news of the gathering of the rebels in the vicinity, and of their intended attack the following day upon the arsenal at Springfield; and who, under the influence of ardent spirits, and a spirit of redressing supposed wrongs, was attempting to procure the loan of a gun in order to join the rebels in their meditated attack.

This man, after making a great ado about the neighborhood, at length brought the occupant of a certain house to the window, who demanded who was there, and wherefore the disturbance? "It's me!" answered a voice hoarse with excitement. "Mr. ——, have you heard the news? The insurgents are all in arms! all in arms! and to-morrow *we* are going to take the barracks at Springfield, peaceably if we can, but forcibly if we *must*, by ——! and I want the loan of your gun. O, Mr. ——, let me have it, and I'll bring it back *bathed in blood!*" The person addressed favored the brave man with the "loan of his gun," and he departed, muttering curses loud and deep, and in a voice peculiarly *rummy*, upon the government party.

The result of the attack upon the hill is already notorious. Shays, with his followers, among whom was our lion-hearted hero, ascended towards the arsenal boldly and in good order. General Shepherd, who was posted upon the summit with his troops and field-pieces, ordered them to desist or they would be fired upon. The reply from the rebels was, "We will have the barracks!" A gun was fired to the right of the advancing column, in hope of intimidating them by its roar. Not so the result. The insurgents quickened their pace, and their determination was expressed louder than ever. A second

gun was then discharged to their left, but to no purpose. "*Give them a gun!*" was the next order, and the third time the messenger of death was directed through the centre of the ascending column. This wrought an instantaneous change. The sight of the bloody death experienced by some of their comrades, infused terror and consternation among the survivors; they broke and ran like so many sheep pursued by a worrying dog.

Alas! our hero was one of the foremost of those who thought discretion the better part of valor, upon this important emergency. His flight of thirty miles, tradition saith, was very precipitous, and withal attended with affectingly *physical* consequences; nor did he dare to halt until he arrived, wearied and *spiritless*, at his home, with his borrowed gun, which, together with his "unwhisperables," was bathed in anything but blood! Two of the three persons who were killed by the third discharge of the field-piece, were from this town. Their names were Webster and Root.

About two miles to the north of our village, a tragical occurrence took place during the Shays' rebellion. An officer of the government whose name was Walker, of Hatfield, was despatched thither to arrest one Parmenter, who had been a captain in the insurrectionary movements. Parmenter, who was apprised of the approach of the officer, seized his gun and fled across the fields of snow, for it was winter. The officer gave chase, and, on coming up with him, ordered the Shaysite to surrender, and discharged his pistol at him, the ball of which trimmed the hair from his temples, but did him no further harm. Parmenter then returned the compliment with his piece. The shot took effect, and the officer was killed. I have the account from one who, when a boy, went to the scene of manslaughter and saw the print of the fallen man in the blood-stained drift.

Parmenter was subsequently arrested and taken to the jail at Northampton, (this being before the erection of Franklin county,) was duly tried, convicted, and the day appointed for the infliction of the punishment of death upon him. That day arrived, and a large crowd collected with all the parade and show attendant upon public executions. The culprit was conducted to the gallows and upon the scaffold, the fatal cord was adjusted, and the sheriff drew forth a paper, and read in the ears of the bewildered man a pardon. The announcement was too much for the nerves of the poor criminal, who had hitherto conducted himself with much firmness, and he sank down in a deep and heavy swoon.

The tale has been rendered in verse, and we close with the closing paragraph of the same:

And now, whosoe'er this tale shall read,
A moral, if he choose, may heed:
Be always sure your cause is right
Before you undertake to fight;
And rather than to risk the hope
Of pardon when you feel the rope,
Attend the scriptural decree,
And own as such the powers that be.

Yours, sir, as ever, respectfully,

Jos. D. Canning.

BADGER'S INCIDENTS.

Plain Wood county, May 16, 1843.

Dear Sir—The enterprize of settling the Connecticut Western Reserve, when compared with the perilous adventures of those who began the settlements of Marietta, Gallipolis, Cincinnati, and other places on the Ohio, seem hardly worth recording. Although Indian hunters were met in every direction, and often called on their white neighbors with their elk and venison hams, to exchange for bread, they conducted inoffensively, and in some instances afforded a seasonable supply of meat. Bears and wolves often fell upon and destroyed both hogs and cattle, and people were sometimes attacked by them.

About the middle of May, 1803, a man living seven or eight miles east of Youngstown, had business that called him to that place. He started in the morning on foot, and, having accomplished his business, was on his return home. When within a mile and a half of his home, he was attacked by a large bear. Being unarmed and unable to outrun the bear, he sprang to climb a small tree. Before he got out of reach the bear caught him by the foot; but having got hold of a limb sufficiently strong, he held on until he drew his foot from her jaws and got out of reach. But the bear still kept at the root of the tree. This was about two o'clock, P. M. The man hallooed for help, and was heard by two men who were splitting rails about half a mile distant. They thought it was the noise of some wild animal and paid no further attention to it, until they returned to their cabin in the evening; but, as the noise continued, and attending to it more particularly, they, concluding it was the voice of a person in distress, took each one his axe and ran in the direction of the voice, and answered

the call. As soon as they got near enough to understand him, he told them he was badly wounded by a bear then at the root of the tree, and not to venture up unless they were armed; but they rushed on, and the bear ran off. They carried the man to his home, where he was confined the most of the summer.

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Early in the spring of 1803, George Beckwith began an improvement on the Ashtabula bottoms. He built a small cabin, and moved his wife and two small children therein. In the fall he had a pretty sharp turn of fever and ague. Although a very large, stout, healthy man, it reduced him much below his common strength; but having got considerably over it, and being in want of salt, and wishing to grind his axe, he started in the morning of the 18th of January, 1804, for Austinburg, the nearest settlement, about ten miles. He ground his axe, got half a bushel of salt, and started for home. He had not made half the distance, when he marked a small sapling and left his bag of salt; went on about a mile further, and, as appeared by his tracks, became bewildered, sat down on the root of a tree and probably fell asleep. When he got up from his seat he shuffled along in the snow about two rods and fell, crept over a log a little out of the path and there perished. This was on Thursday.

On Saturday his wife became very much alarmed about him, and putting her two little girls in bed and charging them not to get up until she returned, she set off for Austinburg to find her husband. She passed within about six feet of him, but happily did not see him, or she would probably have perished with him, and the two children likewise, before their situation would have been known to the nearest neighbor; but the woman gained the first house a little before dark, almost ready to fall under the pressure of fatigue and cold. The alarm was immediately given. One man went directly to the relief of the children, and four or five for the lost man. He was found sometime in the night, was brought to the settlement the next day and buried on Monday, 23d of January, 1804.

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The outlet of Ashtabula made a convenient harbor for the landing of salt and families from small open boats, almost the only water craft then in use on the lakes. All the families, furniture, merchandize, and salt for the lake settlements was brought in these small boats. They were propelled by oars and a small sprit-sail; but frequently they were driven on shore, or else obliged to land, unload the boat, and draw it out of the water. Sometimes they would run into the outlet of a creek and lie safely, without unloading, until the tempest was over.

The writer of this article was caught, in passing from Buffalo to Ashtabula, in a heavy storm of wind, which made the waves run high, on the 6th of July, 1802. The boat, in a sudden plunge from the wave, threw the mast from its fastenings and it fell over on the larboard quarter of the boat. I had only one man with me. I told him to haul in the sail instantly, and set a small sprit that was made ready, which he did. This saved us from filling and foundering, and we proceeded with our little sail about six miles and ran into the outlet of a large creek. The next day we ran into Ashtabula within fourteen miles of my residence.

The above articles are a statement of facts which were familiarly known to the writer at the time they took place, and show a few of the perils the first settlers encountered in their descent upon the vast forests and wild abodes of the red man.

Having stored our goods at Buffalo, we set forward with our four horse team on the Indian path, having a good axeman forward to open the way for the wagon—and he had work enough. We were four days passing through to the first house in Pennsylvania, where we were kindly welcomed by esquire Robinson and his neighbors. By this time camping had become familiar. After having rested my team a few days in this neighborhood, we set forward again, and found but little improvement on the roads; most of the way, about fifty miles, was without a solitary family. We arrived at Austinburg the first week in May, very much worn out, but my wife and six children in pretty good health; for which, with our neighbors, we tried to ascribe thanksgiving and praise to our Father in heaven.

You will please accept my cordial acknowledgments for your kindness in sending me the first volume of the Pioneer. My health is considerably improved. You will be so good as to select and publish any or all the above articles, or lay them aside, as you may think best. Yours, respectfully,

Joseph Badger

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

"THE resolution and courage of the Indians," says colonel Rogers, "under sickness and pain is truly surprising. A young woman will be in labor a whole day without uttering one groan or cry; should she betray such a weakness, they would immediately say, that she was unworthy to be a mother, and that her offspring could not fail of being cowards."

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

NUMBER II.

In the year 1776, the general assembly of Virginia divided the district of West Augusta (then comprising all the north-western part of the state) into three distinct counties, with the names of "Ohio, Yohogany, and Monongahala." John McColloch was commissioned, by the governor, as sheriff of Ohio county, on the 9th day of November in that year. On the 27th of December, the sheriff assembled the landholders of the county at the house of Ezekiel Dewitt, on Buffalo creek, "to vote for a place to hold courts in that county in future." At this meeting the seat of justice was fixed at "Black's cabin, on the waters of Short creek."

On Monday, the 6th day of January, 1777, the first court for the county of Ohio was held at Black's cabin. The justices present were David Shepherd, Silas Hedges, William Scott, James Caldwell, Zechariah Sprigg, Thomas Waller, and Daniel McClain. James McMechen was appointed clerk. There is every reason to believe that this was the first civil court held in the valley of the Mississippi.

On the 7th day of April, the court ordered a court-house and jail to be erected.

On the 2nd day of June, the organization of the county militia was completed; David Shepherd qualified as colonel, Samuel McColloch as major, Samuel Mason, John Mitchell, Joseph Ogle, Samuel Teter, and Jacob Leffler as captains; Samuel Tomlinson, John Biggs, Derrick Hoaglan, and Thos. Gilleland as lieutenants, and Wm. Sparks as ensign.

About this period the Indian war assumed such a fierce aspect that the civil yielded to the military power, and no court was again held until the 6th of April, 1778. On the second day of this court, colonel Shepherd was arraigned at the bar on a charge of having, during the recess, established martial law in the county. The colonel pleaded "the necessity of the times" as his excuse; whereupon, "the court being satisfied that colonel Shepherd did not intend to encroach upon the prerogative of the court," dismissed the complaint.

The first attorneys admitted to practice in the court, were Philip Pendleton and George Brent. They were admitted on the 2nd day of November, 1778, and on the same day Mr. Pendleton was appointed commonwealth's attorney.

At this court the number of tithables in the county was returned as three hundred and fifty-two. This, it is believed, was the entire number of persons then in Ohio county over sixteen years of age.

The poll tax was fixed at twenty-four shillings, and the sheriff was ordered to collect *double* that sum from all tithables "*who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the commonwealth.*"

West Liberty, in Ohio county, Va., was incorporated on the 29th day of November, 1786; and Maysville, at the mouth of Limestone, on the 11th of December, 1787. West Liberty was laid out on sixty acres of land belonging to Reuben Foreman and Providence Mounts; and Maysville was established on one hundred acres belonging to John May and Simon Kenton. It is more than likely that these were the earliest incorporated towns in the Mississippi valley.

The order book of Ohio county court contains the following entry, under date of June 6, 1780:

"Ordered, that the ordinary keepers in this county sell at the following rates:

For half pint whisky	6 dollars.
For a breakfast or supper	4 do.
For a dinner	6 do.
For lodging, with clean sheets	3 do.
For one horse to hay over night	3 do.
For one gallon of corn	5 do.
For one gallon of oats	4 do.
For half pint of whisky with sugar	8 do.
For a quart strong beer	4 do."

October 2, 1780—The court increased the price of "strong beer" to $6.00 per quart. March 6, 1781—Dinners rated at $20.00, and breakfasts and suppers at $15.00. June 4, 1781—Whisky was ordered to be sold at $8.50 per pint. All this was, of course, in continental currency.

Geo. S. McKiernan

BEAR STORY.

Xenia, Ohio, March 25, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—Permit me to send you another "bear story," as a companion to the one given in the February number of the Pioneer; which, if you think it worthy of notice, is at your service.

On a cold and cloudy day in January, 1804, I surveyed a tract of one thousand acres of land on the Little Miami, which included the

Old Chillicothe town, about three miles north of this place, assisted by William and John Stevenson, or Stinson, as they were commonly called, as chainmen, both of whom were old hunters.

In running the back line of the survey, which was mostly through a large thicket, I was about one hundred yards in advance of the chainmen and marker. Having halted to set the compass, my attention was attracted by a pile of fresh earth at the root of a large white oak about twenty yards distant, which had fallen several years before; the trunk of which gradually rose from the root till about twenty-five feet back, it was elevated several feet from the ground. A small dog which accompanied us ran to the place and commenced barking quite fiercely. I hastened to see what the dog had discovered, and, springing upon the fallen tree, and looking over it, I discovered a large bear snugly ensconsed in his den within six feet of where I stood, staring at me with no very pleasant countenance, which induced me to retreat in double-quick time; but finding I was not pursued, I halted when I reached the compass that I had left standing.

The chainmen and marker hastened up, and enquired what was the cause of my running so fast? Upon informing them that I had found a bear, they accompanied me back to the log, which we all mounted and had a fair view of him in his den, while he calmly returned our gaze, without showing any sign of either fear or hostility; supposing, no doubt, that his den was impregnable, as the tree in falling had raised several cart-loads of earth on its roots, which time had settled in the shape of a regular mound; under which he had excavated a cavern several feet in depth, sufficiently large to turn round in and to lodge comfortably.

A council of *war* was held forthwith to devise a plan for attacking Bruin. One, proposed by John Stinson, was with the marker's tomahawk and my steel-pointed jacob staff; but William Stinson, the oldest and most experienced hunter of the party, objected, saying, that from his great size and strength, if the bear was insulted with such puny weapons, he would certainly be the death of some of us; and this plan was abandoned by common consent. What then was to be done? To leave him undisturbed in his nest was not to be thought of by old hunters. After further hurried consultation, it was agreed that John should go home for his gun and dogs, while the rest remained to keep watch over Bruin's movements.

Accordingly, John set off at a long trot, while we who remained kindled a fire and patiently waited for his return. In about an hour he gave notice of his approach by a shout, which we promptly answered. He was accompanied by William McFarland, a near neigh-

bor, both on horseback, armed with their trusty rifles, and followed by some half dozen of dogs of known *pluck* and eager for a *row.* Our armed heroes, on joining us, hastily dismounted and were rejoiced to hear that Cuffey still remained in his den. John claimed as his right the honor of leading the attack and giving the first shot, and instantly mounted the log, while I at the same moment followed his example and stood close behind him. Unfortunately, his nerves had become so much disturbed by his long race and the excitement of the moment, that when he raised "Betty," as he called his rifle, to his shoulder, he could not hold her steady, but shook and *wabbled* so much that he hesitated for some seconds to shoot. Seeing the tremor which had seized him, I entreated him to give me the gun; but this he refused. I then told him to make a sure shot, and "give it to him" above the eyes; he instantly fired, and the ball only glanced the side of his mouth, although the muzzle of his gun was not more that three feet from the bear's head. "Quick as wink" he gave a "tremendous" snort and sprang at John, who at the same moment jumped off the log and fell at full length on the ground. We all thought his hour was come, as the bear, with open mouth, flew on him; but fortunately, McFarland, on seeing John's trepidation before he fired, had cocked his gun and, before Bruin could seize his prostrate foe, put the muzzle against his side and shot him through the lungs, while the dogs seized him at the same instant and saved John's life. After a brief scuffle with the dogs, whom he knocked about as if they had been mere puppies, while the blood flowed in streams from his side, mouth, and nose, he entered his cavern and soon breathed his last. On dressing him, he was found to be in prime order, and weighed near four hundred pounds.

Yours, with respect,

James Galloway

A young Indian widow, whose husband had been dead about eight days, was hastening to finish her grief, in order that she might be married to a young warrior; it was requisite, therefore, to grieve much in a short time; to this end she tore her hair, drank spirits, and beat her breast, to make the tears flow abundantly, by which means, on the evening of the eighth day she was ready again to marry, having grieved sufficiently.—[*Holmes.*

BOYD'S CONTRIBUTIONS.

NUMBER XIII.

Philadelphia, Wednesday Morning, Sept., 1777.

Honored Sir—I have nothing material to add since my last by Morris. No important movements of the armies have taken place since the late action of Brandywine. General Washington is encamped—I can't describe where, as places have no name here—I take it about fifteen miles westerly, or south-westerly, from this, at the crossing of sundry roads; and the way is open for Howe to us. I take general Washington intends to attack them in the rear on his attempt to get here. Howe's main army, the last we heard, lays near the place of action, doubtless much distressed and probably waiting reinforcements, which they sent for before the action, from Rhode Island, New York, and their ships. We have no certainty of any others being in the river, though 'tis said there are; and that they have, from New York or Rhode Island, invaded Jersey again with four thousand men—were destitute of ammunition, but obtained a supply from hence yesterday. Probably they hope to penetrate through to us; however it will effectually answer their great end, of stopping the militia from Washington's assistance; otherwise, general Dickinson says, he should have brought four or five thousand.

'Tis confidently said, but we have not sufficient evidence, that the enemy buried one thousand and seventy at the Upper Ford, besides what were killed at Chades. Report this morning is, that a skirmish happened yesterday between the advance or piquet guard of the two armies, but the rain parted them. The last was an exceeding stormy night.

Something very important will soon take place. May every heart and every soul be lifted up to God for mercy and deliverance—'tis most ardently to be wished, but, alas! how little to be expected, by appearances here. I pray God it may be otherwise in Connecticut.

Congress remain here, but begin to talk, and have indeed voted, to remove to Lancaster, if they are obliged to remove—it is about sixty miles west of this. 'Tis truly against my will to move that way, and, as the time is very nearly expired that I intended to stay, I have some thoughts of returning home; but least ill-nature should call it timidity, believe I shall not. The two last posts brought me no letters, which was very grievous. If my friends have all forgotten me, I must bear it.

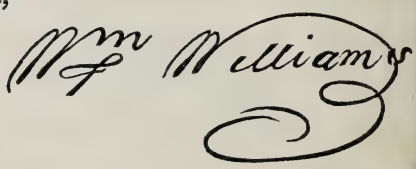
I intended to have wrote largely about Mr. Erkeseus, with whom

I have had much conversation. I am pretty well convinced he is a firm and solid principled friend to America, and his stay and manufacture in our colony would be a most valuable acquisition. He is determined, if he can't go on there, to move to this, the centre and cherisher of all manufacturers, to their immense advantage.

The crops are very large here and through the country. There is no possible danger of the army's suffering for want of food, the prospect of which, I should think, would cheer up the spirits of our people, and prompt them to greater efforts. But alas! alas! what availeth all this if God is pleased to give us up to slavery and destruction? but I hope and trust in his mercy. Let us not faint nor be discouraged, but wait patiently for the Lord, and he will not fail them that trust in him.

They begin to be alarmed here so as to run with their effects, &c., but not so much to fight as I could wish.

With tender remembrances to the dear daughter, I am, most respectfully, your humble servant,



N. B.—This much I hear in congress: the enemy certainly carried one hundred wagon loads of wounded to Wilmington, one general officer killed, &c. They say our army is entirely cut to pieces.

W. W.

To his excellency, JONATHAN TRUMBULL, ESQ.,
Governor of the state of Connecticut.

AN INCIDENT—A SCRAP OF BORDER HISTORY.

IN the year 1773, a band of Indians entered the cabin of —— Martin, a settler near Wheeling, and after murdering him and his family, set the cabin on fire and departed.

After the news of this murder reached Wheeling, a party of eight or ten men, commanded by a man named Houser, (a private in major Grant's company,) left Wheeling in pursuit of the Indians. They traveled six or eight miles through the forest without finding the savages, and were about returning when Houser observed, at a little distance, an Indian GIRL descending a hill. He *halted* his men, and made signs of peace to the girl, who came within a few rods of them

and drew from her bosom a small strip of paper and threw it towards them. On examining the paper Houser found the following written as if in a hurry: "You must make your escape, the Indians are after you." After reading this, Houser and his men made all haste towards "Baker's station," which was within a few miles, but they were overtaken by the Indians and fired upon. Houser's men, after retreating a few rods, kept up a well-directed fire, which soon dispersed the Indians. They then proceeded on their march towards Baker's station without further molestation from the Indians.

On arriving at Baker's station they related their skirmish and the incident connected with it. The note was written by a man named Watson and given to the girl, who proceeded to warn them of their danger. My informer states that it was the general belief that this Indian girl was the daughter of the celebrated *Mingo chief, Logan,* and was murdered by the whites at Yellow creek, in April, 1774.

ROBERT D. UNGER.

Cumberland, Md., May 8, 1843.

—

Toleration.—In the year 1791, two Creek chiefs accompanied an American to England, where, as usual, they attracted great attention and many flocked around them, as well to learn their ideas of certain things as to behold "the savages." Being asked their opinion of religion, or of what religion they were, one made answer, that they had no priests in their country, or established religion, for they thought that, upon a subject where there was no possibility of people's agreeing in opinion, and as it was altogether matter of *mere* opinion, "it was best that every one should paddle his canoe his own way." Here is a volume of instruction in a short answer of a savage!—[*Drake.*

AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

1645. Claybourne's successful rebellion in Maryland.
Berkeley returns to England and leaves Kempas his successor.
The Merrimack Indians acknowledge themselves subjects to the English.

1646. John Elliot begins to preach to the Nipmuk Indians.
Religious intolerance refuses the petition of the Non-conformists in Massachusetts.
Battle of Strickland's plains between the Dutch and Indians. The Indians defeated, but many are killed on both sides.
October.—Articles of peace established between the colonists

of Virginia and Necotowanee, successor to Opechancanough.

The governor of Maryland (lord Baltimore) restored to authority.

1647. Canonicus, the great sachem of the Narragansetts dies, aged 84 or 85 years.

1648. Ten ships from London, two from Bristol, twelve from Holland, and seven from New England, trade with Virginia, which now contains about twenty thousand inhabitants.

Another difficulty between Massachusetts and the Narragansetts settled by Roger Williams.

1649. Great massacre of the Hurons by the Iroquois at the village of St. Ignatius, when out of four hundred only three escape.

The inhabitants of Georgeana and Wills formed themselves for the purposes of self-government. Massachusetts grants protection.

A long dispute which had existed between Massachusetts and Connecticut, respecting the payment of duty on all exports from Connecticut into Massachusetts, is this year settled. A retaliatory law of Massachusetts, (afterwards repealed,) and the burning of Fort Saybrooke, contributed materially to the removal of duties exacted by these colonies from each other.

The commencement of the commonwealth in England, which materially affects the American interests.

A law granting free liberty of conscience to all Christians passed in Maryland, under which the Non-conformists, persecuted in Massachusetts, and the Puritans, persecuted in Virginia, are welcomed into Maryland.

1650. First charter of Harvard University granted.

About forty families of Christian Indians are reckoned on Martha's Vineyard.

Many in the colonies favored the royal cause, and many royalists flocked to America in the time of the revolution. A memorable ordinance was passed to reduce the rebellious colonies to obedience, but it affected none but such as had declared for the royal cause.

Cromwell and his parliament restrict the trade of the colonies, and, although enforced against Virginia, had but little effect on New England, which continued to prosper vigorously in the days of Cromwell.

1651. Junction between Maine and Massachusetts, and Maine erected into a county.

The confederated colonies of New England and the Dutch in New York agree on terms of amity, although England and Holland were at war.

Ninigret visits the Dutch in New York for medical assistance.

Maine erected into a county, with the peculiar privilege that her citizens, though not members of the church, might, upon taking an oath, exercise the privilege of freemen.

brazen face we could assume? And who is there in any neighborhood has so little influence as not to make one or two neighbors believe as he does on any patriotic subject?

In the name of our fathers, and for and in behalf of generations to come, we ask our friends every where to make one grand effort to sustain the Pioneer. We offer to every one a commission as our agent, the very soul of which is their own patriotism, without which the best commission we could write would be worse than useless. If our friends will accept of and act under the commission we now solicit and entreat them to take, we know there is nothing to hinder the establishment of the American Pioneer on a permanent basis, and with increasing interest and usefulness.

To many Post Masters and Editors we owe a debt of gratitude which we cannot express, much less cancel.

Our subscription price has been, and will continue to be, two dollars per single volume, in advance; or six volumes for ten dollars, or three volumes for five dollars, in advance. Volume I. contains 448 pages, volumes II. and III. will each contain 480 pages, with frontispiece, drawings, engraved signatures, index, &c.

The paper, type, press-work, binding, &c., has been of the first quality; and especial care will be taken that there shall be no falling off in the American Pioneer in any respect, during all the days of its life.

We have yet on hands a surplus of back numbers of volumes I. and II., at two dollars each, the sale of which would aid materially in sustaining the work. By sending us five dollars at once, any one may complete his set from the beginning to the end of volume III.

Now, friends of the Pioneer, will you make one strong effort for and in our behalf, and let us know by the first of November who will be sure to take volume III, and pay for it on the reception of the first number—say in January next? Will you also endeavor to sell for us the back numbers of volumes I. and II.? If you will do this all will be safe.

☞ Contributors will please to take notice, that we have no agents appointed to collect historical matter for the Pioneer, and that any who profess to be such, are attempting frauds on them, impositions on us, and are scamps of the first water. We hope contributors will send their matter to us.

CINCINNATI, O., July 20, 1843.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

Our Patrons.

We have some of the best that the world can produce.—Those of them who have paid us for the second volume are real patriots—they are the very soul of the enterprise. It is all due, and did those who are behind know how much we and our men suffer for want of what is due from them, and how much joy to our hearts, and energy to the enterprise, the reception of it would be, they would not keep back another day. All who shall have paid by the issue of the next number will have PAID marked on the cover.

Those of our patrons in arrears, who really wish us success, or wish to avail themselves of the *advance price*, ($2,) will send the money soon.

Post Masters,

We believe, have never refused to send us the subscription money, and kindly to give us information, free of expense. It is now generally known that this is no infringement of duty or instructions, and we heartily thank them, and ask a continuance of their favors.

Editors

Who notice the numbers and publish the contents as received, and send us their paper, will be entitled to the Pioneer in exchange, and to extract from it for their papers. ☞ We make monthly lists of their notices by which each month we send the Pioneer in Exchange.

To Contributors.

All who possess historical information relative to the first setilemeut and successive improvement of any part of the United States, are asked to contribute. Our aim is correctness of narrative, more than elegance of style. Some have declined because they could not write as elegantly as some of our able contributors—this is wrong. We love good style, but where that is not to be had, let us have the facts, though they be clothed in ever so plain a dress. Let them come in their "working clothes," if they have no better.

To Artists.

Drawings of ancient American relics are wanted.—Let the representations be true. We set accuracy of representation before elegance of execution—both together are acceptable. A good drawing entitles the artist to a volume of the Pioneer for his labor.

Volume II., 1843,

Will contain 480 pages, with a copperplate frontispiece, and be embellished throughout with drawings of American historical subjects, and the fac-simile signatures of contributors. It will also be furnished with a copious index. *Terms*, $2 for a single copy, or $10 for six copies, *in advance*.

Back numbers of both Volume I. and II. always kept on hand for new subscribers, on the same terms. Volume I. is embellished as Volume II.

Agents.

Every enterprising person is solicited to aid us in extending the circulation and usefulness of the work. It will be seen, that for three new subscribers to both volumes, or six for either volume, (for which they remit us $10,) they will have $2 for their trouble. In addition to this, when their remittances shall amount to $30, they shall have one volume as a premium; and, when they shall have remitted $50, they shall be entitled to two volumes in like manner.

R. P. BROOKS, PRINTER.

THE

AMERICAN PIONEER,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

COLLECTING AND PUBLISHING INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND SUCCESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. II.—No. 9.

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☞ Editors and Patrons will please to read the matter on the inside of the cover.

Price 2 Dollars per year, in advance.

Cincinnati, O.: published by John S. Williams.

Two Sheets, Periodical.



Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1843, by John S. Williams, in the Clerk's Office for the district of Ohio.

VOLUME III.

On volume I, page 440, of the American Pioneer, it was stated that the numbers would be so increased in size, that the 480 pages promised to be given in volume II, would be given in ten monthly numbers. Every idea then advanced, in respect to volume II, has been, so far, carried out, and it will be seen that the next (the Xth, the October,) number will complete the second volume. More than was then promised or anticipated has been done, especially as respects the list of contributors and goodness of the matter. The engraved fac similies have exceeded our anticipations, and will, in volume II, number nearly 120. This must be gratifying to patrons; it must ensure truth to the work, as well as embellish it, and preserve the hand writing of pioneers. The work is an expensive, and so far, an unprofitable one, but its use should stimulate its friends to its support.

Volume III will be full as interesting as either of the others, if we may judge from the circumstances which now indicate its character. Care shall be taken that in no respect it shall fall behind. The price will be the same as heretofore, two dollars for a single copy, or six copies for ten dollars, in advance; or, what amounts to the same, three volumes, either collateral or consecutive, for five dollars, in advance.

The first number of volume III will not be issued before January next. Every friend of the work is especially requested to use his best efforts to obtain subscribers for it, as well as to aid in disposing of the back numbers of vols. I and II, which still remain on hand. All our present patrons, who from any cause, shall not wish to take volume III, will please so to inform us by the first of November next; and every one who can obtain the name of one who will take it, and pay for it on the reception of the first number, will please in like manner inform us through his postmaster.

PIONEERS, COUNTRYMEN, AND PATRIOTS:

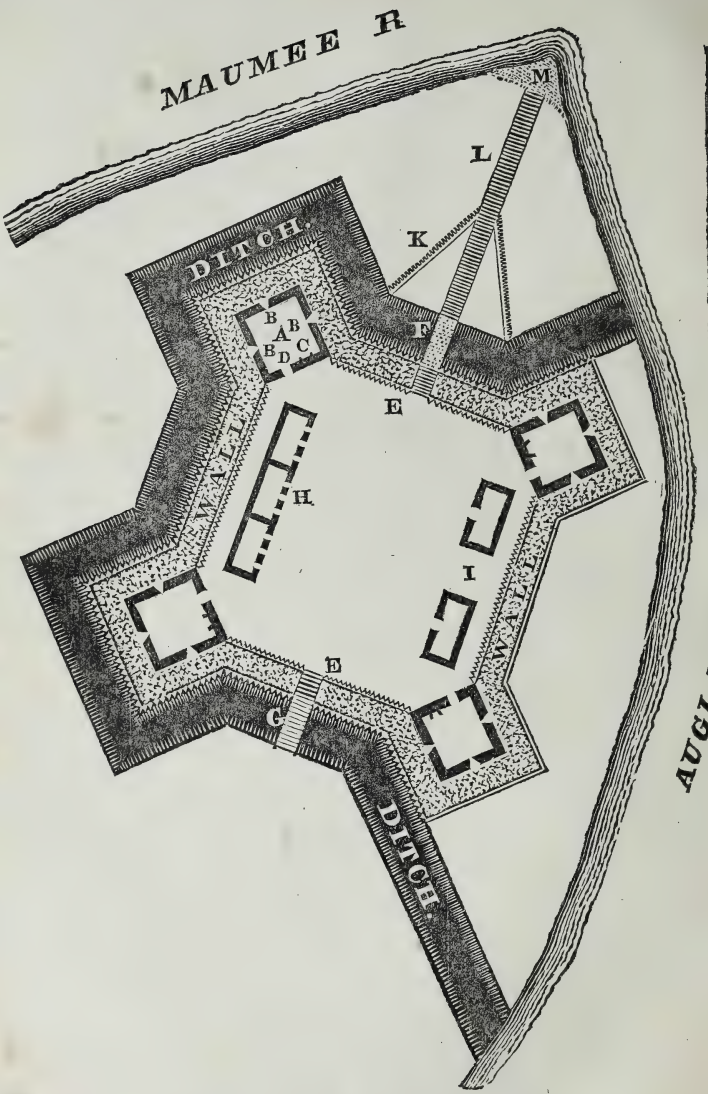
"Hear me for my cause, and listen that you may hear."

The time will soon arrive when it must be decided, whether the deeds of our fathers, in reclaiming our Paradise from a savage wilderness, are to be more fully written for future generations; or whether, with those noble actors, they are to be consigned to the grave of everlasting oblivion! To avert this deplorable result, the American Pioneer was commenced under the most unfavorable auspices, and has been prosecuted nearly to the end of the second volume under the most unfavorable circumstances.

The work has (if we believe even one-tenth of what has been said in its favor) so far fully answered the end for which it was designed, and has exceeded in usefulness the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Our aim has been, to let every one tell his own tale in his own way, believing that in this variety consists the beauty of history, as well as the best guarantee of its correctness.

Our list of contributors is most respectable as regards numbers and the characters of the individuals comprising it—we earnestly solicit an increase and continuance. The most general complaint of our friends has been, that we did not commence before many that have left us took with them caskets of historical knowledge, now lost and gone forever! That delay cannot be better remedied than by a vigorous effort now to rescue what yet remains, in heads white or bare from the peltings of many a storm, or on shelves among the moths, all of which are in the way to be erased from the pages of time.

That a periodical is the proper and only proper medium, in and by which to make these gatherings, is now seen by hundreds that had doubts in the commencement. The question to be decided now—and it must be decided soon—



PLAN OF FORT DEFIANCE.

AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1843. NO. IX.

FORT DEFIANCE.

Dayton, June 1, 1843.

JNO. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Dear Sir—I send you a plan of Fort Defiance, [see frontispiece,] copied from a drawing made by my father in October, 1794, and preserved among his Memoranda. According to the "Daily Journal of Wayne's Campaign," published in your first volume, the building of the fort was commenced on the 9th of August, 1794, and was completed by the army upon their return after the battle on the 20th.

At each angle of the fort there was a block-house. The one next the Maumee is marked A, having port-holes B, on the three exterior sides, and door D, and chimney C, on the side facing to the interior. There was a line of pickets on each side of the fort, connecting the block-houses by their nearest angles. Outside of the pickets and around the block-houses was a glacis, a wall of earth eight feet thick sloping upwards and outwards from the feet of the pickets, supported by a log wall on the sides of the ditch and by facines, a wall of faggots, on the side next the Auglaize. The ditch, fifteen feet wide and eight feet deep, surrounded the whole work except on the side toward the Auglaize; and diagonal pickets, eleven feet long and one foot apart, were secured to the log wall and projected over the ditch. E and E were gateways. F was a bank of earth, four feet wide, left for a passage across the ditch. G was a falling gate or drawbridge which was raised and lowered by pullies, across the ditch, covering it or leaving it uncovered at pleasure. The officers' quarters were at H, and the storehouses at I. At K, two lines of pickets converged towards L, which was a ditch eight feet deep, by which water was procured from the river without exposing the carrier to the enemy. M was a small sandbar at the point.

John W. VanCleve.

LETTERS OF COLONEL HAMTRAMCK.

Dayton, June 24, 1843.

Mr. John S. Williams,

Dear Sir—A gentleman in this place has a volume of letters of colonel J. F. Hamtramck, being the record of his official correspondence with generals Wayne and Wilkinson, and other officers, from October 31st, 1794, until January 20th, 1797. According to the *Daily Journal of Wayne's Campaign*, published in your first volume, colonel Hamtramck took the command of Fort Wayne on the 22nd of October, 1794, and the army left on the 28th for Greenville. The correspondence commences three days afterwards, and is dated at Fort Wayne until the 17th of May, 1796. The British being then about to surrender the posts within our territory, colonel Hamtramck went down the Maumee to Camp Deposit, where general Wayne encamped the night before his great battle. The correspondence is dated at Camp Deposit, from the 8th to the 21st of June. On the 11th of July he wrote from the late British Fort Miamis, which he informs general Wilkinson had that day been given up. A few letters follow, dated at Detroit.

The history of this volume is somewhat singular. Colonel Hamtramck having taken command of Detroit on the 13th of July, 1796, the letter book remained among the papers of the garrison until the surrender of general Hull. At that time, an officer of the Ohio militia got possession of it and was permitted by the British to bring it away among his private papers and effects. Since his death it has been preserved by his relatives.

A large portion of the correspondence is taken up with the business of the garrison, acknowledging the receipt of supplies, and asking for the various articles of which they stood in need. I have looked over the whole carefully, and gleaned whatever I have judged worth transmitting to you.

John W. Van Cleve.

In a letter to general Wayne, dated "Fort Wayne, December 5th, 1794," he says:

"It is with a great degree of mortification that I am obliged to inform your excellency of the great propensity many of the soldiers have to larceny. I have flogged them till I am tired. The economic allowance of one hundred lashes, allowed by government, does not

appear a sufficient inducement for a rascal to act the part of an honest man. I have now a number in confinement and in irons for having stolen four quarters of beef on the night of the 3rd instant. I could wish them to be tried by a general court martial, in order to make an example of some of them. I shall keep them confined until the pleasure of your excellency is known."

In a short time the Indians began to make known their desire for peace. Two letters on that subject, both of the same date, are copied entire.

"*Fort Wayne, December* 29, 1794.

"SIR—Yesterday a number of chiefs of the Chippeways, Ottowas, Socks, and Potawatamies arrived here with the two Lassells. It appears that the Shawanese, Delawares, and Miamies remain still under the influence of McKee; but Lassell thinks that they will be compelled to come into the measures of the other Indians. After the chiefs have rested a day or two, I will send them to head-quarters."

"*Fort Wayne, December* 29, 1794.

"SIR—Since my letter to your excellency of the present date, two war-chiefs have arrived from the Miami nation, and inform me that their nation will be here in a few days, from whence they will proceed to Greenville. They also bring intelligence of the remaining tribes of savages acceding to the prevalent wish for peace, and collecting for the purpose the chiefs of their nations, who, it is expected, will make their appearance at this post about the same time the Miamies may come forward.

"I have the honor to be your excellency's most obedient and very humble servant,'



The following are extracts from letters of various dates to general Wayne.

"*January* 15, 1795.

"A number of chiefs and warriors of the Miamies arrived at the garrison on the 13th instant. Having informed them that I could do nothing with them, and that it was necessary for them to proceed to head-quarters, finding it inconvenient for so many to go, they selected five, who are going under charge of lieutenant Massie, and perhaps will be accompanied by some warriors. The one whose name is Jean Baptiste Richarville, is half white and a village chief of the nation.

"As you are well acquainted with the original cause of the Indian war, I shall not say much upon it, except to observe that all the French traders, who were so many machines to the British agents, can be bought, and McKee, being then destitute of his satellites, will remain *solus*, with perhaps his few Shawanese, to make penance for his past iniquities."

"Since writing the foregoing, I have had a talk with the chiefs. I have shown them the necessity of withdrawing themselves from the head-quarters of corruption, and invited them to come and take possession of their former habitations, which they have promised me to do. Richarville tells me, that as soon as he returns he will go on the Salamanic, on the head of the Wabash, and there make a village. He has also promised me to open the navigation of the Wabash to the flag of the United States."

"*February* 3, 1795.

"Lieutenant Massey arrived on the 31st. The Indians also returned on the 29th, in high spirits and very much pleased with their reception at head-quarters. They assure me that they will absolutely make a lasting peace with the United States."

"*March* 1, 1795.

"I have now with me about forty Indians on a visit. They are Potawatamies, who lived on Bear creek. They say that as they are making peace with us, they will expect us to give them some corn to plant next spring. Indeed all the Indians who have been here have requested that I would inform your excellency of their miserable situation, and that they expect every thing from you."

"*March* 5, 1795.

"A number of Potawatamie Indians arrived here yesterday from Huron river. They informed me that they were sent by their nation at that place, and by the Ottowas and Chippeways living on the same river, as also in the name of the Chippeways living on Saguinaw river which empties into lake Huron, in order to join in the good intention of the other Indians, by establishing a permanent peace with the United States. I informed them that I was not the first chief, and invited them to go to Greenville; to which they replied that it was rather a long journey, but from the great desire they had to see "THE WIND," (for they call you so,) they would go. I asked them for an explication of your name. They told me that on the 20th of August last, you was exactly like a hurricane, which drives and tears every thing before it. Mr. Le Chanvre, a Frenchman, is a trader with them and has come as their interpreter. Father Burke continues in his exhortations. He assures the inhabitants that if any

of them should be so destitute of every principle of honor and religion as to aid or advise the Indians to come to the Americans, they shall be anathematized. He is now a commissary and issues corn to the Indians. Mr. Le Chanvre informs me that Burke is going, in the spring, to Michilimackinac. Of consequence we may easily judge of his mission. He will, no doubt, try to stop the nations from coming in to the treaty. How would it do to take him prisoner? I think that it could be done very easily."

"*March* 17, 1795.

"I had very great hopes that the man who deserted when on his post would have been made an example of; but weakness too often appears in the shape of lenity, for he was only sentenced to receive one hundred lashes, to be branded, and drummed out. This man, from his past conduct, was perfectly entitled to the gallows."

"*March* 27, 1795.

"Le Gris, the village chief of the Miami nation, and one of the commanding trumps in McKee's game, has at last come in. He stood out for a long time, but from a number of circumstances, too tedious to mention, that passed between him and me, by messengers, and with Lassell, he has surrendered, and, I believe, fully converted. I have promised him a great deal of butter with his bread, but your excellency very well knows that flies are not to be caught with gall or bitter, particularly after having experienced for sixteen years the dulcet deceptions of the British. He was four days with me, during which time I had an opportunity of examining him with great attention. He is a sensible old fellow, and no ways ignorant of the cause of the war, for which he blames the Americans, saying that they were too extravagant in their demands in their first treaties; that the country they claimed by virtue of the definitive treaty of 1783 was preposterous; that the king of Great Britain never had claimed their land after the conquest of Canada, and far less ever attempted to take any part of it without the consent of the Indians, and of consequence had no authority to cede their country to the United States. I have spoken with him respecting the meditated treaty of McKee in May next, and he very honestly told me that he had received wampum and tobacco on that head, but that he would, on his return, send it back and also send speeches to the different nations requesting them to adhere strongly to the preliminaries between you and them, saying that they must be sensible how they had been deluded by McKee, and entreating them at least to hear you first before they should come to any other determination. He is also to keep a couple of men at the rapids, in order to ascertain what is going on, and has promised

me that as soon as his messengers return he will come himself and give me all the information."

"*April* 10, 1795.

"Le Gris is again with me, and tells me that the two first chiefs of the Potawatamies of the St. Josephs passed his camp the other day, from Detroit, with four horses loaded with presents. Those chiefs informed him that a speech from lord Dorchester had arrived at Detroit directed to all the nations, wherein he assures them of his friendship and of his readiness to support them in all their distresses. He invites them to make peace with the United States, if they can do it on honorable terms, and tells them that they will see him before the time of our treaty. One would suppose that his lordship is coming up to Detroit to feel, himself, the pulse of the Indians."

"*April* 25, 1795.

"The Indians are truly starving, and say that we must support them, at least until they have made corn, as it will not do for them to ask provision of the British without remaining with them."

"*June* 17, 1795.

"The Miamis go to Greenville to-morrow. I believe they are the last that will pass this way. Enclosed is a letter from major Hunt. I believe that McKee is using every stratagem to prevent the treaty, but the bayonet of the 20th of August last embarasses him."

"*December* 9, 1795.

"Little Turtle tells me that a Shawanee has informed him that the cannon which is still missing had been buried near Recovery, at the confluence of two little runs which empty into the Wabash, and Little Turtle says that if it is not in the mud under the water it must be buried in the ground immediately on the point of the runs."

"*December* 13, 1795.

"The issues to the Indians would be very inconsiderable this winter, if it was not for about ninety old women and children with some very old men, who live near us and have no other mode of subsisting but by the garrison. I have repeatedly tried to get clear of them, but without success."

"*January* 13, 1796.

"About ninety old women and children have been victualled by the garrison. I have, yesterday, given them five days' provision and told them it was the last they should have until spring. I was obliged to do so because, from calculation, I have no more flour than will last me until spring. But, sir, if other supplies could be got by land, I consider it politic to feed these poor creatures, who will suffer very much for want of subsistence."

[*To general Wilkinson.*] "*February* 10, 1796.

"Sometime ago I wrote you that I had refused provisions to a number of old men, women, and children of the Delaware nation. But I have since been compelled to give them or see them die. It was impossible to refuse."

[*To general Wilkinson.*] "*March* 28, 1796.

"I am out of wampum. I will be very much obliged to you to send me some, for speaking to an Indian without it is like consulting a lawyer without a fee."

[*To general Wilkinson.*] "*April* 5, 1796.

"Little Turtle arrived yesterday, to whom I delivered your message. His answer was, to present his compliments to you, that he was very glad of the invitation, as he wished very much to see general Wilkinson, but it was impossible for him to go to Greenville at present, as he had ordered all his young men to repair to a rendezvouz, in order, when assembled, to choose a place for their permanent residence; that, as soon as that object shall be accomplished, he would go to see you, which, he said, would be by the time he hears from you again."

[*To general Wilkinson.*] "*April* 18, 1796.

"The bearer is captain Blue Jacket, who, at your request, is now going to Greenville. Blue Jacket is used to good company and is always treated with more attention than other Indians. He appears to be very well disposed, and I believe him sincere."

[*To general Wilkinson.*] "*Camp Deposit, June* 8, 1796.

"I arrived at this place the day before yesterday and have been waiting the result of the Indian council at the Miamis fort. It would appear that they are divided in their opinions. White Cap, the principal Shawanese chief, wants to alarm the Indians, but I am in hopes he will not succeed. Blue Jacket is with me, and says that he will remain until your arrival. Yesterday some of their chiefs and young men were with me, and assured me of their good intentions towards us. How far this can be depended upon time will determine."

[*To general Wilkinson.*] "*Camp Deposit, June* 16, 1796.

"Two of our men deserted on the 14th inst. I sent my interpreter and an Indian after them. They brought them back last night. I wish they had brought their scalps, for I know not what to do with them. Could I have power, at all times, to call a general court martial for the trial of deserters, it would save a great deal of time."

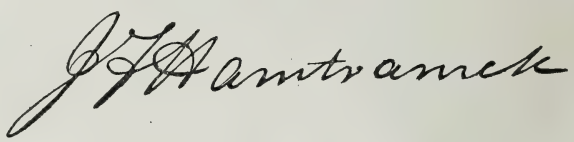
[*To general Wilkinson.*] "*Fort Miamis, July* 11, 1796.

"On the 7th instant, two small vessels arrived from Detroit, in

which I sent a detachment of artillery and infantry consisting of sixty-five men, together with a number of cannon with ammunition, &c., &c., the whole under the command of captain Porter. On the 9th, a sloop arrived from Detroit at Swan creek, purchased by captain De Butts, which carries fifty tons, and which is now loaded with flour, quarter-master's stores and troops. That, together with eleven batteaux which I have, will be sufficient to take all the troops I have with me, leaving the remainder of our stores deposited at this place, *which was evacuated on this day*, and where I have left captain Marschalk and lieutenant Shauklin with fifty-two men, infantry, and a corporal and six of artillery, that is, including the garrison at the head of the Rapids. I have endowed Fort Miamis with one month's provision for both the troops and the Shawanese. The latter, you recollect, you promised subsistence until the crops were ripe. The number of the Shawanese is about one hundred and eighty, besides twenty-six or thirty Ottawas. I shall embark in two hours, with all the troops, for Detroit."

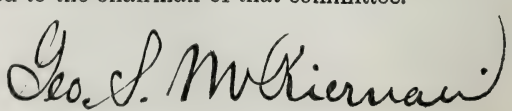
[*To general Wilkinson.*] "*Detroit, July* 17, 1796.

"I have the pleasure to inform you of the safe arrival of the troops under my command at this place, which was evacuated on the 11th instant and taken possession of by a detachment of sixty-five men, commanded by captain Moses Porter, whom I had detached from the foot of the Rapids for that purpose. Myself and the troops arrived on the 13th instant."



"COMMITTEE OF OHIO COUNTY."

John S. Williams, Esq.—The following documents are worthy, I think, of being preserved in the American Pioneer. The first is a letter from Charles Simms, secretary of the commonwealth of Virginia, in which instructions are given to organize the county of Ohio—the *first* in the whole valley of the Mississippi. The next is the journal of the "Committee of Ohio County," in the hand-writing of James McMechen, clerk of that body; and the last is an autograph letter of Patrick Henry, directed to the chairman of that committee.



Williamsburg, November 9, 1776.

DEAR SIR—You will find by the enclosed extracts from an act of the present general assembly, that the district of West Augusta is divided into three distinct counties. You will receive herewith your commission as sheriff of the county of Ohio, and also the commission of the peace and oyer and terminer for the said county. You will likewise find, by the printed act of assembly herewith sent, that two companies of men are to be raised in Ohio county, and that the committee of that county are to appoint the captains and subaltern officers for the said companies. It is necessary that these men should be raised with all expedition. You, will, therefore, please to appoint some convenient place and time for holding an election of committee men, and notify the same to the landholders in your county, by advertisements distributed in different parts. Endeavor to give as general notice as possible. There is a battalion to be raised in what was formerly called West Augusta. The men now under Major Neville's command are to be augmented to a battalion by troops to be raised in Frederick, &c. These two battalions are to be stationed on the Ohio whilst any danger is to be apprehended from the Indians. They are to be on the continental establishment.

You will observe from the enclosed extracts from the act of assembly for dividing the district of West Augusta into three distinct counties, that the landholders in the county of Ohio are to meet at the house of Ezekiel Dewitt, on the 8th day of December next, to vote for a place to hold courts in that county in future. The manner of holding this election is particularly specified in the act. I hope you will exert yourself in giving general notice to the inhabitants of this election. Before you can hold these elections it is necessary you should take the oath of your office. The dedimus enclosed empowers Mr. David Shepherd, Mr. David Rogers and Mr. Jas. McMahan, or any one of them, to administer the oath. When the election for holding courts is made, the justices named in the commission must meet at the place so appointed on the first Monday in the next month ensuing, to qualify to their commissions. Courts are to be held in your county on the first Monday in every month. You will receive with this eight copies of the act for raising the troops, which are to be given to the captains and subalterns appointed by the committee for raising the aforesaid companies.

I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

Th. Simms

To Col. John McColloch.

N. B. When your court is constituted, they are to appoint the militia officers for the county.

JOURNAL OF THE COMMITTEE.

In pursuance of certain orders of convention, made in the year of our Lord 1776, for the embodying of two companies of troops for the continental service, within the county of Ohio; and whereas, we, the subsequent members, being duly elected as committee men within said county, being duly qualified and chairman chose, as follows, present, David Shepherd in the chair, Zechariah Sprigg, George McColloch, John McColloch, Samuel Teter, David Shepherd, William McMechen, Benjamin Biggs, sen., John Williamson, sen., James Clements, Joseph Tomlinson, Jacob Leffler, Joseph Ogle, George Cox, David Hoseac, Silas Hedges, Isaac Taylor, Jacob Peatt, John Huff, Stephen Parr, George Dement, Samuel Glass.

And being convened at the house of Ezekiel Dewitt the 27th of December, 1776, proceed to business. The members present as follows, viz. David Shepherd in the chair, Silas Hedges, Jacob Peatt, Joseph Tomlinson, Benjamin Biggs, Samuel Teter, Samuel Glass, John Huff, Zechariah Sprigg, Joseph Ogle, George McColloch, Geo. Dement, David Hoseac, Jacob Leffler, John Williamson.

Accordingly, James McMechen being chose as clerk to this committee, and having taken the usual oath, proceed to business. And whereas Joseph Tomlinson has thought proper to resign his seat in this committee, we have thought proper to make choice of Charles M'Clain in his place, who being duly qualified, took his seat accordingly.

This committee is adjourned until to-morrow morning, at eight of the clock, at this place.

Silas Hedges

Met according to adjournment. Present—David Shepherd in the chair, George McColloch, John McColloch, Jacob Peatt, Benjamin Biggs, Samuel Teter, John Huff, Zechariah Sprigg, Joseph Ogle, George Dement, David Hoseac, Jacob Leffler, Isaac Taylor, and Charles M'Clain.

Isaac Taylor and John McColloch took the oath of committee men and took their seats accordingly.

And whereas, it is ordered by this state that the committee of the

county of Ohio shall appoint two captains, two first lieutenants, two second lieutenants, and two ensigns, who, upon raising their quotas of men, are to be a part of the six new augmented battalions of this state, to be added to the continental army of the United States:

Resolved, therefore, in compliance with said order, that David Rogers and John Lemmon be, and they are hereby appointed, as captains, Silas Zane and William McIntyre as first lieutenants, Conrad Stroup and Benjamin Biggs as second lieutenants, and Thomas Clark and John McCormick as ensigns to the said companies.

Resolved, that captain John Lemmon be prepared to have *their quotas* of men reviewed at the place commonly called Black's Cabin, by Mr. Zechariah Sprigg and Silas Hedges, who are hereby empowered to review the same, on the first day of January next; and likewise, that David Rogers have *their respective quotas* reviewed on said day, at the house of David Shepherd, by David Shepherd and Charles McClain, who are likewise empowered to review the same.

Resolved, that this committee be, and is hereby, adjourned to the house of John Biggs, on Short creek, upon the first Monday of February next.

David Shepherd

—

The committee met on the 8th day of February, according to adjournment. Present—John McColloch, Zechariah Sprigg, Samuel Teter, Benjamin Biggs, John Williamson, James Clements, Jacob Leffler, Jos. Ogle, Silas Hedges, Jacob Peatt, John Huff, and Charles McClain. James Clements took the oath of committee man, and took his seat accordingly.

The committee then made choice of colonel Silas Hedges as chairman.

Resolved, that John McColloch, John Williamson, Zechariah Sprigg, and Charles McClain be appointed to prepare a letter of information to his excellency the governor, respecting the state of the companies to be recruited within this county.

[Here the journal appears to be imperfect. It is probable that the committee made a short adjournment at this stage of their business, to enable the sub-committee to prepare the "letter of information."]

The committee met according to adjournment, where Mr. Charles McClain made report to this committee, that on Friday last David Shepherd and said McClain had reviewed, at the forks of Wheeling, six sufficient soldiers of lieutenant Zane's quota, one of lieutenant

Stroup's, and three of Thomas Clark, ensign; and likewise Mr. Zechariah Sprigg and Silas Hedges reported to this committee that they had reviewed and passed of captain Lemmon's quota three men, lieutenant McIntyre's three men, lieutenant Bigg's one man, and ensign John McCormick's three. And having narrowly examined their hopes and expectations of remitting their respective quotas of men in a reasonable time, pray that they may be recommended to his honor the governor, with indulgence of continuing in their several appointments until the first day of April, by which time they have reasons to think that they may raise their respective quotas; and if they should then fail, they pray no further indulgence. Two reasons they assign:—One *for* that the *packquet* for this county did not arrive in the county until some short date before the election, by which the whole country was overrun with recruiting officers from Yohagana county—as likewise by an order of the council of war lately passed, for the raising of twenty-two companies of volunteers to go on an expected expedition against the Indians in the spring ensuing.

And whereas, major Rogers has not appeared to accept of the appointment of captain, by not attending nor sending any message to this committee for that purpose, by reason of which, and other reasons, this committee do take it for granted that [he] means to resign his appointment; there [fore] we would beg leave to recommend that Mr. Silas Zane be indulged with the appointment of captain, who is of the opinion that he can raise the quota of captain by the first of April; and this committee being of the opinion that it will be with much difficulty that the two companies may be raised within this county, beg leave of his excellency and the honorable council, to appoint a lieutenant for said company, who may raise a lieutenant's quota in any other quarter, as to you shall seem meet.

Resolved, that it be recommended to the county lieutenant of this county, that a guard of thirty men at least be ordered to guard the inhabitants of Grave creek.

Silas Hedges

Vice President.

—

Williamsburgh, March 4, 1777.

Sir—The proceedings of your committee were handed to me. The officers are continued agreeable to your recommendation. Captain Zane is no doubt proper. Let him proceed in his enlistments

and be a captain. Appoint the lieutenant you mention, to recruit in any part of the state. If new appointments are necessary in lieu of any who shall fail to raise their respective quotas, make them, because we can't tell how to do it so well as your committee.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

P. Henry Jr.

Silas Hedges, esq., Chairman of the Committee of Ohio county.

BATTLE OF THE PUMPKINS.

Newark, March 25, 1843.

J. S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—You have wished me to become a contributor to the American Pioneer. I might indeed write much that I was eye-witness to, but then I would hardly think it worth publishing. I will, however, as I am writing on other business, just fill up the blank with a short account of an affair which did not amount to much, and, although there was no blood spilt, it was such a scene as would make the hair stand erect on the head of many a brave man of the present day, who may think it rather a trifling affair. It will serve to show our every day difficulties and hazards in settling this new country.

After I returned from the expedition of general George Rogers Clark, as related in the first volume of the Pioneer, we had peace with the Indians for about four weeks, when two athletic young men, Jacob and Adam Wickerham, went out to a small lot they had cleared and planted. They filled a bag with pumpkins, and Jacob put it on his shoulder and got over the fence. Adam, on looking round, saw an Indian start up from a place of concealment and run up behind Jacob with his tomahawk in hand. The Indian finding he was discovered, dropped his weapon and grasped Jacob round the body, who threw the bag of pumpkins back on the Indian, jerked loose and made off at the top of his speed. The Indian picked up his gun and fired, but without effect. During this time another Indian, from outside of the fence, ran up toward Adam, who was inside. They coursed along the fence, the Indian being between Adam and

the fort. Adam outstripped him, leaped the fence before him, and crossed the Indian's path and ran down a ravine, across which a large tree had fallen, which he leaped. Such is the agility which an Indian chase gave to the pioneers, scarcely believed possible now in this time of peace, wherein there is no such cogent reasons for exertion almost above belief. The tree stopped the Indian, who threw his tomahawk, but which, not being well distanced, hit Adam, pole foremost, on the back, and left a ring as red as blood. In the meantime, we in the fort hearing the shot, were all out in two or three minutes, and the Wickerhams were safe amongst us. We with our small force, not more than ten or twelve, visited the battle-field of the pumpkin bag, but saw nothing more of the Indians that time.

John McCadden

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF CINCINNATI.

The following information is truly acceptable; it is just such in kind as we are glad to receive, for, as a reverend gentleman, one of our patrons, observed, the Pioneer is the lumber yard of history. This is true to the letter, for here we propose to collect, stack up, to keep and season the materials out of which, in future, a most useful and accurate history may be constructed. The care of our friend in communicating such an important document respecting the first settlement of our own city, ought to put the blush on many a cheek within it, when we think that a correspondent a thousand miles off does for us what we are too idle to do for ourselves, when a door is open in our very bosom for the reception of just such intelligence. It also appears that the tooth of time has already rendered part of their manuscripts almost illegible, as it is doing to thousands of others in the country; as well as the ravages of death to such as still remains in the memory. Our friend has again removed to Mississippi.

—

Mr. Williams—The following is the copy of a piece of manuscript which I found among the papers of colonel Robert Patterson, in Dayton. It is not in his hand writing, but its age fully entitles it to credit. If you think it would be useful in the American Pioneer, you are at liberty to give it an insertion. This is the only instance I ever observed of Cincinnati being called Losantiburgh.

"The condition for settling the town of Losantiburg are as follows, viz:—that the first thirty *in* and *out* lots of said town to so many of the most early adventurers, shall be given by the proprietary, Messrs.

Denman, Ludlow, and Patterson, who for their part do agree to make a deed in fee simple, clear of all charge and encumbrance, except the expense of surveying and deeding the same, so soon as judge Symmes can obtain a deed from congress.

The lot holders, for their part, do agree to become actual settlers on the premises; they shall plant and attend two crops successively, and not less than one acre shall be cultivated for said crop. And within two years from the date hereof, each person who receives a donation lot or lots shall build a house equal to twenty feet square, one and a half story high, with brick, stone, or clay chimney—which house shall stand on the front of their respective in-lots, and shall be put into tenable repair, all within the term of two years.

These requisitions shall be minutely complied with, on the penalty of forfeiture, unless it be found impracticable on account of savage depredations."

The following is a list of the in and out donation lots, as drawn at Losantiville, by lottery, January 7, 1789:

By whom drawn.	*In-lots.*	*Out-lots.*
Joel Williams	No. 79	No. 3
Ephraim Kibby	59	4
Daniel Shoemaker	78	27
John Porter	77	2
John Vance	4	24
David McClever	26	6
Mr. Fulton	6	23
Samuel Muney	33	14
Henry Bitchel	56	16
Mr. White	2	15
Isaac Freeman	51	20
Jos. Thornton	3	28
Henry Linsey	76	7
Samuel Blackburn	1	29
James Carpenter	32	1
Scott Narvirce	52	9
Matthew Cammel	28	8
Elijah Martin	7	26
Noah Bladgeley	31	22
Richard Stewart	57	12
Luther Kitchel	58	13
James McConnal	30	5
James Cammel	34	21
Mr. Davison	27	19
Jesse Stewart	54	30

James Dumont	5	1
Benjamin Dumont	53	25
Jonas Mensew	29	10
Isaac Van Meter	8	18
Thomas Geszel	9	17

The numbers of the out-lots drawn by Luther Kitchel, James McConnal, James Cammel, and Jesse Stewart, are quite dim in the manuscript, but they are thought to be correct.

Lyman C. Draper

JOHN FITCH AND THE KILBOURNES.

Worthington, O., June 17, 1843.

John S. Williams, Esq.,

Dear Sir—I intend, as soon as business will allow, to send to you some biographical sketches of the late John Fitch, my father-in-law; in which, by giving facts within my own knowledge, or communicated by himself, not known to the public, I shall be able to correct many and great errors which have been put forth concerning him.

I send you now an account of some of the deeds of a cousin of my grandfather, in Indian warfare, taken from Thatcher, which would be better preserved in the Pioneer, if you think it worthy of a place.

Very respectfully, your friend,

James Kilbourne

The first civilized inhabitant of the present town of Walpole, N. H., was John Kilbourne, who settled there in 1749. The large and fertile meadows at the mouth of Cold river, in that township, slightly covered with tall butternut and ancient elm trees, presented an inviting prospect to new colonists, and an easy harvest to the hand of cultivation. Just above them, along the easy bank of the Connecticut, was the defile, bounded by steep mountains, which formed the Indian highway to and from Charleston, the next township. There, too, was the head of shad navigation, the great fishing-ground of the savages from time immemorial. Next below this narrow pass, by the river and nearer the meadows, is the site of an ancient Indian village, now occupied by a tavern. Next on the south, and bounding the meadows northerly, was Cold river, a small branch of the main stream, overshadowed with tall maples and elms. The meadows themselves were about half a mile in extent, the Connecticut on their western side, and a semicircle of woods on the east, with a central

round eminence, forty feet high, from which issues at this day a medical spring. It was here that the adventurous and hardy Kilbourne built himself a log hut, and here he inhabited the solitude of the forest for two years without any intercourse with friend or foe.

During this time, his life was one continued scene of danger and hardship. He sought opportunities to cultivate the friendship of the Indians who roamed and prowled in the woods around him; but in this attempt he was wholly unsuccessful. They avoided him studiously in the day time, and in the night he soon found that they approached his humble habitation only for the purpose of dealing him the deadly blow. He was finally obliged, in consequence of this state of things, to adopt the plan of "camping out" at different periods in the woods each night, with nothing but the cold earth for his bed, a bear skin for his covering, and a cartridge-box for his pillow. In this manner he continued himself to elude the scalping knives of his lurking enemies, though they not unfrequently visited and plundered his hut in his absence.

In 1751, colonel Benjamin Bellows obtained the charter of Walpole, and began a small settlement on a spot occupied to this day by the buildings of a gentleman of the same name, about a mile south from the establishment of Kilbourne. There was at this time a fort also on the neighboring township of Number Four, now called Charleston. These additions to the power of the whites in this quarter had an essential influence upon the respect and the fear felt for them by the Indians; nor was it long before a company of the latter descended the river in their canoes, landed above the falls, and invited their old acquaintance, Kilbourne, to trade with them. He accepted their invitation without scruple or hesitancy, visited their encampment, bought furs of them, and made them presents of flints, flour, and fish-hooks. From this time they continued to hunt, fish and lodge occasionally in the neighborhood. The report of their guns, with which the whites had furnished them long ere this, and the smoke of their low wigwams among the trees became mingled with the familiar occurrences of daily life.

The affairs of the settlers continued to prosper until 1753, when the first alarming incident occurred to disturb their security. Two men, by the names of Twitchell and Flint, who had gone back to the hills, about a mile east of the settlement, to procure some ash timber for oars, were fired upon and killed by the Indians. One of them was scalped. The other they barbarously cut open, took out his heart, yet warm, and laid it upon his breast, and thus left him to be found by his friends. This massacre was among the first appearances of a rupture of the negotiations for peace pending between England and France, and was the commencement of a new and long series of Indian ravages. It was, moreover, the first Christian blood which was spilt in Walpole: and the impression it produced upon the minds of the settlers was proportionably deep and lasting. The bodies of the murdered men were buried near where they were found, in a spot still indicated by a ridge of land, on the west side of the road, about two miles north of Walpole village. It was believed by the friends of Twitchell—at least by some of the number—that his guar-

dian spirit continued, as long as his savage murderers lived, to hover over them by night and by day, and to warn them of the wiles of the Indians. Even a rock in the Connecticut river, where he used to fish with never failing success, was a long time held in religious veneration; and few, it is rumored, of all those who to this day go to angle from "Twitchell Rock," return without taking from the stream a generous fry.

In the spring of 1765, an Indian by the name of Philip, who had just learned English enough to be understood, visited Kilbourne's log house under pretence of being upon a hunting excursion and in want of provisions. He was treated with kindness and furnished liberally with flints, meal, and various other articles which he asked for. Soon after his departure, it was ascertained that the same Indian had visited all the settlements on Connecticut river about the same time and with the same plausible story. The conclusion was, with Kilbourne and his fellow settlers, that Philip was a scout employed by the enemy. This suspicion was soon after confirmed by intelligence received at all the forts on the frontier, through a friendly Indian, from governor Shirley, at Albany. He stated that four or five hundred of the savages were collected in Canada, whose object it was to butcher the whole white population on Connecticut river.

The settlers—and those of Walpole among the number—were startled by these tidings, but they were not disheartened. They valued their hard-earned harvests and their solitary homes in the wilderness, humble as they were, too high to leave them from the mere apprehension of danger. They had been accustomed, too, to all the hardships of a rude life; and long had they looked for the time to come, as it came now, when they must defend themselves or die in the cause.

Kilbourne and his comrades now fortified their habitations round about by a palisade of stakes, with such other preparations of the same nature as the means allowed. On these alone they depended for safety, the nearest garrison (a force of one hundred men) being a mile distant, at the settlement of colonel Bellows. Measures being thus prudently taken, nothing remained but to wait for the onset of the enemy. On the 17th of August, 1755, Kilbourne and his son, in his eighteenth year, a man by the name of Peak, and his son, were returning from work about noon when one of them suddenly discovered the red legs of Indians among the alders that skirted the meadows, as thick, in his own language, "as grasshoppers." They instantly fled for the house, fastened the door, and began to make preparations for an obstinate defence. In this they were assisted, as well as encouraged by Kilbourne's wife and daughter, Hitty, whose particular charge, however, it was to keep a watch upon the movements of the enemy.

In about fifteen minutes the latter were seen crawling up the bank east of the house, and, as they crossed the footpath one by one, one hundred and ninety-seven were counted; about the same number remaining in ambush near the mouth of Cold river. The object of *this* party was to waylay colonel Bellows and his men, whom they knew to be working at his mill about a mile east. Before a great while,

accordingly, these people came along each carrying a bag of meal on his back. Presently their dogs began to growl and to betray other symptoms of having discovered or suspected an enemy. All this Bellows understood perfectly well, nor was he at a loss in forming his opinions of the state of the case; he had no doubt the Indians were close at hand, in ambush, and he took his measures accordingly. He ordered all his men, about thirty, to throw down their meal, and advance to the rising ground before them, carefully crawl up the bank, spring upon their feet, give one shout, and instantly drop among the tall sweet fern, which in that place covered the ground.

The manœuvre succeeded: for as soon as the shout was heard, the Indians all arose from their ambush in a semicircle around the path Bellows was to follow. This gave his party a fine chance for a fair shot, and they improved it promptly by a general discharge, which so disconcerted the plans of the Indians, that they darted away in the bushes without firing a single shot. Perceiving, however, that their party was too numerous for his, he ordered his men to file off and make for the fort.

Not long after, these Indians came out upon the eminence east of Kilbourne's house. Here the "Old Devil," Philip, as he was now generally called—being the same wily savage who had visited Kilbourne the season previous—came forward, secured himself behind a large tree, and called loudly for those in the house to surrender. "Old John—young John," he cried, "I know you—come out here—we give good quarter." "Quarter!" shouted Kilbourne from the house, with a tremendous voice which thrilled through every Indian heart, "Quarter! you black rascals, begone—or we will *quarter* you!"

Thus disappointed in his application, Philip returned to the main body of his companions. After a few minutes' consultation the war-whoop was raised, as if, in Kilbourne's rude language, "*all* the devils had been let loose." Kilbourne was nothing daunted by this performance, however, and he even managed to get the first fire before the smoke of the enemy's guns obstructed his aim. He was confident that this discharge brought down an Indian, who, from his extraordinary size and other circumstances, appeared to be Philip. A moment after, the companions of the fallen savage—now mustered in full force—rushed fiercely forward to the work of destruction; and probably not fewer than four hundred bullets were lodged in Kilbourne's house at the first fire. The roof, especially, was made a perfect "riddle sieve." This leaden shower was kept up for some time, with an incessant blaze and clamor, while detachments of the enemy were amusing themselves with butchering the stray cattle and destroying the hay and grain in the surrounding meadow.

Kilbourne and his men, meantime, were by no means idle. Their powder was already poured into hats for the convenience of loading in a hurry, and every thing prepared for a spirited defence or a glorious death. They had several guns in the house, all of which were kept hot by incessant firing through the port-holes; and as they had no ammunition to spare, each one took special aim, to have every

bullet tell. The women assisted in loading the guns. When the stock of lead grew scanty, they had also the presence of mind to suspend blankets horizontally near the roof of the house, inside, to catch the enemy's balls. These they immediately run into new bullets, if necessary, while the men took it upon themselves to have them returned to the savages with interest.

The latter made several attempts to burst open the doors of the house, but the fire of the brave little garrison was too hot for them. Most of the time, therefore, they endeavored to keep behind stumps, logs, and trees, evidently showing by this management that they began to feel the force of the remark made to them by Kilbourne, as we have seen in the onset. An incessant firing, however, was kept up on their part until near sundown. Then they gradually retreated; and when the sun had sank behind the western hills, the sound of the guns and the cry of the war-whoop died away in silence.

How many of the enemy fell on this occasion never was ascertained. Of the little garrison, Peak only was wounded in the hip, by exposing himself too much before a port-hole; and for want of surgical aid, this proved fatal on the sixth day. The French and Indian war continued until 1763; but the village of Walpole was not afterwards molested in any instance by the enemy.

Kilbourne united in his character all that makes a successful warrior. No man had more of ready foresight and prudence—none could be more intrepid and brave. He lived to see his family settled and flourishing and the fourth generation coming upon the stage. A plain unpolished stone points out the spot in the burying ground of the village where sleep his mortal remains under this inscription:

In memory of
JOHN KILBOURNE, who departed
this life for a better, April 8th, 1789, in
the 85th year of his age. He was
the first settler of this town,
in 1749.

His son, "young John," revisited the scene of his youthful exploits for the last time in 1814. He died in 1822, among his children at Shrewsbury, Vermont.

EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCE;

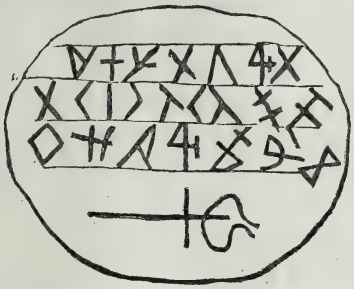
OR,

SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF AMERICA.

Lancaster, Fairfield Co., O., June 15, 1843.

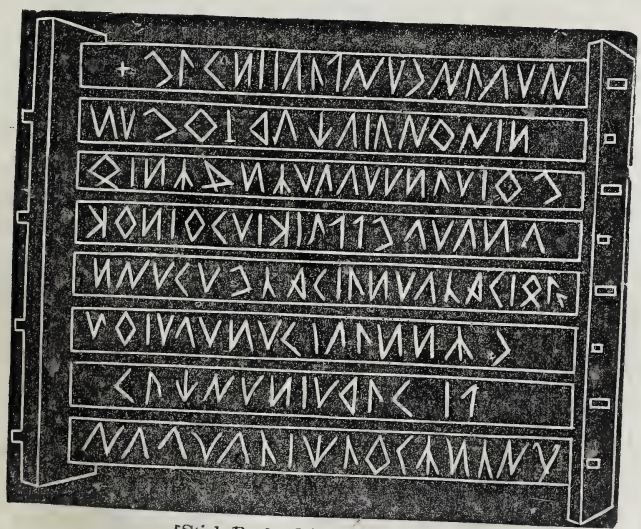
J. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.—I observed a cut in a late number of the American Pioneer, which has elicited a train of interesting reflection in my mind, which, doubtless, might form a valuable article for your very useful magazine. I allude to the fac-simile of characters on a

flat stone found in a mound at Grave creek, Va. I will here give it to elucidate my remarks:



In examining a work relating to the chirography of the ancient Britons, I was astonished and gratified on discovering a striking similarity between the fac-simile of their style of writing and that found in the mound at Grave creek. After some preliminary remarks I will furnish it, that the readers of the American Pioneer may judge for themselves, affording, perhaps, a clue by which the primitive inhabitants of North and South America may be revealed.

The ancient Britons used to cut their alphabet with a knife upon a stick, which, thus inscribed, was called "*The Billet of Signs of the Bards,*" or the "BARDIC ALPHABET." Compositions and memorials were also registered in this way on long narrow boards, several of these being united together, in the following manner, to form a connected composition:



[Stick Book of Ancient Britons.]

Although there are but few characters on the flat stone found in

the mound at Grave creek, yet it is seen that several of that few exactly resemble some of those in the Stick Book of the ancient Britons. Perhaps the former was composed at a time when the emigrant Britons in this country had partially lost the mode of writing previously prevalent in Britain, which accounts for there not existing a total similarity. Enough, however, exists to excite deeply antiquarian curiosity and general research on this important subject. There are other striking facts which seem to prove that the ancient Britons first peopled this country, which I shall give in a desultory manner; and which, added to those in the possession of others, may form a chain which shall more clearly remove the mystery.

Ancient mounds, walls, embankments, and parallels, such as are found in this country, exist throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Some say that they were places of worship, burial, and defence, for the Picts, so called by the Romans, because they painted themselves in different colors, *like the aborigines of this continent.*

The ancient British Druids presided over church and state, and were buried in mounds. Among the ornaments worn by the British Druid, was one like the following found in a mound at Marietta, June 1, 1819. A string was attached to the small end, and was thus supended around the neck. The ornament is of copper, having bits of silver in the fissures.



In our mounds, grates or fire-places are discovered containing charcoal and partially burnt human bones. The British Druids burnt human beings in the performance of their rites. The better to secure their revenue, they made the people, at the beginning of winter, extinguish all their fires on one day and kindle them again from the sacred fire of the Druids, which would make the house fortunate for the ensuing year; and if any man came who had not paid his yearly dues, they refused to give him a spark, neither durst any of his neighbors relieve him, nor might he himself procure fire by any other means, so that he and his family were deprived of it till he had discharged the uttermost of his debt. Were some of our ancient mounds used by Druids for their eternal fire?

I learned through the American Pioneer, that, in 1799, six soldiers' skeletons were dug up near Jeffersonville, Mississippi, each skeleton had a breast-plate of brass, cast, *with the Welch coat of arms,* the mermaid and the harp, with a Latin inscription, in substance—"Virtuous deeds meet their reward;" and that, in 1778, a Welchman and Indian, from up the Missouri, were heard conversing in the Welch language.

In the first two cuts of the present article there is the following character, ᛘ. This exactly resembles the Runic ᛘ. The Danish geologist, Dr. Lund, discovered in Brazil, South America, the fragment of a flag-stone covered with engraved Runic characters. He came upon the foundations of houses of hewed stone, bearing a strong architectural resemblance to the ruins existing in the northern parts of Norway, Iceland, and Greenland. He found, also, the Scandinavian god of thunder, THOR, with all his attributes, the hammer, gauntlets, and magic girdle.

There is a rock on some shore of Rhode Island called the "Dighton Rock," on which is a rudely engraved description of the arrival of vessels there, *partly in characters like some in the Stick Book of the ancient Britons,* and partly in figures of men and vessels. Doubtless this was intended to denote the arrival of a fleet from ancient Britain with emigrants. The following are characters from its inscription,



which bear some resemblance to those at the commencement of this article. Some say, the figure accompanying them is a representation of the Scandinavian god of thunder, THOR, whose name, they say, is there noted.

It does seem that either the Britons or their progenitors first inhabited this country. In other mounds and places in the United States, fragments of ancient armor have been revealed, which, in their form and material, aid in substantiating my present belief.

An author, speaking of the ruins at Astalan, and the mounds in Dane, Iowa, and Greene counties, Wisconsin territory, says:—"It is supposed that these were formed by the Mandan Indians, who were driven hence by the Sacs and Foxes. They resemble ancient works found in England, particularly Wales. Several eminent literary gentlemen who have paid attention to the subject, entertain the belief that the Mandans are remote descendants of Madoc, the Welch chieftain, who certainly visited this continent some centuries since." Why did Madoc visit this country, and how? Had his ancestors visited it previously, and was he only adding to that emigration which had been flowing for some time from Great Britain? If he could get across the ocean, by coasting or otherwise, in small boats, his progenitors could have reached this continent in the same way.

It is certain that the ancient inhabitants of America possessed a system of religion and a mythology connected with astronomy which, with its sister science geometry, *was in the hands of the priesthood.* The Druids, or priesthood of the ancient Britons, believed in one Su-

preme God, and also in lesser gods, called Teutates, Taranis, Hesus, Andraste, Hu, Ceridwen, Beal, and Belinus, and exercised supreme control in church and state, being versed in astronomy, astrology, and mythology.

Humboldt, the French author, who traveled extensively in South America, says, that one of the Indian tribes preserves A PAINTED HARP to denote their ancestry, which, doubtless, is a portion of the *Welch coat of arms*, having lost the remainder in the lapse of centuries.

The duke of Saxe Weimar, in his "Travels through North America in the years 1825 and 1826," notes a conversation he had with a person on our western antiquities, in which occurs this paragraph:

"I gave him a description of the opening of a Roman mound, at which I was present with my father, and he expressed his astonishment at the great similarity between these mounds and those of the North American mounds, the stone hatchets resembling the battle-axes found in Germany at these mounds." After the conquest of Britain by the Romans, did the Britons introduce their skill into this country?

In the decline of the Roman empire, and when its scattered strength was being concentrated to resist the invasion of northern barbarians, Plutarch mentions that a Roman emperor speaks in a manifesto of calling to their aid "*their armies and colonies now operating* BEYOND THE GREAT SEAS." This could not allude to any of their colonies in Europe or Africa, from which they were divided by mere narrow strips of water. Britain, at that time, was on the extreme verge of their European possessions in the west. Did the Romans carry on colonies in this country, previously established by the Britons, and was Britain the point from which they started for this country? *Many fragments of Roman armor have been found here.* Some vessels built at that time were large enough to cross the ocean.

Another very strong argument I will now present in favor of my opinion, and then close.

Mr. Delafield, in his American Antiquities, presents a facsimile of an ancient map of the Peruvians, describing the route of their ancestors to this country. Their starting is thus depicted: [see next page.]

The following is my interpretation of this picture:—

1. The Island of Britain, from whence we started.

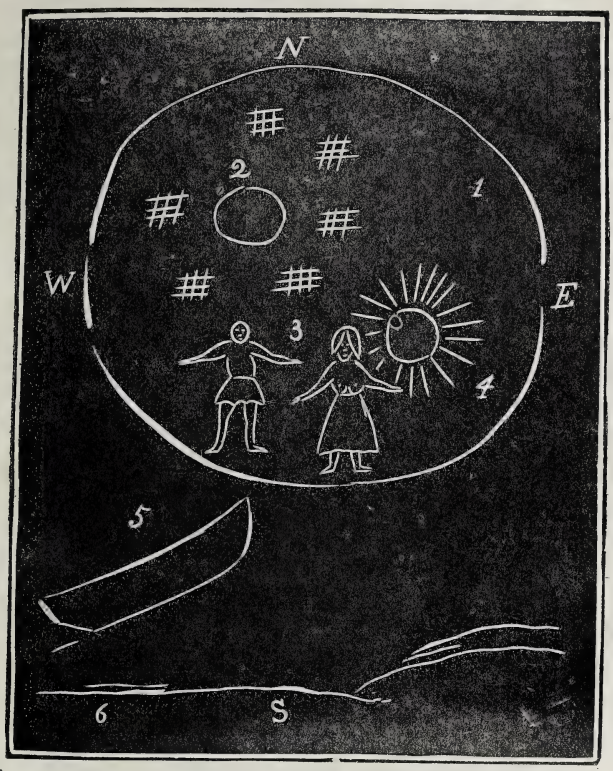
2. The houses of worship, or mounds, and appurtenances on which we performed our devotions there.

3. Both men and women composed our company.

4. To signify that the island mentioned is in the direction of the rising sun, or eastward, from this country.

5. We crossed the big ocean in boats, voyaging to the westward.

6. The continent at which our ancestors arrived, and where we are now living.



Trusting that these rough hints will lead to further and more successful investigation on this subject, I close this article, feeling convinced that it ought to be placed before the American public.

Always yours,

Robert E. H. Levering.

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The foregoing article of Mr. Levering is admitted into the Pioneer on account of the suggestions it contains on the subject of the original or first inhabitants of this country. Every thing that is calculated to throw light on the subject, or start a train of enquiry, in respect to the "race of the mounds,"

is interesting, and will remain so as long as the ancient mounds and fortifications exist among us, or at least until the history of their builders is settled. There now remains no way of arriving at a just conclusion concerning that people but by the collection of circumstantial evidence, and reconciling it with such theories as may be started by the ingenious. In this way approximates will be made to the true history of those times. Every one who starts a theory will collect facts to sustain it, and thus furnish increasing data for his successors to profit by, until the facts will be so abundant that circumstantial evidence will become conclusive. As we shall approach the truth by the collection of facts, anxiety will become more intense and the search more diligent; and yet, perchance, in the multitudinous searches something may be found that will at once advance us a great stride towards our goal, or bring us quite up to it.

In order to increase this desire we give the above, and not because we are by any means ready to say the writer's conclusions are correct. We give the essay and characters as he furnished them to us, without depriving the reader of the privilege of judging of their accuracy. We believe it to be our duty in publishing this work, to give, what is given to us, as nearly as it comes from the writer's hands as we can. Of Mr. Levering we happen to know very little, except the knowledge we gain from the essay before us.

The writer of the following article on the same subject is, to a limited extent, better known to us. He is known to be a venerable pioneer of talent and research. He has not, however, given us his autograph, as we requested. We publish his essay for similar reasons as the above.

FIRST POPULATION OF THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

BY DR. CROOKSHANKS.

I ONCE saw a paddle which had been brought from the Pacific, probably from the Fegee isles, which was almost covered with hieroglyphic characters, and I could not help remarking the similarity of taste or fancy on this to those on the war clubs of the Caribs, [See Archæologia Americana, p. 372;] nor are the drawings of the ruins of Palenque by Stevens [See Family Magazine, 1839, p. 423,] and the Peruvian jars [See Family Magazine, 1840, p. 444,] very different. I have seen such drawings on the necks of the pots dug out from mounds here, but less perfect than the originals, and these again less perfect than those copied from oriental columns. The interstices on the Caribean club, the Pacific paddle, and other similar drawings, are generally filled with wings, leaves, roots, horns, &c., and would seem, from their diversities of form and position, to signify ideas, and to have been readable to those who carved them. All these indicate to me something of ancient Egyptian character, and the Mexican idols

and other sculpture seem to me, as well as others, to partake of the same. They are all characterized by grotesque but true representations of life.

There are two small creeks within a few miles of Harrison, each called Crane's run. Many years ago an old man, who used to hunt thereabout, said that he had either seen or known an old Indian who called himself the Sleeping Crane. I thought that probably he had given name to these creeks or runs, as they are called, until within a few years back, when a neighbor brought me an awkward looking pipe, made of indurated clay, on the front of which was quite graphically sketched the figure of a sleeping crane. This was found while ploughing over a very low mound, on a hill overlooking the Whitewater. I placed it in Mr. Dorfeule's museum, where it may still remain. The drawing was, by no means, of grotesque character, but very natural; so that it seems at least one of the aborigines had some taste for accuracy.

But how came Egyptians here as well as in the Pacific isles? The writer gave some explanation of this, [Family Magazine, 1839, p. 7,] showing how history warrants us in believing that, besides the commerce of the nations bounding the Arabian gulf, or Red sea, with the Indian ocean, expeditions were sent to circumnavigate Africa, at least one or two of which returned by the Mediterranean. Nothing, then, can be more natural than that the nations around this sea, then the most experienced navigators in the world, should reverse the course, go out by the pillars of Hercules (the straits of Gibraltar,) for the same purpose. For they would doubtless hear of many inviting regions along the coast and islands in the route, and the commerce seems at length to have become frequent between these regions and the Cape de Verds.

If, then, a little before reaching these islands, an expedition from the Mediterranean should have been driven off the coast, by a continuous storm, it would fall into a current setting directly into the Caribean sea, when they would meet with a great crescent of islands, now called the West Indies, where they planted the origin of the Caribs. The distance from the Cape de Verd islands to these but little exceeds two thousand miles, and if any of them, either accidentally or on purpose, happened to pass this chain of West India islands, they would probably be driven into the bay of Honduras, and thus arrive at *Yucatan*, and find great temptation for settling, for the fancy for *squating* was as rife then as it is now.

Whenever the population of a country even approaches redundancy, there are more or less people to be found ready and anxious to

colonize; and it is immaterial whether they were purely Egyptian, or Phœnician, or Greek; the nations around the Mediterranean being greatly mixed with, if not purely Egyptian, and deriving most of their improvements in arts from that country, were nearly all alike in taste and manners; and, except the language, they might, from their sculpture, be considered all one. They were not, however, all Egyptian. If you will read Molina's History of Chili, on the language and military tactics of the Araueanians, you will find evidence of both Greek and Latin origin.

I have neither leisure nor talents to go into a long disquisition upon this point at present; I shall, therefore, pass on to enquire how the ruins of Palenque, and other cities in the country thereabout, became deserted.

All nations in a savage state are *fatalists* to such a degree that if they have had bad luck in any way, at any town or habitation, they abandon it, and can never be persuaded to return and reinhabit it. When on journies they have been known to turn off and avoid the places which they or their ancestors had once abandoned. Such was notoriously the case on the Genessee, and places contiguous, after general Sullivan had conquered the Indians there. But other causes have operated to depopulate cities in both Europe and Asia, and such may have operated in America. Conquests and carrying off the inhabitants, doubtless caused the destruction and entire depopulation of some cities, the foundations only of which are to be found. But changes of the seats of governments, and of the course of commerce, operated more frequently to produce these effects. To illustrate this, we need only mention Palmyra, and Balbec, and Babylon, and even Rome itself, which, compared with its former grandeur, is at present but a ruin; besides, many places in modern history, such as Venice, and Genoa, with others, which, by turning the trade of India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, have *dwindled to a span.* Both these causes may have operated to depopulate Palenque and other places visited by our late travelers, as Purchas, Clavigero, Robertson, and others, show great probability. Even Mexico was founded by a wandering horde from the north-west, as also that the kingdom of the Taltees, after inhabiting their country for four centuries, were dispersed about eight hundred years ago in consequence of dearth and pestilence. Now, it would be a most extravagant supposition that the whole nation were cut off by these causes. A goodly number of them would still have remained, and, had it not been for their cowardly *fatalism*—the fear of like disaster in the unfortunate place—they might and would have returned to their ancient dwellings.

This may afford a probable reason for the desolation of Palenque, and the other remains lately examined, as well as for the desertion of the forts and embankments in Ohio, and the adjacent states. The stone structures and sculptures identify the southrons with the Egyptians, and the mounds and earthen embankments the northernors with the Tartars and other northern Asiatics.

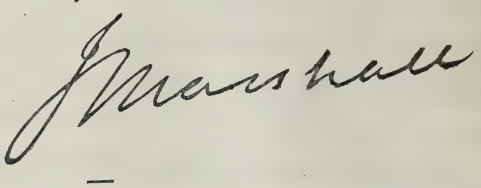
It is not less probable that these abandoned their entrenchments in consequence of conquest, dearth, or pestilence, than that the Taltecs should; and possibly some of them, in succession, made several forts, and successively abandoned them for like causes, and became wandering hordes until the country became covered with timber; then every tree became an Indian's fort. So that I am at no loss to enquire whether these people, this great and civilized people, migrated to Mexico, or whether the Mexicans extended their conquests and colonizations here? I believe they, on this continent, formed two distinct races; the one from Egypt and the Mediterranean generally, partly by way of the Pacific ocean, and principally by that of the straits of Gibraltar; the other from Asia, by Bhering's straits. These may have amalgamated, as also the Mexicans and others there, may have made partial conquests, or, by some commerce, have done the same with the nations south of this. Some idols and other remains, give some reason to suspect this; but the stone found by Mr. Gest is not among those indications; the figures on it are not hieroglyphics; there is too much of sameness to indicate ideas. About thirty-two years ago, the late Dr. Allison showed me a bone, if I recollect aright, a fibula, it may have been the tibia, of a human skeleton, with lines drawn on it very analogous in figure and design, if design there was, and holes in it, supposed to be for musical purposes. You may, perhaps, by enquiry, obtain it. If I remember rightly, I saw it last at Dr. Drake's in 1816—I may be wrong. This was dug from a mound near where the *Hill banking-house now is;* at least so understood the doctor.

Richmond, December 16.

Dear Sir—I received your letter by Mr. Doddridge. I am truly sorry that I have not preserved the letters of recommendation which you transmitted through Mr. Rowan and colonel Johnson. I supposed them to be intended only for the occasion, and after laying them before the judges, did not imagine that those which were not asked for were to be taken care of. At least one hundred letters and

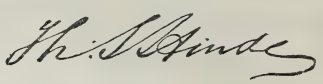
other testimonials were collected and presented for and by different applicants, and when we were not requested to return them, it was not expected that they would be afterwards applied for. As neither Mr. Rowan nor colonel Johnson indicated a wish that the testimonials in your favor should be returned, I did not suppose that it was desired. I shall regret it very much if this circumstance should be an inconvenience to you.

With great respect, I am your obedient, &c.



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NOTE.—The papers referred to were a certificate of qualification as a clerk, of the judges of the appellate court of Kentucky, general letter of recommendation, &c., from which you might have had all their autographs together. I open the packet to make this note, and write without spectacles.



AUTOGRAPHS.

THE "batch" of autographs enumerated below has been added to the many favors and kindnesses received from our truly valuable correspondent, the Rev. T. S. Hinde. He had previously furnished us with several most valuable signatures. We shall, as fast as circumstances will admit, give our readers a sight of them exactly as they came from the pens of their original owners. Our aim is usefulness, and not money-making, as is evident from the great expense we have incurred, in embellishing and perfecting our work, by no means contemplated at the commencement. We at first contemplated small and much cheaper drawings, without signatures. When it is considered that our work is fresh from the mint, and every line is expensive at prime cash rates, its cheapness will not be doubted.

We shall not confine ourselves to the numerical order of the autographs as our reverend correspondent has numbered them, but shall, to some extent, respect the matter furnished with them as well as other circumstances. In fact we could not do so; and number one is an instance of it, in which instead of one we give two, for, with the father of our country we could not forbear to give that of John Knox. In this way, instead of the batch of thirty-three enumerated, our friend has given us say forty or fifty, that we shall feel tempted

to insert. The autographs will not be put in the Pioneer with any kind of regularity, but just where we can find spaces suitable. It will be the business of the future historian to collate the matter that may appear with them.

MR. HINDE'S LETTER.

Mount Carmel, Ill., May 19, 1843.

J. S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Dear Sir—I have forwarded, by Mr. Edmund B. Cavileer, of Urbana, Ohio, who has visited us, a schedule and thirty odd autographs of *soldiers* and *citizens*, which I selected from my files of 1802 to about 1816. Even this was a *task* not easily performed. A number of my friends remonstrated against my parting with these papers on the ground of my own *interest*. But, my dear sir, I look to *public* as well as *private interest*. What, has *patriotism* fled and left our *land* and *nation?* God forbid! I believe that there are some "Jack Madisons" yet living, who would be willing for "the *earth* to open and swallow them up" before they would become a *traitor* to a good cause, or to their country.

I would only suggest that mere *extracts* of some of the letters with the autograph fixed will be sufficient. I selected the shortest I could get. The *commissions* you can use as you please, but I suppose the commencement and conclusion might suffice: I make suggestions only. You may extract largely from J. M. Street and John Madison's letters, as they give a history of *critical times*, when *Burr* had almost gained over some of our leading men of Kentucky and the greater proportion of the populace of the seat of government, but not so with the people of the state.

You will see from Mr. Madison's letter my critical state—contending against great and, I thought, good men, my friends and connections, for the salvation of my country, and yet almost a beardless boy!

Yours, truly,

Th. S. Hinde

"THE BATCH."

Mount Carmel, Ill., May 16, 1843.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.,

Dear Sir—You have herewith enclosed, *the first batch of autographs.* I have not had time to go over all the papers—it is pretty tough work. First and foremost, I present to you the autograph of the father of his country,

1. George Washington, to a commission dated September 29, 1789.

I promised that of colonel Wm. Washington, but I found the envelop of the letters misplaced. In place of his I send you

2. That of *Baily Washington*, his brother; and the colonel made as good a mark as *he*—indeed I have a vast number of letters of old revolutionary officers, and all wrote well. Also, until I find colonel (since general) William Washington's letters, I send you that of his brother-in-law.

3. Dr. Valentine Payton, of Stafford, Va.

Presidents of the Old Congress.

4. *Samuel Huntington*, a commission dated 21st April, 1780.

5. Richard Henry Lee, a commission dated 18th July, 1785.

6. Arthur St. Clair, a commission dated 2nd May, 1787. No doubt his being such procured, unfortunately for the *West*, his appointment as commander-in-chief of the western army.

7. *George Clinton*, governor of New York, a commission dated 12th March 1783.

8. George Clinton, governor of N. Y., a commission dated 27th April, 1785.

9. George Clinton, governor of N. Y., a commission dated 21st February, 1787.

10. A diploma of a college with the signature of Wetherspoon and C. Wallace, and others, (the latter afterwards judge of the Kentucky court of appeals,) dated 5th April, 1771, (in Latin.)

11. A diploma of a Pennsylvania lodge, in Latin, dated 16th of October, 1779.

12. The autograph of colonel Hamtramck, commanding the first regiment of the western army, dated 7th June, 1790.

13. The autograph of colonel Abraham Buford, whose regiment was cut to pieces and totally defeated by colonel Tarlton's light horse.

14. Charles Wilkins, of Pittsburg, a distinguished merchant, since of Lexington, Ky., who, with James T. Martin, were the first that detected the drafts of judge Benjamin Sebastian on the intendant of New Orleans, drawing a *Spanish pension*—13th December, 1790.

15. Autograph of James T. Martin, my worthy friend, who communicated the fact to me, in 1806, when in company with J. M. Street, and while on a visit to Kentucky watching Aaron Burr's movements. Dated 13th March, 1804.

16. The autograph of John Madison, (heretofore referred to) my friend, who was with the above company. Dated July 18, 1806, and 15th December, 1806. He was also watching the movements of Aaron Burr's associates.

17. Letters of the late general Jos. M. Street, of Galena. Written in 1806.

18. John Wood—of famous as well as infamous memory. Author of the History of John Adams' Administration, suppressed by Aaron Burr, and editor, first of the Western World, in which he commenced his attack on Burr's project—received a *douceur* in Burr's notes, issued by the Banking Insurance Company of Lexington, and went on to Washington to *edit* the "Atlantic World" to *defend* Burr!

19. Autograph of governor Christopher Greenup, governor of Kentucky, a real patriot and worthy man. Letter dated June 9th, 1817.

20. Autograph of colonel J. O'Hara, as requested by Mr. Boyd.

21. Autograph of Francis Ratliff, of Frankfort, Ky.; *guide* to La Fayette's army in Virginia.

22. Autograph of major *Thomas Martin*, a meritorious revolutionary officer. He sends his respects to general Samuel Findley, who, with major David Zeigler, late of Cincinnati, the first marshal of Ohio, were captured by the British and imprisoned in Philadelphia. They made their escape, Martin killing the British officer in pursuit with a club. Reaching a Dutchman's house, Martin passed Zeigler (who was a Prussian) for a Dutch doctor, who, by making pills of crumbs of bread and a little spittle, cured the landlady, and escaped a *bill* of charges. Major Martin's memoirs ought to be written and published. For *activity*, he was not surpassed in either the British or the American army. He could take his *nose* between his *teeth!*

23. The autograph of colonel William Steele, late of Woodford county, Ky., a distinguished pioneer and surveyor; who, on visiting a town was, like Franklin, first seen by his spouse, not with rolls of bread under his arm, but dressed in a leather hunting shirt fringed with yellow, and who fell in love with the *finely dressed Pioneer.*

24. The autograph of captain George Helm, who was playing cards in the fort at *old* Fort Vincennes, and, on the first fire of colonel George Rogers Clark, rose from the *table*, and with great vehemence exclaimed, "There comes colonel Clark!" which struck a panic and terror in governor Hamilton, who surrendered the fort. I believe this Helm to be the same *individual.*

25. Autograph of Achilles Lind, second clerk of the *old* court of appeals, who succeeded judge Thomas Todd, (whose autograph will be in batch No. 2.) This letter exhibits *his* as well as my own hard *case* in that day; for it was "root *hog or die,*" and *hard* times have come back again!

26. Autograph of *Thomas Arnold,* clerk of the *district,* and after-

wards of the circuit court of Paris, Bourbon county; a distinguished man in his profession.

27. Autograph of Hubbard Taylor of Kentucky, a distinguished pioneer of that state. On the same paper is the autograph of old Mr. Elijah Craig, a distinguished Baptist preacher, who was also a pioneer, and who erected the first paper mill in the western country. The Craig families have extended throughout the West and were distinguished pioneers. Elijah's brothers, Lewis and Joseph, were also Baptist preachers.

28. Autograph of William Hunter, the editor of the Kentucky Palladium, first published, in company with Beaumont, at Washington, Mason county, 1797 or '98—removed to Frankfort, and became the first public printer at the new seat of government. He may yet be alive in Washington, but all the others are no more!

29. The autograph of judge Wallace, of the Kentucky court of appeals—selected from a small slip—showing his signature late in life.

30. Autograph of the venerable Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, a man respected throughout the UNION!

31. The autograph of Paul Fearing, the first lawyer of Marietta, Ohio, and a distinguished man. He had the first flock of Merino sheep I ever saw.

32. Autograph of general Joseph Darlington, of West Union, Ohio, a good clerk and very amiable man. Whether yet living I know not; if *dead*, I revere his memory.

33. Autograph of captain William Reynolds, of Zanesville, Ohio, who endeavored to give the town, as you will observe, a distinctive *name*, after the proprietor, *Zaneville*, kept up his name, as did old general Jeremiah McLane, of Chillicothe, "*Chillacotha.*" It was a vain attempt against public *opinion;* and so ends *this chapter.*

Yours, very respectfully,

Th. S. Hinde

A COMMISSION.

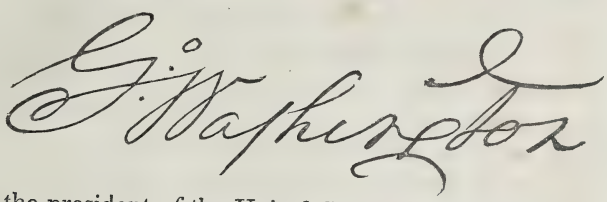
GEORGE WASHINGTON, *President of the United States of America.*

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

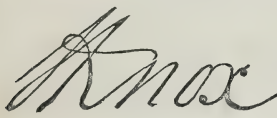
Know ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities of James Bradford, esquire, I have nominated, and by and with the advice and consent of the senate, do appoint him a captain in the battalion of artillery in the service of the United States:—He is therefore carefully and diligently to dis-

charge the duty of captain, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as captain. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future president of the United States of America, or the general or other superior officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of war. This commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the president of the United States for the time being.

Given under my hand, at the city of New York, this twenty-ninth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, and in the fourteenth year of the independence of the United States.



By command of the president of the United States of America.



Secretary for the Department of War.

BORDER SKETCHES.

Under this head I propose to groupe a variety of "incidents," "adventures," &c., gathered from various, and yet authentic, sources.

DESTRUCTION OF A JESUIT MISSIONARY TOWN.

The various orders of Roman Catholics, especially the Jesuits, established missions amongst the Indian tribes along the upper lakes and western rivers more than two hundred years since. One of these stations was near the mouth of the river St. Joseph, on the eastern border of Lake Michigan, in a village of the Hurons. The rude savages had become partially civilized, and many had been converted to the faith and subjected to the religious rites of their benevolent instructors.

The Iroquois, or "Five Nations," had, for ages, been the implacable enemies of the Hurons, but for several years preceding the massacre which I am about to relate, peace had prevailed, until the unsuspecting Hurons were deluded with the feeling of safety.

Early in the morning of July 1st, 1648, while the Christian Indians were at *matins*, (morning prayers) the war-whoop of the treacherous Iroquois rang in their ears. Their village was assailed by a powerful band of warriors. Most of their own braves were absent on a hunting excursion. The Jesuit priest, Pere Antoine Daniel, was performing mass in the church. The unconverted Hurons rushed to the father for baptism. He dipped a towel in the consecrated water and hastily threw it over the company in the name of the Holy Trinity, pronounced absolution, and urged the Hurons to flee for life.

At this moment the Iroquois rushed into the village, cut down and butchered all ages, and furiously broke through the pallisades that enclosed the church. The old men fought with the energy of despair —they besought the missionary to flee, but, knowing there were some in the cabins who were sick and could not flee or come to him, he rushed to them through the invaders, baptized them, returned again to the church, gave general absolution, and declared he was then ready to offer up his life. The Iroquois, astonished beyond measure at the heroism of the priest, stood before him as if abashed. They had already set fire to the cabins. The priest, unarmed, addressed them in the name of the Most High, charged them with the murder of unoffending Christians, and declared God would punish them in hell! At this crisis, one bolder and more savage than the rest, rushed at him, plunged a spear into his breast, and he fell lead at their feet. Great numbers instantly jumped on his body and dipped their hands in his blood. They cut and mangled him in a most horrid manner, threw the body into the church, which they had plundered, set fire to the building, and burnt the body of the martyred priest with the Hurons who had fallen around him.

The Huron nation was inconsolable for the loss of Pere Daniel, whom they loved and revered. Seven hundred Hurons perished in this massacre, and the mission at that place was never re-established. Those who escaped went to Sainte Marie, which was a kind of metropolis of the Huron nation.*

CAPTAIN JOSEPH OGLE.

In the American Pioneer for July (vol. ii. pp. 305, 306,) mention is made of captain Joseph Ogle as one of the early pioneers of Western Virginia, and as a brave and successful officer at the siege of Fort Henry. This worthy and brave old pioneer emigrated to Illinois in 1785, where he maintained successfully the credit of a shrewd and

* See Charlevoix, Nouvelle France, tom. ii.

successful "Indian fighter" during the border troubles of the next succeeding ten years. He died, honored and beloved, at the age of 80, February 24, 1821, about three miles from my present residence, leaving a large circle of descendants in the families of the Ogles, Lemens, and Mathenys of Illinois.

Joseph Ogle was a man of uncommon firmness, possessing great energy, and a great friend to liberty and human rights. He was benevolent and humane, with great moral firmness and decision. He brought his slaves from Virginia and set them free in Illinois, by which he sacrificed most of his property. He was well qualified, and hence naturally chosen for a counselor and leader. Mild, peaceable, and kind-hearted in social intercourse, always striving to promote peace and good order in the settlement; yet terribly combative in defence of the frontiers from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the ruthless savage. What the poet says of the fictitious Rolla, applied with much pertinence to captain Ogle:

> "In war, a tiger chafed by the hunter's spear;
> In peace, more gentle than the unwean'd lamb."

He was strict in the fulfillment of all his engagements, and expected from all his neighbors the same honesty and punctuality. The following anecdote will serve to illustrate his character:

A Mr. S—— borrowed some house-logs of him to finish his cabin, and promised to cut and return an equal number on a certain day. The time had passed and the logs were not returned. Captain Ogle had appointed to raise his own cabin next day. He goes with several men to S——'s cabin, told the family to remove any articles that might be in the way, and proceeded with handspikes very coolly and deliberately to raise up the corners and remove the logs from the wall. S——, alarmed, came out and exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Ogle, what do you mean? Do you intend to pull down my house over my head?" "By no means, neighbor S——, I am only getting out my own logs." "Now, neighbor Ogle, do stop, and I will go right off to the woods and get you the logs." "Very well, Mr. S——, if you will have the logs at my place by to-morrow morning at sun-rise, I will forbear, else I shall take these logs for my cabin to-morrow." This was said with the utmost coolness and deliberation, but Mr. S—— well knew that the word of captain Ogle was law.

Joseph Ogle professed religion about the year 1787, under the preaching of Rev. James Smith, a Baptist, and the first minister who ever preached the gospel on the prairies of Illinois. In 1793, himself, several members of his family, and others, united in a *class*, which was the first Methodist class ever organized in that country. Captain

Ogle was leader, but as he could not write or scarcely read, a Mrs. Tolin, an old lady, kept the records of the class. He was a devout, consistent Christian professor till his death, and a father to the whole settlement. To this day he is spoken of by the people by the term "Grandfather Ogle."

He had two wives, both respectable persons and professors of religion. Jemima, his second wife, was born December 26, 1747, and died January 1st, 1834, aged 86.

He has three sons living, Benjamin, Joseph, and Jacob. Benjamin can narrate many incidents in border warfare with the Indians. He is a Baptist preacher, and now resides in Iowa territory. The other brothers live on the land settled by their father in 1802, in the northern part of St. Clair county, Illinois.

A daughter, Catharine, married James Lemen, who followed his father-in-law, captain Ogle, to the prairies of Illinois in 1786. Mr. Lemen was an independent, rigidly honest, humane, and benevolent man; very determined, conscientious and firm, yet not combative or cruel. He was opposed to war in principle, yet would fight like a hero, when impelled by a sense of duty, in defending the frontiers from Indian depredations. He became a Baptist preacher, and died in 1823. His widow, one of the excellent of the earth, died in 1840, leaving six sons and two daughters, all of whom have large families. Five of the sons are preachers.

At the period when these families came to Illinois, the necessaries of life were very scarce. The French villages of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, &c., furnished no surplus provisions. There were no mills, and corn pounded in the hommony-mortar was the only breadstuff to be had. Captain Ogle was ingenious and made a hand-mill, and all the settlement resorted to his cabin to grind their meal. Bacon was made of salted and smoked raccoons. The Indians were troublesome and made frequent depredations; in some cases individuals, and in other instances whole families were killed. The people suffered much from poor and scanty provisions, neither had they convenient furniture. For bowls or basins they made *noggins;* these were small vessels shaped like a pail, made from small cedar staves, and held about a quart. The soil was inexhaustibly rich, but the frequency of Indian depredations compelled them to live in forts or "stations," and prevented the increase of cattle or swine. These troubles ended about the close of the last century, and now their descendants live on the "fat of the land."

J. M Peck.

COLONEL DAVID WILLIAMSON, AND THE MASSACRE OF THE MORAVIAN INDIANS, 1782.

Colonel David Williamson, a citizen of Western Pennsylvania, was entrusted with the command of that unorganized band who committed the notorious massacre at Gnadenhutten, Salem, and Schoenbrunn, on the Muskingum, in the month of March, 1782. This individual had acted an important part in the conquest of the Indian country north-west of the Ohio, and enjoyed the confidence of the citizens with whom he lived. He held the commission of captain in the expedition of lord Dunmore in 1774, and appears to have been a brave, active, and efficient soldier of the Indian wars of the Revolution. He was a competitor with the unfortunate colonel Crawford, for the command of an expedition against the Wyandotts and Delawares on the Sandusky, in May, shortly after the massacre.

It has been regarded as an inscrutable act of Providence, that Crawford should fall into the hands of the savages, exasperated by the murder of the Moravians, and suffer tortures unheard of in the annals of men, as a consequence of Williamson's wickedness and ferocity. The impression among those who delight in an acquaintance with the history of those days, appear to be decidedly against the character of Williamson, viewing him as an officer destitute of even the lowest degree of humanity.

The fact of the murder of ninety-eight unoffending, peaceable, pious, and unresisting aborigines, by a party of which he was leader, is placed beyond doubt. This act of barbarity and perfidy has been published in every historical work upon the West and the Revolution, and has never met with a contradiction. In the Pennsylvania Gazette of the day, it is applauded as one of the ordinary class of Indian combats, where success attended the assault. Since that day, however, no one has been heard to exculpate, or even extenuate, these heart-sickening murders. But I have been led to the conclusion that the public, and historians, are doing injustice to the commander, who has long since descended to his grave. I have no knowledge of his descendants, but presume some of them are still resident within the forks of the Ohio, and that it would be just and honorable to them that the truth in regard to their ancestor should be established.

As early as 1769, the Praying Indians upon the Delaware river had removed, and commenced three settlements upon the Muskingum river, which they called Gnadenhutten, Schoenbrunn, and Salem. They were under the ministerial charge of the Moravians, and more

particularly of the Rev. John Heckewelder, Michael Jung, and David Zeisberger. Here they intended to live in peace, remote from the temptations of white settlements and the bloody conflicts which raged along the frontiers. They were in a state of partial civilization, cultivating the soil and receiving education and religion. These towns were situated in the south part of Tuscarawas county, and had now become places of some consequence. They had several hundred acres of corn on the river bottoms, two hundred cattle, and four hundred hogs.

As some of the Delaware nation were unfriendly to the United States, and the whites supposed many more to be so than there were in reality, the frontier-men indulged in a strong dislike to the Christian Indians who were Delawares. Many persons thought, or pretended to think, that although the Christian Delawares had renounced theft and war, they still did not scruple to carry information to those who had not. On the other side, the Wyandotts, mortal enemies of the whites, and at open and secret war against them, suspected the Moravian Indians of being in communication with the white citizens, and even with the military of the United States.

The British officers at Detroit made application to the Six Nations, in the year 1781, to cause them to be removed. The matter was considered in a council at Niagara, at which the Iroquois evaded the question by authorizing the Ottowas and Chippewas to kill them, in a figurative message, which reads thus: "We herewith make you a present of the Christian Indians, to make soup of." But both the Chippewas and the Ottowas refused the present, and returned the following speech: "We have no cause for doing this."

As early as 1781, the Wyandotts, under a noted chief called *Half-King*, arrived at the Moravian towns with two hundred warriors on their way against the Virginians, and threatened these peaceable Indians with destruction.

According to the statement of Mr. Doddridge, (Indian Wars,) the Christian Delawares were really friendly to the whites, and gave them timely notice of the approach of the inimical tribes. Those expatriated whites, Girty, McKee, and Elliott, who now held commissions in the British service, and swayed as with an hereditary authority the movements of the Wyandott tribe, longed for the blood of these peaceable Indian settlers. Half-King and captain Pipe were of the same mind. In this condition of things the Six Nations sent the message, which the Ottowas and Chippewas had refused to execute, to the Wyandotts, who were in a very different state of feeling with regard to the Delawares. They did not, however, give it a literal

fulfillment, but forcibly removed the Moravians from their towns and their property into their own country on the Sandusky. While captain Pipe and his savage troops were prosecuting the removal, a courageous squaw stole one of his horses and rode it from the Muskingum to Fort Pitt, in order to inform the garrison of the doings of the Wyandotts. The Indian woman was a relative of Glickhikan, the sachem of the Moravian band of the Delawares, and this daring act very nearly cost him his life. He was taken to Sandusky with the tribe, and their dear missionaries were compelled to accompany them. Considering the geographical position of these unfortunate Indians, situated between the contending forces of the British, British Indians, and the Americans, it is by no means strange that they should have been suspected by both parties, and therefore a prey to both.

These inoffensive and unprotected Christians arrived at the Wyandott villages about the middle of October, 1781, accompanied by their children and women, all of them in destitution of body and sorrow of heart.

During the winter of 1781–2, their missionaries were separated from them and sent prisoners to Detroit. Not only the missionaries but the people were treated with severity. The British finally released their preachers and suffered them to return, expressing their disapprobation of the proceedings. *Half-King*, who had already interfered to save Glickhikan, threw all blame on the head of Girty and his white confederates, whom he upbraided with vehemence and indignation in a public speech.

The suspicions entertained against them by the whites, had been of several years standing. Immediately after Dunmore's expedition, the people inhabiting the exposed frontiers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, regarded the position of these Indians as favorable in a military view to their red enemies, the Shawanese, Delawares, and especially the Wyandotts. Their villages on the Muskingum lay directly on the war-path of the North-western Indians, and the corn which they raised necessarily afforded sustenance to the warrior on his way to the settlements. So on his return, he probably rested himself in the Moravian cabins, ate their food, and perhaps exchanged a portion of his plunder.

They showed the same hospitality to traders, and in case a party of whites had passed that way, would undoubtedly have shown them equal kindness. Weak, peaceable, and opposed to contention, they could do no otherwise than to succor all who came to their villages.

In the fall of 1781, this feeling of dissatisfaction had become so strong, that a party of Pennsylvanians, under colonel Williamson,

marched to their towns, determined that they should remove from the Muskingum. When Williamson arrived at Gnadenhutten, the place was found to be deserted, for the Wyandotts, as we have related, had previously been there with an armed force for the same purpose, and had succeeded in their object. A few persons were still at the Moravian towns, who had been stripped of their property by the Wyandotts and that branch of the Delawares at enmity with the whites. They were taken and carried as prisoners to Pittsburgh, where they remained during the winter.

On the 8th of February, 1782, Henry Fink and his son John were assaulted by Indians at the Buchanon settlement, where John was killed. In the latter part of the same month, William Wallace, who lived above Wheeling on the Ohio, with his wife and five children, were killed, and John Carpenter was made prisoner. This was probably the work of a party of Wyandotts, but was charged upon the Moravian Indians, or persons whom they sustained and harbored. Several murders and arrests had taken place on Buffalo creek late in the fall or early in the winter, and for all these acts the Christian Indians were held responsible. In fact, a prisoner who escaped is said to have charged the affair on Buffalo creek upon them directly. Finally, on the night after the prisoners taken by Williamson and his men in the fall were released from Fort Pitt, the family of Mr. Monteurs were all killed or made prisoners, in the settlements adjacent to the fort.

The people no longer hesitated to undertake the work of revenge; and early in March an irregular force collected on the Ohio, at the Mingo Bottoms, of about one hundred men. They were principally from the Monongahela region, and appointed Williamson to the command. Their professed object was to capture and remove the Christian Delawares, and destroy their fields and houses. Many of them, however, entertained a deadly hostility within their bosoms. They moved on with rapidity, and on the morning of the 7th of March arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutten, which lay upon both banks of the river.*

Unfortunately, it so happened, that although the villages had been uninhabited all the winter, at this moment about one hundred and fifty of the Moravians were there. In the severity of the season, among their red captors, they had suffered severely for want of corn, while large quantities still remained in their old fields on the Muskingum. They had been permitted to make a temporary visit to their once happy homes for the purpose of gathering a supply of

* Withers, p. 234.

food. They were engaged in the fields when the Pennsylvanians arrived.

The latter deferred the attack upon that portion of the village on the eastern shore until one-half the men had crossed to the other side. As the river was high and contained floating ice, it was with difficulty they were enabled to make the passage. A young man by the name of Slaughter seeing a small canoe on the west shore, swam across and brought it back with him, but it proved to be only a large sap-trough, which would carry but two men at a time. They concluded at once to place their clothes, ammunition, &c., in the trough, and swim the river without delay. This was soon accomplished, and they stole unseen by the Indians upon the western bank. Both parties extended around the town, enclosing it within their lines.

The detachment which passed the river saw an Indian, who was shot by the picket. The other party, in surrounding the eastern village, saw a woman skulking through the brush, who was shot also, and proved to be the wife of the one killed by the sentinel on the west side of the stream. A few were killed in passing the river, but the remainder offered no resistance. They were told that it was the intention of the troops to take them under their protection to Fort Pitt, which gave them great satisfaction. They even began joyfully to make provision for the journey, thinking themselves about to be delivered from the oppressions of the Wyandotts by the unseen hand of God.

The people at Gnadenhutten being thus secured and without arms, were collected in a log house and made prisoners. A party was despatched to Schoenbrunn and Salem to practice the same deception, and with similar success. A boy who had witnessed the imprisonment at the latter place, escaped to Schoenbrunn and saved those at that place from a horrible fate.

The half savage troops now avowed their determination to despatch every Indian in their power. A portion of them opposed the act with tears and remonstrances, but an officer having no more influence than a man, the matter was referred to a vote of the mass. When colonel Williamson requested those who were in favor of life to step to the front, only *sixteen* moved from the ranks, and the doom of the wretched Moravians was fixed. They were ordered to prepare for death. By this time the prisoners from the other village had arrived, and were also placed within a cabin and there confined. That portion of the company who were determined upon blood, impatient for the butchery, rushed in among them as they knelt in prayer and supplications of forgiveness from heaven for their transgressions. En-

gaged in these pious duties, in asking mutual forgiveness and in singing spiritual songs, their voices were stifled one by one with the tomahawk and scalping knife. A Pennsylvanian more eager than the rest procured a mallet, with which he despatched fourteen of the prostrate worshipers. He then handed it to another, saying that he thought he had done his part. So ferocious had these murderers become that they were not content with the simple destruction of life, but exercised a savage brutality upon their dead and dying bodies, disfiguring them in a horrible manner.

While this work was going on, those who had dissented from the decree of death, stood apart, wringing their hands and protesting in the sight of heaven against the atrocities which they were forced to witness. Forty men, twenty-two women, and thirty-two children were thus destroyed in a few minutes time. Two boys escaped by accident, one falling into a cellar and another, after being tomahawked and scalped, survived and secreted himself.

The ruffian band proceeded to secure such of the property as could be removed, and destroyed the remainder. The houses, including those which contained the disfigured bodies of the slain, were set on fire; and the company, by the light of this human sacrifice, departed through the forest singing rude songs of exultation and victory.

After an extensive examination of the narratives which treat of this expedition, I have been unable to discover sufficient evidence to warrant the charges made by Stone, (Life of Brandt,) and many other historians, against Williamson as an instigator or participator in this shocking affair. But, on the contrary, am inclined to believe that he exerted the little influence which a commander of such men, destitute of discipline and morality, and bound only by a thirst for revenge had: to prevent the deed.

Most historians rely upon the statements of Heckewelder and Lokiel, Moravian missionaries, who were not present, and could not have seen any Indians who were, except the two boys who escaped. Heckewelder was always prejudiced in favor of his favorite Delawares, with whom he labored fifty years. He wrote after a great lapse of time since the transaction, and in many other respects is known not to be accurate in his narrations.

A respectable number of whites opposed the massacre, and did not fail to express their horror of the act on their return to the settlements. Their testimony, therefore, is more direct and worthy of reliance, and in no work that I know of, deriving its facts from that source, is colonel Williamson held answerable for this great crime. The form in which the question was put by him, indicates his desire

that the vote should result favorably to the wretched victims. His question was first put in favor of life, not of death. The officers were generally opposed to execution. Upon the whole, the direct proof appears to me insufficient to sustain, and the circumstantial opposed to, the severe judgment of the present generation upon the fame of Williamson.

Chas Whittlesey

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We never think of the above detailed outrage, worse than savage butchery or the torturing of a warlike enemy, but with feelings of horror. Known by this doubly savage band and their commander, to have been prisoners all winter to enemies of these fiends incarnate; known also to be a peaceable and quiet people, who, strictly following the Prince of Peace, refused resistance even to martyrdom—and thus to be slaughtered while praying to Him whom the butchers themselves pretended to worship, is truly enough to make one

"Blush and hang his head to think himself a man!"

The plea of murders committed by Indians while the Moravians were known to be prisoners to the Wyandotts, will neither extenuate nor excuse the deed.

We differ also with our talented and truly welcome correspondent in respect to the exculpation of colonel Williamson, of whom and his kin we are as ignorant as he can be. We need not step from his own account of the affair for proof upon which to pass a sentence of condemnation. We cannot believe that the present race of Western Pennsylvanians are descended from parents so infernal, as that they, to the crime of rapine and blood, added that of rebellion against their own chosen commander. We believe they acted agreeably to his known wishes, and that this is giving the deed the best coloring it will bear. If, however, his band was a rebellious mob, as well as blood thirsty tigers, and acted against his protestations and remonstrances, (of which there is no evidence,) he should immediately have held them up to the merited scorn of savages and brutes in all ages to come.

In respect to those who acted in the tragedy, and those who saw it with pusillanimous inactivity and imbecile tears, and by their half silence afterwards, gave a sort of sanction to it, we see but little difference, except the former merits indignation and the latter contempt. If the minority had acted the part of men, the eighty-three would have walked over their dead bodies before the prayers of the Indians should have been smothered in their own blood. If colonel Williamson and the sixteen protestors had made even a manly resistance, the deed would never have been done. The hands of every man was stained in blood.

We also view very differently the manner in which colonel Williamson put the question, by which all the neutrals were left to strengthen the side of beastly ferocity. We cannot help viewing him with, and at the head of the majority, which was easily known without a vote, in such a case where it amounts to five in every six. His having submitted such a question to men under his command, argues strongly that he wanted courage to order that which his inclination craved; and by this attempt to dodge responsibility, shows that he was cowardly as well as blood-thirsty. Why should we excuse a commander at the expense of his men?

Why did they approach the town secretly and surround it by stealth? Why shoot down the scattering and harmless Christians? Why beguile them by treachery? Why imprison those "joyful Indians that were preparing for a peaceful journey?" What but the dread accompanying meditated crime, that caused one hundred braves to capture by treachery half their number of defenceless men? The most favorable light in which we can view the transaction is, that the whole gang, officers and privates, was a banditti of murderers, selected from a better community for the express object which they were too successful in accomplishing. Any counter views and testimony will be published with more pleasure than the above.

AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

1651. Coddington invested with the authority of governing the islands in the province of Rhode Island, which dangerous dismemberment of the colony was revoked by the influence of Roger Williams, assisted by sir Henry Vane, and the present charter of Rhode Island obtained.

England declares war against Holland, which occasions a stipulation of peace between the Dutch of Manhadoes and the United colonies of New England.

The Christian Indians of Massachusetts form a town, which they call Natik.

The general court of Rhode Island forbid the purchase of Indian lands without permission from them.

1652. Bennet chosen governor of Virginia, although driven from the colony under the administration of Berkeley.

The commerce of Virginia, restricted by act of parliament by Charles, is modified by parliament.

Virginia stipulates for freedom with the authorities of the English commonwealth.

In May, the great charter of the Bay company was unrolled and read before the general court in Boston.

Ninigret's visit to New York occasions alarm in New England, which still remains under suspicions of treachery.

1653. The liberty of prophecying was refused except upon the license of four elders or a county court.

is, shall that which has been so successfully begun be now continued and established on a permanent basis? Enough has been done by way of experiment, the utility and practicability fully proved, and there are thousands who to that question would answer yes, by giving us their cordial support, if we could but reach them.

When we commenced we were under professional engagements, which prevented us from attending to the pecuniary side of the concern; and now, from some cause or other, our health has so failed that we can promise little else than attention to the editorial duties of the work. In order that the work shall be continued beyond the end of the present (second) volume, two things are necessary—one of which is indispensable. One thing necessary, is that the work pass into more efficient hands, or that we take a partner who is both able and willing to go heart and hand into the enterprise. We, therefore, give notice, that we will either dispose of the whole concern, or take a partner, if a person every way qualified shall be presented.

The other thing necessary, is that our friends every where make an extra effort in our behalf. The hard times, so much and so justly complained of ever since the Pioneer commenced, are evidently better, and any proper view of affairs will convince any one that the cause of hard times, if any exist, may very soon be looked for in other quarters than in the times themselves. We cannot conceive it possible but that, if those who now take the work will make a little extra exertion, our list of patrons may be many times doubled. Who is there who likes such a work but that could, with a clear conscience, say three times as much in favor of its continuance as we could, under the most brazen face we could assume? And who is there in any neighborhood has so little influence as not to make one or two neighbors believe as he does on any patriotic subject?

In the name of our fathers, and for and in behalf of generations to come, we ask our friends every where to make one grand effort to sustain the Pioneer. We offer to every one a commission as our agent, the very soul of which is their own patriotism, without which the best commission we could write would be worse than useless. If our friends will accept of and act under the commission we now solicit and entreat them to take, we know there is nothing to hinder the establishment of the American Pioneer on a permanent basis, and with increasing interest and usefulness.

To many Post Masters and Editors we owe a debt of gratitude which we cannot express, much less cancel.

Our subscription price has been, and will continue to be, two dollars per single volume, in advance; or six volumes for ten dollars, or three volumes for five dollars, in advance. Volume I. contains 448 pages, volumes II. and III. will each contain 480 pages, with frontispiece, drawings, engraved signatures, index, &c.

The paper, type, press-work, binding, &c., has been of the first quality; and especial care will be taken that there shall be no falling off in the American Pioneer in any respect, during all the days of its life.

We have yet on hands a surplus of back numbers of volumes I. and II., at two dollars each, the sale of which would aid materially in sustaining the work. By sending us five dollars at once, any one may complete his set from the beginning to the end of volume III.

Now, friends of the Pioneer, will you make one strong effort for and in our behalf, and let us know by the first of November who will be sure to take volume III, and pay for it on the reception of the first number—say in January next? Will you also endeavor to sell for us the back numbers of volumes I. and II.? If you will do this all will be safe.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER.

Our Patrons.

We have some of the best that the world can produce.—Those of them who have paid us for the second volume are real patriots—they are the very soul of the enterprise. It is all due, and did those who are behind know how much we and our men suffer for want of what is due from them, and how much joy to our hearts, and energy to the enterprise, the reception of it would be, they would not keep back another day. All who shall have paid by the issue of the next number will have PAID marked on the cover.

Those of our patrons in arrears, who really wish us success, or wish to avail themselves of the *advance price*, ($2,) will send the money soon.

Post Masters,

We believe, have never refused to send us the subscription money, and kindly to give us information, free of expense. It is now generally known that this is no infringement of duty or instructions, and we heartily thank them, and ask a continuance of their favors.

Editors

Who notice the numbers and publish the contents as received, and send us their paper, will be entitled to the Pioneer in exchange, and to extract from it for their papers. ☞ We make monthly lists of their notices by which each month we send the Pioneer in Exchange.

To Contributors.

All who possess historical information relative to the first settlement and successive improvement of any part of the United States, are asked to contribute. Our aim is correctness of narrative, more than elegance of style. Some have declined because they could not write as elegantly as some of our able contributors—this is wrong. We love good style, but where that is not to be had, let us have the facts, though they be clothed in ever so plain a dress. Let them come in their "working clothes," if they have no better.

To Artists.

Drawings of ancient American relics are wanted.—Let the representations be true. We set accuracy of representation before elegance of execution—both together are acceptable. A good drawing entitles the artist to a volume of the Pioneer for his labor.

Volume II., 1843,

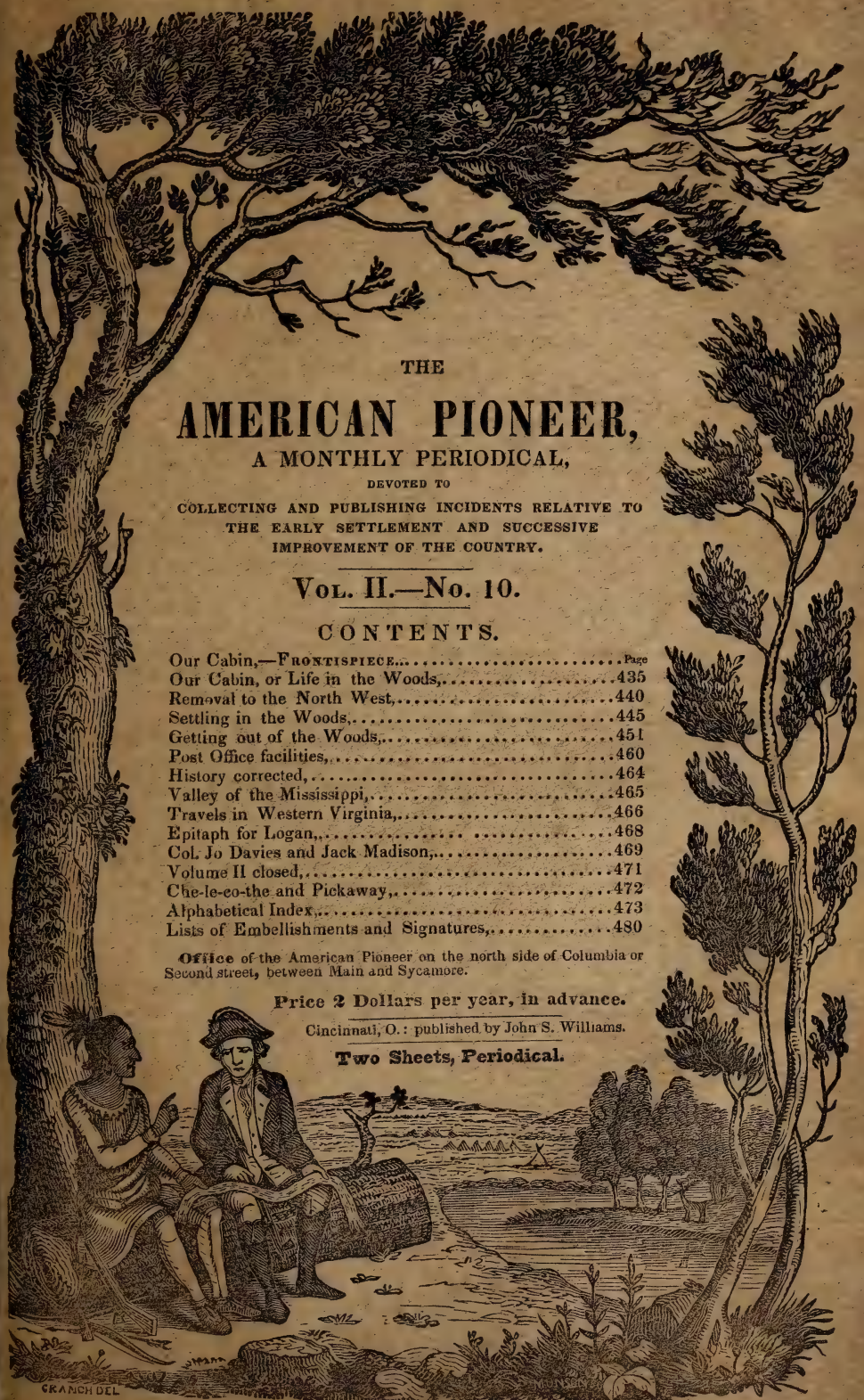
Will contain 480 pages, with a copperplate frontispiece, and be embellished throughout with drawings of American historical subjects, and the fac-simile signatures of contributors. It will also be furnished with a copious index. *Terms*, $2 for a single copy, or $10 for six copies, *in advance*.

Back numbers of both Volume I. and II. always kept on hand for new subscribers, on the same terms. Volume I. is embellished as Volume II.

Agents.

Every enterprising person is solicited to aid us in extending the circulation and usefulness of the work. It will be seen, that for three new subscribers to both volumes, or six for either volume, (for which they remit us $10,) they will have $2 for their trouble. In addition to this, when their remittances shall amount to $30, they shall have one volume as a premium; and, when they shall have remitted $50, they shall be entitled to two volumes in like manner.

R. P. BROOKS, PRINTER.



THE

AMERICAN PIONEER,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

COLLECTING AND PUBLISHING INCIDENTS RELATIVE TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND SUCCESSIVE IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

Vol. II.—No. 10.

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Two Sheets, Periodical.

CRANCH DEL

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1843, by John S. Williams, in the Clerk's Office for the district of Ohio.

SUCCESS TO THE PIONEER.

Our patrons will please attentively read the piece entitled "Volume II closed," on page 471, now before them. It is too true, that without a material increase of patronage this work must now stop. We appeal to our present patrons for more support. They are our main if not our only dependance to obtain subscribers in addition. Eastern prints are easily and cheaply manufactured out of each other. One office, we hear, works its matter over into seven different forms, under as many different titles, from the same type and plates, and every form and title is palmed on the public as original matter. They can afford to pay travelling agents high commissions, and to loose by them besides. We cannot do it; we have tried it, and find that we cannot. Fellow citizens in the West, will you let your own works go down and become still more tributary to the East? Look at our list of contributors on page 480, now before you! Should the door be closed on these and all the Old Pioneers?

We give below extracts from a few among *hundreds* of notices which the *work* has received.

I approve of your Pioneer plan, and should be glad to do more for it, but my advanced age, (86,) with other circumstances, prevent it. JOSEPH BADGER,
Wood County, O.

The American Pioneer, greatly exceeds my expectation. I have long believed just such a work was needed, and rejoice to see it so happily begun. LYMAN C. DRAPER,
Pontotoc, Mississippi.

I approve of the plan and style of the American Pioneer. I have long desired to see efforts made to preserve the history of our early settlements. E. WHITTLESEY.
Post Office Department, Washington.

Since the close of the first volume, I have the American Pioneer bound in gilt morocco. It is really an ornamental as well as useful work. I assure you it might be made a desirable article for New Years' Presents, instead of the expensive souvenirs from abroad usually sold by the booksellers for that purpose. I do hope you will be able to go on with it. It is a pity there is not more love of country and early history. Set me down a subscriber for 4 copies of vol. III, if you go on with it. S. P. HILDRETH.
Marietta, O.

The plan of the American Pioneer is exactly that of a work I have long desired to see, and hope you will obtain such a patronage as will amply sustain it. J. M. PECK,
Rock Spring, Ill.

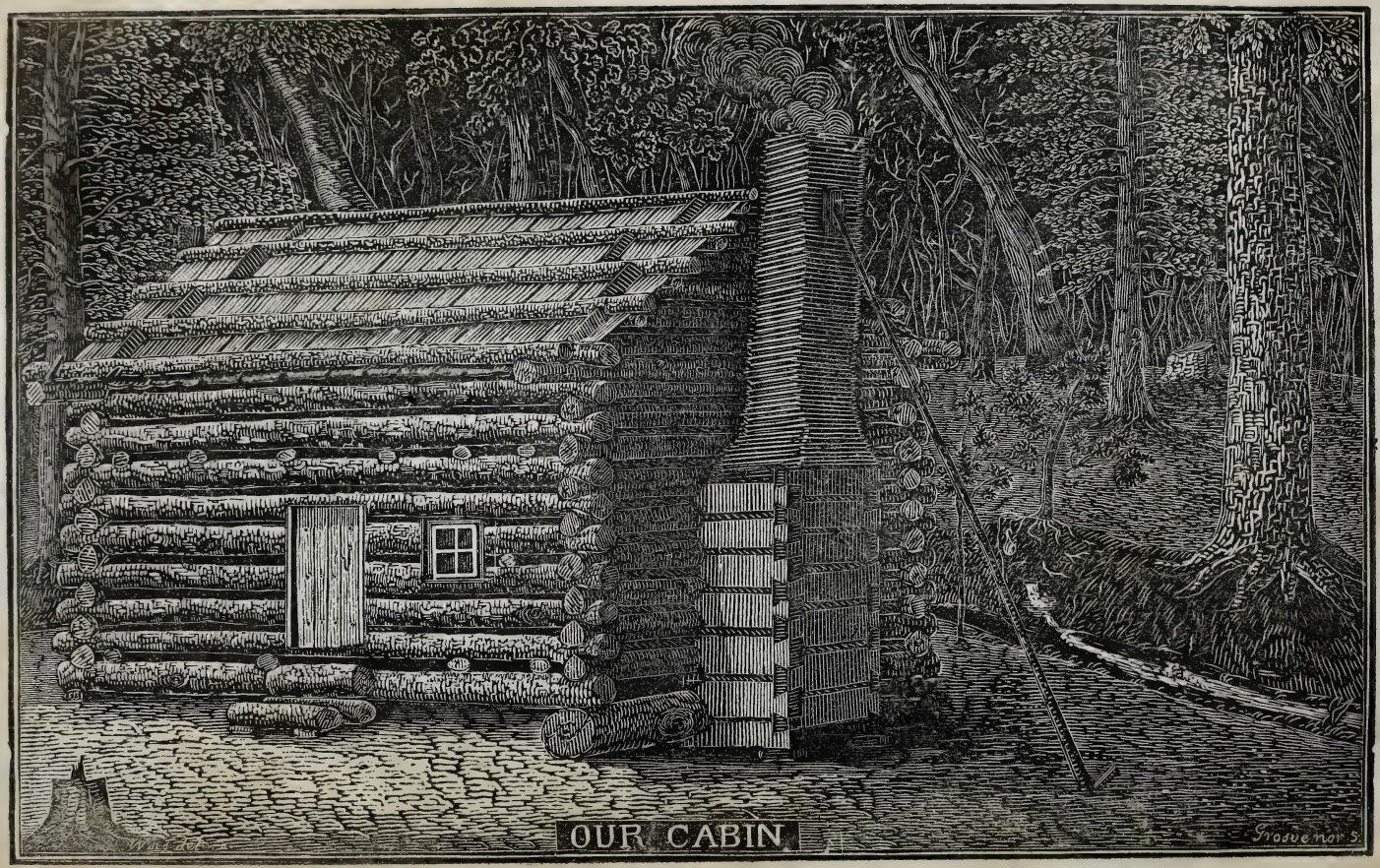
Our nation has been flooded with *trash*; publications of the most demoralizing influence have been poured down upon the present generation. Novels, romances, and fictitious works, have been heaped upon the public without measure. Believing that the course you are pursuing in the publication of the American Pioneer to be a good one, permit me to wish you great success. TH. S. HINDE,
Mt. Carmel, Ill.

I am truly sorry to learn that you are so much discouraged in the progress of the Pioneer, and that you are fearful that you will be compelled to stop. I hope your subscribers will do as I have done, double their subscriptions, and make use of other means to obtain support for you.
FELIX RENICK, *Chillicothe, O.*

The object of the Pioneer is one in which I feel much interest, and I believe the plan on which it is conducted, to be the very best for effecting its purpose. It makes a treasury of facts, continually becoming more rich by new contributions. I am sorry to learn that your present patronage is insufficient to justify your continuancy beyond the second volume. To prevent the necessity for suspending the work let the present subscribers double or treble their support. Put me down a subscriber for five copies of the third volume, if published.
JOHN W. VAN CLEVE, *Dayton, O.*

You are, I think, opening the pure fountains of historical knowledge, by securing the simple narratives of the pioneers. They are full of incident, and the best evidence of facts within our reach. When they shall have recorded their testimony in a permanent form, then and not before, the real history of Ohio can be written. I shall exceedingly regret any necessity that may exist for suspending the work. CHAS. WHITTLESEY, *Cleveland, O.*

☞ See 3d page of cover.



OUR CABIN

AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

VOL. II. OCTOBER. 1843. NO. X.

OUR CABIN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS.

[See Frontispiece.]

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND INFANCY.

Cause of writing—Extraction and name—Restlessness of the Welch—Our father's birth, marriage, &c.—Our mother's marriage—Our father's misfortunes—Our youthful prospects—Our nurse—His piety, indulgence, early memory, early habits and wayward disposition.

To be suspected of crimes and misdemeanors, sometimes sets those at committing them who never before thought of it. Such is our case, although what we have reference to is neither a crime nor misdemeanor. We never thought of saying a word about ourself, or family, until suspected of doing it in the sketches and notices of persons of the same name. It was not because we lacked that love of distinction which others of our race feel, when they have any thing to be proud of, either personally or by bequest, that prevented us from intending it, but because there is nothing of that kind that attaches itself to our family. We have never been in scenes of blood—never participated in any of those deeds of noble daring, those arduous toils, those hair-breadth escapes, those long endured sufferings, which make us mention the names of our pioneer fathers and mothers with admiration, bordering on reverence. Since we have been suspected of dealing in family concerns, we may as well do it, and prevent fallacious conjectures in some of our readers, and satisfy the curiosity of others. We do this, the more willingly, from a desire to show, by example, that we think it no shame for a pioneer to tell his own experience, because no other one can tell it as well for him. This course has now become absolutely necessary, as the dangers and difficulties of settling this country have left but few witnesses to tell the tale. Besides this, no man can so well remember the particulars of history as he who acted in them. We have still another reason, and that is, what we have to say are all small things, the smallest of the small, and will help to make up the beauty of variety, and serve, among the other accounts in the Pioneer, as sand and lime in a wall composed of stone or brick. History would be a very unconnected, unintelligible affair without the small matters.

One word of our extraction and name. We are descended immediately

from that stock of ancient Britons, or half savages, which Cæsar could not conquer; that race of men, who, when they take a position, are never forced from it but with loss of life; who can be led but never driven; who stick to old customs because they are old, and as 'tis said, still balance their corn in the sack, not by dividing it, but by putting a stone in the opposite end of the bag, just because their fathers did so. They are said to be a kind of touch-wood, easy to ignite, quick cooled off, and very kind when in a good humor; or, as the negro said of the whiteman, "When he ready." Now as to our name and the number of it. This will be found close by, if not next to, the Smiths. The reason seems to be this: from William, Prince of Wales, the Welsh became as much attached to *William*, as the Americans to *Washington*, *Jackson*, or *Harrison*. The whole country became stocked with the cognomen of *Ap William*, that is, *son of William*. At length they consented to take another name, being the last civilized nation that consented to take two names and leave the good old fashion of having but one. Instead of *John ap William*, it was written *John William's;* or, dropping the genitive sign, *John Williams*, and of these the country, both in Wales and America, is full. The John Williamses we cannot count. We know of five or six John *S.* Williamses, which gives us some trouble, as one of the five, or two of six, besides ourself, live in this city. We often wish our name were John X. Williams, so as to have the full benefit of distinction by name.

The Welch being a fearnaught, restless, go-a-head kind of people, they are, like the yankees, to be found almost any where. 'Tis said that there is a nation of them among the Indians; and they claim, with some degree of plausibility, the discovery of America. They thus became closely interwoven with our pioneer and revolutionary history. If you will but look around and see the Joneses, Evanses, Thomases, Johnses, Edwardses, Enoches, Williamses, Cadwalladers, Davises, Jameses, Robertses, Owenses, Phillipses, or any Christian name taken as a sir-name, you may more than conjecture the extraction to be Welsh; just as sure as —*son* is English, *Mac* Scottish, *O'* and *Fitz* Irish, *Van* Dutch, and *De* and *La* French.

Our father's name was Robert, he was born in the town of Rithin, in Denbeighshire, just one hundred and twenty years ago. A love of novelty soon led him to England, and thence to America. He opened two mercantile establishments in Newbern and Beaufort, North Carolina. In 1767, he married Elizabeth Dearman, an English lady, and by way of a honey-moon excursion brought his wife to America, with the prospect of a speedy return for settlement. She invited Anne Shoebridge, of Essex or London, my mother, then a young lady of nineteen, to visit America as her companion. The invitation was accepted. When we consider that, to cross the Atlantic, it then required to be tumbled and tossed on the waves from eight to twelve weeks at a time, it will be seen that that visit heads most of the honey-moon trips now in fashion. Twice were they ready to return, once packed up, but a

wise providence ordered that the children of these women should be born Americans.

By his first wife, Elizabeth, he had but one child, Richard, now living near Massillon, in this state. She died in 1773, and he married my mother October 1st, 1774, by whom he had eight children, three only of whom lived to be known by me—Elizabeth Garretson, Samuel Williams, and myself, they of Belmont county in this state. I mention the time of my mother's marriage with some degree of pride; it took place very near, if not the very day that Logan made his celebrated speech, and not far from the time the Bostonians made their great dish of cold water tea.

My father is said to have been wealthy, but that several causes contributed to lessen his fortune, until at the time of his death, in 1790, a few weeks after my birth, his estate was considerably embarrassed. A great storm at sea seemed, as I have heard, to put the first check to his success; then the failure of an extensive house in London; then the revolutionary war, and the reception of continental money. This he kept in dependence on the government until it was nearly worthless. The breaking out of the revolution, added to other considerations, determined him to retire from mercantile pursuits, which he did to a fine estate in Cartaret county, chosen with reference to its value for timber and water-power. He built a fine milling establishment, both flouring and sawing, breasting against a dam which held an inexhaustible supply of water in a pond of from six to ten miles in circuit. Scarcely was this done, till the whole went down stream, into tide water, which flowed up to the mill-tail. The vast quantity of water which rushed through this breach in the alluvians of Carolina, left a hole of ninety feet in depth from the top of the dam. This it was necessary to repair before water could again be accumulated. He was not to be outdone in that way, but mills were built separate, at each end of the dam, which are standing yet for all I know. His benevolence, a characteristic of his nation, grew upon him with age; and 'tis said he carried *this* very far. He also, at one time, set his whole plantation of slaves free, probably in or about 1780, when the Society of Friends, of which he was a member, manumitted theirs. Several of these staid about us till we left Carolina, and two, an ancient man, named Quam, lived in our house until his death, in 1794, and a female, named Jenny, followed us to Ohio, in 1802, and died in our house in 1804. From what was known of these native Africans, it was believed they were nearly, if not quite, one hundred years of age at their deaths. If there is a heaven for the good, which I doubt not, these two must be in it.

My father's estate being somewhat embarrassed, and, as is understood, mismanaged by his executors, left my mother little except our homestead of eleven hundred and twenty acres of fine land, and part of the personal property. She was still in comfortable, but not by any means in affluent circumstances. It may now be seen that we were neither born with a silver spoon in our mouth, nor very good prospect of having one put in to stay there,

and until we shall be satisfied that such things are of real advantage to youth, we shall not suffer regrets to arise on account of the darkening of our youthful sky.

In one thing we count ourself most fortunate. As is customary, in the South, aged blacks take care of the children. Old Quam was appointed my guardian, and a more faithful one never protected a ward. There is something surprising about blacks, as well as Indians, that attach them to children, and children to them, more firmly than can, under similar circumstances, bind whites. It is an undeniable fact that blacks are more faithful nurses than whites, or at least children seem to think so. I thought nobody equal to old Quam; he thought there never was such a fine black haired, curly headed, blue eyed boy before born, as I was, although I kept him running after me, in day time, like a hen after one chicken. I had a deal of Welch blood about me, and would go where I pleased, and Quam would not cross me, not he; and thus he was perpetually in a stew to keep me out of every danger, both real and imaginary. He loved my mother as if she were his own, and he knew besides the loss I would be to him; my death would almost kill her, as I was, by more than ten, her youngest living child. Old Quam escaped from a deal of anxious concern at his death.

My being so much the youngest, and living in a slave country, which makes white children scarce, my only companion during my first four years was old Quam. He was eminently pious and pre-eminently innocent. He was just such a nurse as was calculated to have a good effect upon me. I remember him well, and very vividly, the time of his death, by which, at four years, I lost my friend. Previously he had taught me many of the essentials of religion. He had most firmly impressed on my mind that there was a Great Good Man who made every thing. That he lived away up in the sky. That he could see all we did. That when we did good he loved and smiled at us, but when we hurt any thing or did any body harm he was sorry, and would frown at us, and would not like us. That it was very wrong to displease him. Although Quam knew not a letter, he could repeat whole verses of scripture, and as I have heard, some chapters. He used to tell me of wicked people, how they oppressed and destroyed one another, and how the Great Good Man was so angry at some wicked people that he made their country so dark that they could feel the darkness like grains of corn!! In this way he would so impress me as to make me cry till the family would be drawn to know what was the matter. My good mother was eminently pious too, and always took much pains to impress my mind with love and fear for the Supreme Being, but I could not understand her as I could Quam's simple illustrations.

I was very much indulged, and had it not been for Quam's pious influence, a boy of my wayward propensities could scarcely have been kept within tolerable bounds. There is no wonder that I was indulged when we consider my situation as last in the family and first in the heart of my widowed moth-

er, who, however, never let her feelings overcome her prudence, but kept me within reasonable bounds after Quam's death. While Quam lived he was not satisfied to be parted from me the whole of any night. He would get up every night, in sweet potato time, and have some roasted by three or four o'clock, and then I was just as regular to wake, and my sister must carry me out to Quam, in the kitchen. There I would eat potatoes and ask him questions, and we would chat over all our concerns till near daylight, when I would tumble down on his bunk and finish the night in sleeping, and he in watching. These things seem to me almost as if they happened last year.

Old Quam's great indulgence in satisfying all my enquiries to the best of his ability, and never checking me in asking and enquiring, I have no doubt was of essential service to me. I have not a particle of doubt that it gave me an early memory. I can well remember, when two and a half years old, being held one night in the door, by my sister, to see the saw-mill burn, which was say forty rods from the house. I remember the fire that flew towards our house, and their anxiety and precautions in extinguishing sparks on the roof, on which was old Quam, and how my teeth chattered with fear and cold. I believe too that not only this early and definite memory was the result of his indulging all my enquiries, but that it gave me great facility in attending to studies, and in acquiring knowledge in after life. It is miserable treatment to rebuke a child, who, from the affection of knowing, will ask a thousand questions—sometimes burthensome to be sure—but when we consider that upon that affection of knowing is built all the child's advancement in knowledge afterward, how cruel it is to rebuke and discourage the enquiries of the infant. Many a parent has ruined his child by this kind of discouragement, and afterwards chastised him for not loving and attending to studies, and for making slow progress therein, when his own thoughtless course had produced that apathy and inability! All innocent enquiries, by infants and children, at all proper times, should be indulged and encouraged, how pestersome soever they may seem.

Being born among a dense slave population, and twelve miles from the nearest settlement of Friends, white children were very thinly scattered, so that country schools could not be maintained. White children were sent from home for schooling. I never knew a school in that county, except one quarter, kept by one Thomas Eccles, when I was four and a half years old. My sister and brother attended. I, however, under the tuition of my mother, learned so as to read with ease at the age of seven. Being divested of all playmates in childhood, induced a singular turn of mind which may be seen to this day, and which I shall never be reft of, were it desirable. I learned fast, never wore out or abused a book in my life. I kept my first primer, toy books, spelling book, slate, arithmetic, &c., without a leaf amiss, till I had a nephew old enough to use them. I have sometimes regretted giving them to him, as I was grieved to see they were soon gone when put into other hands.

Owing to the waywardness of my disposition, and evil propensities of my nature, I do think that had it not been for the early influence of old Quam and my mother, that I could not have been a man that society would have tolerated. They took singular pains to impress my mind with a horror of inflicting pain on even the meanest insect. When a child I would cry to see one wounded. I could not bear to witness the writhings of a conch boiling to death in its own shell—that seemed to be the only manner of killing them. I could not bear to see fish struggling on the shore for breath, nor clams roasting for dinner. To my early tuition may be attributed the fact, that, although in boyhood and youthfulness I was an inhabitant of the woods, in the midst of and often annoyed by wild animals, and had a gun at command, I never shot at but four living creatures, all of which escaped; and when I considered that some of them might be seriously wounded, and suffering in pain, and writhing in death, all thoughts of shooting at animals were abandoned. I always considered it fortunate that my early infancy, in which is laid the foundation of the future man, fell into such hands as old Quam and my mother; but unfortunately, that while I have lost much of the good of infantile education, I have retained much, if not most, of that which was erroneous, and added of my own what is wrong. My early seclusion from children, induced a singular turn of mind and propensity to be alone. This still shows itself frequently, in the eyes of others, to great disadvantage. Perhaps my voluntary relinquishment of my right among the Friends, at the age of thirty-seven, may in part be traced to this source.

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CHAPTER II.

Removal to the Northwest.

Effect of Jay's treaty—Preparations for removal—Voyage by water—Journey by land—Arrival at Fredericktown, Pa.—Journey to the Northwest territory—Fall business—Our cabin—Our aged mother—First winter in the West—Furniture—Completion of cabin—Explanation of terms.

The most severe stroke that I remember to have fallen on my mother was in 1799. She received information that the heirs of one Sam Connell were coming on us for a debt, contracted before the revolution. At a certain time, as I have heard, my father expected three vessels from England, that he had engaged to reload with naval stores. He had the loading on the wharf, in Newbern, when a long and tempestuous storm set into the mouth of the Neus river until it was so swollen as to float off his loading. Much of it was lost, and before he could collect enough more the vessels came, and of Sam Connell he purchased to the value of seventy pounds, for which he gave his bond. The revolution commenced soon after. Connell was a tory, and ran off to England with the bond. This prevented its settlement. After Jay's treaty the heirs came upon us, not only for principal and interest, but compound interest. Twenty-five or thirty years had swollen it to a considerable sum.

However questionable the compulsion of a widow, who had not any thing like her third at the first settlement of the estate, might be, mother was never the woman to think that any circumstances could justify debts being left unpaid while any thing was remaining. I am proud to say that she never got into the late fashion of believing that the widow of a land-holder or speculator ought to be wealthy, whether her husband was ever really worth a cent or not. The executors agreed to take the homestead and let her have all the remaining personal property. She agreed to the proposal, and in order to enable her to remove to the northwest territory, she sold what the family could spare. Her personal property sold very low, as it was a time of general emigration.

In April, 1800, we sailed from Beaufort for Alexandria, in company with seventy other emigrants, large and small, say twelve families. We had one storm and was once becalmed in Core sound, and had to wait about two weeks at Currituc inlet (now filled up) for a wind to take us to sea. From thence to Alexandria we had a fine run, especially up the Potomac bay. While cooped up in the vessel, a circumstance happened to me that I shall never forget, and was always of use to me. One of the first nights of the voyage I lost my trowsers, so that when it was time to dress in the morning, my indispensables were *non est inventis.* There were many of both sexes present, for the schooner had very little loading but emigrants. The mortification, felt for half an hour at the accident, was never erased from my memory, and from that time to this I never undress without knowing precisely where my clothing is left. During the storm we were in, the majority on board were sea-sick, and we had rather a disagreeable time among say forty or fifty vomiting individuals. Neither that nor the rolling of the vessel affected me, as it happened. This is mentioned as one of the disagreeabilities of emigration, that makes settling in the woods feel more comfortable by contrast.

At Alexandria we remained several days before we got wagons to bring us out. Here every thing was weighed. My weight was just seventy-five pounds. We stopped near two weeks on what I think was called Goose creek, in Virginia, before we could be supplied with a wagon, to cross the mountains, in place of the one we occupied, which belonged there. We staid one night at Dinah Besor's tavern, at the foot of Blue ridge. It was called Dinah Besor's house, because the gray mare was there the better horse. Some of the boys mounted a fine cherry tree, for which the old man gave them a scolding, lest they might break the limbs. I noticed the immense number of whip-poor-wills that were here, and the difference in their note from what I was used to. Here their cry resembled their name, but in Carolina it resembled the words WHIP-*the*-WIDOW-WHITEOAK.

The mountain roads, (if roads they could be called, for pack-horses were still on them,) were of the most dangerous and difficult character. I have heard an old mountain tavern-keeper say, that although the taverns were less

than two miles apart in years after we came, he has known many emigrant families that stopped a night at every tavern on the mountains! I recollect but few of our night stands distinctly, say, Dinah Besor's, Goosecreek, Old Crock's, near the south branch, Tomlinson's, Beesontown, and Simpkins' and Merritstown. Our company consisted of Joseph Dew, Levina Hall, and Jonas Small, with their families.

After a tedious journey we all arrived safe at Fredericktown, Washington county, Pa., where we stopped to await the opening of the land office at Steubenville, Ohio. Here we found Horton Howard and family, who had come on the season previous. Here, also, the children had the whooping cough. Those whom we left at Alexandria, came to Redstone Old Fort, ten miles below Fredericktown, where they sojourned for the same purpose; and although, as we thought, unfortunately detained, they were first at their resting place. We regretted much to leave them, but considered ourselves fortunate in being the first to start, but like many circumstances of life where appearances are not realities, they were fortunate in being left for a better and more speedy conveyance.

Jonas Small, Francis Mace, and several other families from Redstone, returned to Carolina, dissatisfied with the hills, vales and mud of the North-west, little dreaming of the level and open prairies of this valley. Horton Howard and family started first from Fredericktown; Joseph Dew, Levina Hall and ourselves made another start in September, or early in October. We started in the afternoon, and lay at Benjamin Townsend's, on Fishpot run; we lay also at the Blue Ball, near Washington; at Rice's, on the Buffalo; and at Warren, on the Ohio. These are all the night stands I now recollect in fifty-five miles. We arrived safe at John Leaf's, in what is now called Concord settlement. From Warren, Joseph Dew and Mrs. Hall proceeded up Little Short creek, and stopped near where Mount Pleasant now is. In what is now called Concord settlement, four or five years previously, five or six persons had squatted and made small improvements. The Friends, chiefly from Carolina, had taken the land at a clear sweep. Mr. Leaf lived on a tract bought by Horton Howard, since owned by Samuel Potts, and subsequently by Wm. Millhouse. Horton Howard had turned in on Mr. Leaf, and we turned in on both.

If any one has an idea of the appearance of the remnant of a town that has been nearly destroyed by fire, and the houseless inhabitants turned in upon those who were left, they can form some idea of the squatters' cabins that fall. It was a real harvest for them, however, for they received the rhino for the privileges granted and work done, as well in aid of the emigrants in getting cabins up as for their improvements. This settlement is in Belmont county, on Glenn's run, about six miles north-west of Wheeling, and as much north-east of St. Clairsville.

Emigrants poured in from different parts, cabins were put up in every di rection, and women, children, and goods tumbled into them. The tide of

emigration flowed like water through a breach in a mill-dam. Every thing was bustle and confusion, and all at work that could work. In the midst of all this, the mumps, and perhaps one or two other diseases, prevailed and gave us a seasoning. Our cabin [see frontispiece] had been raised, covered, part of the cracks chinked, and part of the floor laid when we moved in, on Christmas day! There had not been a stick cut except in building the cabin. We had intended an inside chimney, for we thought the chimney ought to be in the house. We had a log put across the whole width of the cabin for a mantel, but when the floor was in we found it so low as not to answer, and removed it. Here was a great change for my mother and sister, as well as the rest, but particularly my mother. She was raised in the most delicate manner in and near London, and lived most of her time in affluence, and always comfortable. She was now in the wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts; in a cabin with about half a floor, no door, no ceiling over head, not even a tolerable sign for a fireplace, the light of day and the chilling winds of night passing between every two logs in the building, the cabin so high from the ground that a bear, wolf, panther, or any animal less in size than a cow, could enter without even a squeeze. Such was our situation on Thursday and Thursday night, December 25th, 1800, and which was bettered but by very slow degrees. We got the rest of the floor laid in a few days, the chinking of the cracks went on slowly, but the daubing could not proceed till weather more suitable, which happened in a few days; door-ways were sawed out and steps made of the logs, and the back of the chimney was raised up to the mantel, but the funnel of sticks and clay was delayed until spring.

My mother had been weakly on our journey, and at Fredericktown was more seriously ill than I ever knew her before or since. She still lives, a monument of the Lord's mercy, and a bright illustration of the discipline of which the human mind is susceptible. She has been blind about eight years, and to my recollection she never complained of any thing, but trusted all to Divine Providence. She now, at the age of ninety-five, waits her change with patience, is little or no trouble to any one; enjoys good health, a serene and sound mind, and the age of dotage seems never to have overtaken her; never gives unnecessary pain or trouble to any one, and is pleased when, by repeating verses she learned when a girl, she can add to the happiness of the social circle. She has been a woman of strict economy and great industry, but never milked a cow, and perhaps never spun a thread in her life, and scarcely ever cooked, but was a great sewer and knitter. This she does now with great facility, saying that if she could not knit, she would be very unhappy. She is very little of her time without her knitting, except on First days, as she calls the Sabbath. She was always a member of the Society of Friends. She is much delighted with hearing the Word, or any religious books read.

Our family consisted of my mother, a sister, of twenty-two, my brother,

near twenty-one and very weakly, and myself, in my eleventh year. Two years afterwards, Black Jenny followed us in company with my half-brother, Richard, and his family. She lived two years with us in Ohio, and died in the winter of 1803–4.

In building our cabin it was set to front the north and south, my brother using my father's pocket compass on the occasion. We had no idea of living in a house that did not stand square with the earth itself. This argued our ignorance of the comforts and conveniences of a pioneer life. The position of the house, end to the hill, necessarily elevated the lower end, and the determination of having both a north and south door, added much to the airyness of the domicil, particularly after the green ash puncheons had shrunk so as to have cracks in the floor and doors from one to two inches wide. At both the doors we had high, unsteady, and sometimes icy steps, made by piling up the logs cut out of the wall. We had, as the reader will see, a window, if it could be called a *window*, when, perhaps, it was the largest spot in the top, bottom, or sides of the cabin at which the wind *could not* enter. It was made by sawing out a log, placing sticks across, and then, by pasting an old newspaper over the hole, and applying some hog's lard, we had a kind of glazing which shed a most beautiful and mellow light across the cabin when the sun shone on it. All other light entered at the doors, cracks, and chimney.

Our cabin was twenty-four by eighteen. The west end was occupied by two beds, the centre of each side by a door, and here our symetry had to stop, for on the side opposite the window, made of clapboards, supported on pins driven into the logs, were our shelves. Upon these shelves my sister displayed, in ample order, a host of pewter plates, basins, and dishes, and spoons, scoured and bright. It was none of your new-fangled pewter made of lead, but the best of London pewter, which our father himself bought of Townsend, the manufacturer. These were the plates upon which you could hold your meat so as to cut it without slipping and without dulling your knife. But, alas! the days of pewter plates and sharp dinner knives have passed away never to return. To return to our internal arrangements. A ladder of five rounds occupied the corner near the window. By this, when we got a floor above, we could ascend. Our chimney occupied most of the east end; pots and kettles opposite the window under the shelves, a gun on hooks over the north door, four split-bottom chairs, three three-legged stools, and a small eight by ten looking-glass sloped from the wall over a large towel and combcase. These, with a clumsy shovel and a pair of tongs, made in Frederick, with one shank straight, as the best manufacture of pinches and blood blisters, completed our furniture, except a spinning-wheel and such things as were necessary to work with. It was absolutely necessary to have *three-legged* stools, as four legs of any thing could not all touch the floor at the same time.

The completion of our cabin went on slowly. The season was inclement,

we were weak-handed and weak-pocketed, in fact laborers were not to be had. We got our chimney up breast high as soon as we could, and got our cabin daubed as high as the joists outside. It never was daubed on the inside, for my sister, who was very nice, could not consent to "live right next to the mud." My impression now is, that the window was not constructed till spring, for until the sticks and clay was put on the chimney we could possibly have no need of a window; for the flood of light which always poured into the cabin from the fireplace would have extinguished our paper window, and rendered it as useless as the moon at noonday. We got a floor laid over head as soon as possible, perhaps in a month; but when it *was* laid, the reader will readily conceive of its imperviousness to wind or weather, when we mention that it was laid of loose clapboards split from a red oak, the stump of which may be seen beyond the cabin. That tree grew in the night, and so twisting that each board laid on two diagonally opposite corners, and a cat might have shook every board on our ceiling.

It may be well to inform the unlearned reader that clapboards are such lumber as pioneers split with a frow, and resemble barrel staves before they are shaved, but are split longer, wider, and thinner; of such our roof and ceiling were composed. Puncheons were planks made by splitting logs to about two and a half or three inches in thickness, and hewing them on one or both sides with the broad-axe. Of such our floor, doors, tables, and stools were manufactured. The eave-bearers are those end logs which project over to receive the butting poles, against which the lower tier of clapboards rest in forming the roof. The trapping is the roof timbers, composing the gable end and the ribs, the ends of which appear in the drawing, being those logs upon which the clapboards lie. The trap logs are those of unequal length above the eave bearers, which form the gable ends, and upon which the ribs rest. The weight poles are those small logs laid on the roof, which weigh down the course of clapboards on which they lie, and against which the next course above is placed. The knees are pieces of heart timber placed above the butting poles, successively, to prevent the weight poles from rolling off. To many of our learned readers these explanations will appear superfluous, but the Pioneer may be read by persons much less enlightened on these subjects, and to such these explanations may be of real service.

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CHAPTER III.

Advantages and disadvantages—Sleeping—Bedding—Short biscuit in the woods—Alarms—Trees—Alterations—The wilderness reclaimed—Bark boxes and gums—Charity and benevolence of pioneers.

It was evidently a mistake to put our chimney at the lower end of the house, for as soon as we put the funnel on in the spring, we found that the back of our breastwork settled, and was likely to topple our chimney down. This we might have remedied by a kind of frame work, had we thought of it, and had tools to make it with. So scarce were our tools that our first pair

of bar posts were morticed by pecking them on each side with a common axe, and then blowing coals in the holes we burned them through so as to admit of the bars. But I do not think the frame-work to support the chimney was thought of. To prop it with a pole first suggested itself, at the foot of which was a large stake. These remained an incumbrance in the yard for years.

There never was any unmixed good or unmixed evil fell to the lot of man in this probationary state. So, our fireplace being at the east end, was much more like our parlor fireplace in Carolina; and besides this, while the chimney was only breast high, we should have been bacon before candlemas had the chimney been in any other position; but situated as it was, and the prevailing winds that blew inside of the house as well as outside being from west to east, most of the smoke was driven off, except occasionally an eddy which would bring smoke and flame full in our faces. One change of wind for a few days made our cabin almost uninhabitable. Here is presented an advantage of an open house. Let the wind be which way it would, the smoke and ashes could get out without opening doors and windows, and all that sort of trouble, known at the present day, whenever a chimney seems to draw best at the wrong end; besides this, a little breeze would not, as now, give us colds.

We have heard that the position in sleeping makes a material difference in the soundness of it; but which (to lay with the head north or south) produces the sounder sleep we have forgotten. At any rate, my brother and I slept in the south-west corner with our heads to the south, and I remember well that from the time I lay down until I had to get up and go to work, only seemed about a half minute, if so long. My mother and sister occupied the north-west corner, but as to the soundness of their sleep I knew little, there being no complaints. My brother and I took it in the healthy open air, while my mother and sister still had a partiality for old fashions, and hung some kind of curtains on sticks suspended by strings over the joists. The curtains were, very likely, partly, if not wholly, of good old furniture check, which, with many other relics of times gone by, were treasured by the family.

There are two modes of keeping warm. One is to clothe thin, lie on straw or leaves, and let the heart and lungs be active to keep up the heat. The other, and at present the most fashionable one, is, to clothe very warm, lie on feather beds, and let the heart and lungs become lazy and of little account. The former was our plan, especially that of myself and brother, perhaps not so much from the choice of sound philosophy as from other circumstances. We soon found, however, that to make rag carpeting, such as sometimes covers kitchen floors now, and to sew two breadths of proper length together, was a good substitute for blankets, especially if there could be here and there a rag of red flannel, even if the rest were tow linen rags. These cadders (for so we ealled them,) were a great help in bed, not so much from any warming qualities they possessed in themselves, as from

their great ability to press a sheet or blanket close, if we had any under them; and also by their gravitating propensities, they very materially aided the imagination in coming to the conclusion that we were well covered. We would look upon our new cadder, when we were so fortunate as to get one, and especially if there were red stripes in it, with the same feeling of delight as a modern belle does upon her new Brussels carpet and piano.

I had another source of comfort in cold weather, which I trust I never shall forget. My good old mother, (God bless her,) never went to bed in winter without seeing that the cadder was tucked close to the back and feet of her John; nor would she suffer him to go out in cold weather without his jacket. This, I sometimes thought, was rather officious interference on her part, but like other giddy children, I did not know, or rather I did not care, properly to appreciate her kindness. If I had taken a cold or had been exposed unusually, she would see that my feet were soaked in warm water, and that I had a hearty drink of warm pennyroyal tea before going to bed. The simple remedies of some of the pioneer women may be pitted against the shops of the druggist for simple and effective cures, and if their prescriptions were not as fashionable and costly as medicinal ones now, they sometimes did much less harm.

The evening of the first winter did not pass off as pleasantly as evenings afterward. We had raised no tobacco to stem and twist, no corn to shell, no turnips to scrape; we had no tow to spin into rope-yarn, nor straw to plait for hats, and we had come so late we could get but few walnuts to crack. We had, however, the Bible, George Fox's Journal, Barkely's Apology, and a number of books, all better than much of the fashionable reading of the present day—from which, after reading, the reader finds he has gained nothing, while his understanding has been made the dupe of the writer's fancy—that while reading he had given himself up to be led in mazes of fictitious imagination, and losing his taste for solid reading, as frothy luxuries destroy the appetite for wholesome food. To our stock of books were soon after added a borrowed copy of the Pilgrim's Progress, which we read twice through without stopping. The first winter our living was truly scanty and hard; but even this winter had its felicities. We had part of a barrel of flour which we had brought from Fredericktown. Besides this, we had part of a jar of hog's lard brought from old Carolina; not the tasteless stuff which now goes by that name, but pure leaf lard, taken from hogs raised on pine roots and fattened on sweet potatoes, and into which, while rendering, were immersed the boughs of the fragrant bay tree, that imparted to the lard a rich flavor. Of that flour, shortened with this lard, my sister every Sunday morning, and at *no other time*, made short biscuit for breakfast—not these greasy gum-elastic biscuit, we mostly meet with now, rolled out with a pin, or cut out with a cutter; or those that are, perhaps, speckled by or puffed up with refined lye called salæratus, but made out, one by one, in her fair hands, placed in neat juxtaposition in a skillet or spider, pricked with a fork to prevent

blistering, and baked before an open fire—not half baked and half stewed in a cooking stove. If all the pleasure and happiness imparted to the inhabitants of Cincinnati for one week, by all the ice creams and other nick-nacks, could be accumulated in the mind of one individual, I conceive it would hardly equal what I felt between the time the process of making them began in the house, and the process of digesting them ended in my stomach! I do not believe that bankers, brokers, and misers could, from the sight of gold, experience such feelings of delight as I felt at the sight of the first skillet full piled on a plate by the fire awaiting the cooking of the second. To attempt to describe the felicity of *eating* these breakfasts is useless, when I cannot convey even a tolerable idea of the happiness of anticipation. Those breakfasts made the Sabbaths doubly dear, and kept us in good humor all the week, thinking of the past and anticipating the future. If there is any way to enjoy that day that excels all others, of a temporal nature, it is to reserve all the good things to be enjoyed in it, and in idea to be associated with it, and for which we thank the Giver of all good things. The relish of these biscuits was that of real temperance in the use of food.

The reader is not to suppose, from any thing we say, that a log cabin life in the woods produces unalloyed happiness. This is not to be found in a palace, in the crowded city, log cabin, nor yet in a Fourier association. Every advantage seems to bring with it a disadvantage to give it a relish by contrast. In the ordering of a good Providence the winter was open, but windy. While the wind was of great use in driving the smoke and ashes out of our cabin, it shook terribly the timber standing almost over us. We were sometimes much and needlessly alarmed. We had never seen a dangerous looking tree near a dwelling, but here we were surrounded by the tall giants of the forest, waving their boughs and uniting their brows over us, as if in defiance of our disturbing their repose, and usurping their long and uncontested pre-emption rights. The beech on the left often shook his bushy head over us as if in absolute disapprobation of our settling there, threatening to crush us if we did not pack up and start. The walnut over the spring branch stood high and straight; no one could tell which way it inclined, but all concluded that if it had a preference, it was in favor of quartering on our cabin. We got assistance to cut it down. The axeman doubted his ability to control its direction, by reason that he must necessarily cut it almost off before it would fall. He thought by felling the tree in the direction of the reader, along near the chimney, and thus favor the little lean it seemed to have, would be the means of saving the cabin. He was successful. Part of the stump still stands. These, and all other dangerous trees, were got down without other damage than many frights and frequent desertions of the premises, by the family, while the trees were being cut. The ash beyond the house crossed the scarf and fell on the cabin, but without damage.

We visited the premises, in August, 1842, to take a sketch, and found it, as well as the country around, amazingly altered. In place of the towering

beech on the left, stands a fine brick house, owned and occupied by Joseph Parker. Instead of a view, confined to a few rods by a dense forest, the tops of ridges and knobs may now be seen for miles, resembling a slanting view across a nest of eggs. Not one of the trees in the drawing now remain. Well do I remember the rude figure of a man which I cut on the beech to the left of, and in the distance beyond, the walnut, as well as the stormy night and the tremendous clap of thunder that shivered the ash, seen a little more to the left. The black locust, also, that is seen beyond the cabin, leaning to the left, is remembered. It was considered to be a valuable tree, and was allowed to stand after other trees were cut. Oft have I looked at its slim body, and proportionably towering height. At length fire got round it, and as is the case with every hypocrite under persecution, being rotten-hearted, it burned down. I measured its length, it was just ninety feet, and to this day, in estimating heights, I refer to the appearance of that locust, and a stump of eighty feet which was also measured. The little hickory between the house and spring, was a mere hoop pole, and we saved it. It grew very thriftily, and the last time I saw it, the finest shellbarks graced its top; but like many other things, it had but a short life after a promising youthfulness. It too is gone, as well as the white walnut which stood over the spring, and the sprout on which the spring gourd was wont to hang. But the fine, the clear, the gushing fountain of cold limestone water, is still there in the same shallow depression, and there its health-giving stream will remain and run, long after Miller, and his theory of the end of time happening this year, will both be consigned to oblivion.

The monotony of the time for several of the first years was broken and enlivened by the howl of wild beasts. The wolves howling around us seemed to moan their inability to drive us from their long and undisputed domain. The bears, panthers, and deers seemingly got miffed at our approach or the partiality of the hunters, and but seldom troubled us. We did not hunt for them. The wildcat, raccoon, possum, hornet, yellow-jacket, rattlesnake, copperhead, nettle, and a host of small things which seemed in part to balance the amount of pioneer happiness, held on to their rights until driven out gradually by the united efforts of the pioneers, who like a band of brothers mutually aided each other in the great work. These things, as well as getting their bread, kept them too busy for law-suits, quarrels, crimes, and speculations, and made them happy.

One bag of meal would make a whole family rejoicingly happy and thankful then, when a loaded East Indiaman will fail to do it now, and is passed off as a common business transaction without ever once thinking of the Giver, so independent have we become in the short space of forty years! Having got out of the wilderness in less time than the children of Israel, we seem to be even more forgetful and unthankful than they.

When spring was fully come and our little patch of corn, three acres, put in among the beech roots, which at every step contended with the shovel

plough for the right of soil, and held it too, we enlarged our stock of conveniences. As soon as bark would run, (peel off,) we could make ropes and bark boxes. These we stood in great need off, as such things as bureaus, stands, wardrobes, or even barrels, were not to be had. The manner of making ropes of linn bark, was to cut the bark in strips of convenient length, and water-rot it in the same manner as rotting flax or hemp. When this was done, the inside bark would peel off and split up so fine as to make a pretty considerably rough and good-for-but-little kind of a rope. Of this, however, we were very glad, and let no ship owner with his grass ropes laugh at us. We made two kinds of boxes for furniture. One kind was of hickory bark with the outside shaved off. This we would take off all round the tree, the size of which would determine the calibre of our box. Into one end we would place a flat piece of bark or puncheon cut round to fit in the bark, which stood on end the same as when on the tree. There was little need of hooping, as the strength of the bark would keep that all right enough. Its shrinkage would make the top unsightly in a parlor now-a-days, but then they were considered quite an addition to the furniture. A much finer article was made of slippery-elm bark, shaved smooth and with the inside out, bent round and sewed together where the ends of the hoop or main bark lapped over. The length of the bark was around the box, and inside out. A bottom was made of a piece of the same bark dried flat, and a lid like that of a common band-box, made in the same way. This was the finest furniture in a lady's dressing-room, and then, as now, with the finest furniture, the lapped or sewed side was turned to the wall and the prettiest part to the spectator. They were usually made oval, and while the bark was green were easily ornamented with drawings of birds, trees, &c., agreeably to the taste and skill of the fair manufacturer. As we belonged to the Society of Friends, it may be fairly presumed that our band-boxes were not thus ornamented.

Many a sly glance would be cast at the new band-boxes, and it is hoped that no modern belle will laugh because a pioneer Miss might be proud of her new bark box; for it is just as easy to be proud of such things, and as much sin too, as to be proud of a new dressing-table, glass, &c. On the other hand, it is quite as easy to be happy, and easier to be properly thankful for the small favors in the woods, than it is now for a pampered Miss to be happy with, or thankful for, all the finery of her toilette. The amount of happiness received, or acknowledgment to the Giver, is by no means regulated by the appearance or cost of the articles.

To the above store of bark ropes and bark boxes, must be added a few gums, before the farmer considered himself comfortably fixed. It may be well to inform the unlearned reader that gums are hollow trees cut off with puncheons pinned on, or fitted in one end, to answer in the place of barrels.

The privations of a pioneer life contract the wants of man almost to total extinction, and allow him means of charity and benevolence. Sufferings

enoble his feelings, and the frequent necessity for united effort at house-raisings, log-rollings, corn-huskings, &c., produced in him habitual charity, almost unknown in these days of luxury, among the many tyrannical wants of artificial tastes and vitiated appetites. We have now but little time left to think of good, and still less to practice it. Our system of action now seems to be a general scramble for the spoils. From the reverend divine, who looks upon the fatness of his salary as being the good of his profession, down through all the grades of speculators, swindlers, and jockeys, whose maxim is, "*Their eyes is their market*," the leading principles are near akin, if not the very same. Most, if not all of these, if it were not for public opinion, would cheat their dim-sighted mothers out of their good spectacles by giving them empty frames in trading, and then brag of their skill in cheating. There are many honorable exceptions to the too prevalent system of grabbing. That system reminds us of the scramble that went on for years among the squirrels, raccoons, and groundhogs for our corn crops; and frequently they left us little except the husks, and our path around the field made in our own defence.

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CHAPTER IV.

Getting Out of the Woods.

Evening's repast—Mush and milk—Milling—Evening's light—Rope yarn—Uses of tow—Suspenders—Going to meetings—Fruit—Milk—Chopping—School—Blessed in being a cripple—Curious adventure—Change in the family—Husking—Last schooling—Brain turned topsy-turvy—Engineering—General Bernard—Road making—Children—Conclusion.

We settled on beech land, which took much labor to clear. We could do no better than clear out the smaller stuff and burn the brush, &c., around the beeches which, in spite of the girdling and burning we could do to them, would leaf out the first year, and often a little the second. The land, however, was very rich, and would bring better corn than might be expected. We had to tend it principally with the hoe, that is, to chop down the nettles, the water-weed, and the touch-me-not. Grass, careless, lambs-quarter, and Spanish needles were reserved to pester the better prepared farmer. We cleared a small turnip patch, which we got in about the 10th of August. We sowed in timothy seed, which took well, and next year we had a little hay besides. The tops and blades of the corn were also carefully saved for our horse, cow, and the two sheep. The turnips were sweet and good, and in the fall we took care to gather walnuts and hickory nuts, which were very abundant. These, with the turnips, which we scraped, supplied the place of fruit. I have always been partial to scraped turnips, and could now beat any three dandies at scraping them. Johnycake, also, when we had meal to make it of, helped to make up our evening's repast. The Sunday morning biscuit had all evaporated, but the loss was partially supplied by the nuts and turnips. Our regular supper was mush and milk, and by the time we had shelled our corn, stemmed tobacco, and plaited straw to make hats, &c., &c.

the mush and milk had seemingly decamped from the neighborhood of our ribs. To relieve this difficulty, my brother and I would bake a thin johnny-cake, part of which we would eat, and leave the rest till morning. At daylight we would eat the balance as we walked from the house to work.

The methods of eating mush and milk were various. Some would sit around the pot and every one take therefrom for himself. Some would set a table and each have his tin cup of milk, and with a pewter spoon take just as much mush from the dish or the pot, if it was on the table, as he thought would fill his mouth or throat, then lowering it into the milk, would take some to wash it down. This method kept the milk cool, and by frequent repetitions the pioneer would contract a faculty of correctly estimating the proper amount of each. Others would mix mush and milk together. Many an urchin, who was wont to hit his little brother or sister with a spoon, in a quarrel around the mush pot on the floor, in after life learned to quarrel on the floor of congress, or to exchange shots on what is sometimes called the field of honor; so quick, if not magical, has been the transition of this country.

To get grinding done was often a great difficulty, by reason of the scarcity of mills, the freezes in winter, and droughts in summer. We had often to manufacture meal *(when we had corn)* in any way we could get the corn to pieces. We soaked and pounded it, we shaved it, we planed it, and, at the proper season, grated it. When one of our neighbors got a hand-mill, it was thought quite an acquisition to the neighborhood—no need then of steam doctors, for we could take hand-mill sweats of our own when we pleased; nor of homopathists, for our stomachs needed larger doses; nor of the professional physician, for white walnut bark boiled, and the decoction stewed down, was the fashionable medicine used by those unfashionable ones, who chanced to have a qualm. As for dyspepsia and the like, sawmills might as well be suspected of having it. In after years, when in time of freezing or drought, we could get grinding by waiting for our turn no more than one day and a night at a horse mill, we thought ourselves happy.

To save meal we often made pumpkin bread, in which, when meal was scarce, the pumpkin would so predominate as to render it next to impossible to tell our bread from that article, either by taste, looks, or the amount of nutriment it contained. To rise from the table with a good appetite is said to be healthy, and with some is said to be fashionable. What then does it signify to be hungry for a month at a time, when it is not only healthy but fashionable! Beside all this, the sight of a bag of meal, when it was scarce, made the family feel more glad and thankful to heaven then, than a whole boat load would at the present time.

Salt was five dollars per bushel, and we used none in our corn bread, which we soon liked as well without it. Often has sweat ran into my mouth, which tasted as fresh and flat as distilled water. What meat we had at first was fresh, and but little of that, for had we been hunters we had no time to practice it.

We had no candles, and cared but little about them except for summer use. In Carolina we had the real fat light-wood, not merely pine knots, but the fat straight pine. This, from the brilliancy of our parlor, of winter evenings, might be supposed to put, not only candles, lamps, camphine, Greenough's chemical oil, but even gas itself to the blush. In the West we had not this, but my business was to ramble the woods every evening for seasoned sticks, or the bark of the shelly hickory, for light. 'Tis true that our light was not as good as even candles, but we got along without fretting, for we depended more upon the goodness of our eyes than we did upon the brilliancy of the light. At that day no one but the aged wore glasses. My mother said she injured her eyes by the early use of them. Such a thing as a young dandy of either sex peering through gold framed concaves till their eyes push out like the lumps on calves' heads before the horns appear, was not known. The more concaves are indulged in, the more the eye will push out, for the shape of the eye will accommodate itself to the lens. The use of glasses, either concave or convex, nine times in ten, injure both the eyes and the sight, and is a species of intemperance. If you physic for every complaint, you will soon lose your health; if you never exercise your muscles to fatigue, they will soon become weak. So with the eye. Be afraid of fatiguing it, aid it with glasses so as never to put its power to test, and it will soon be useless without them. I am now in my 54th year, and have never used a glass and never shall unless accident or disease should act upon my eyes. I write and read no little. My wife had so indulged her eyes by the use of glasses, as five years ago to require those of sixteen inch focus! My remonstrances became strong, and she consented to follow my directions; the consequence is, that she has not used a glass for four years, although she sews, reads, threads her needle, and often by candle light!! Who would not prefer to be a pioneer and enjoy all his sources of happiness, than to be a slave of fashion or indolence, and suffer heat, cold, and disease to serve it?

One of my employments of winter evenings after we raised flax, was the spinning of rope yarn, from the coarsest swingling tow, to make bed cords for sale. *Swingling* tow is a corruption of *singling* tow, as *swingle* tree is of *single* tree. The manner of spinning rope yarn was by means of a drum, which turned on a horizontal shaft driven into a hole in one of the cabin logs near the fire. The yarn was hitched to a nail on one side of the circumference next to me. By taking an oblique direction and keeping up a regular jerking or pulling of the thread, the drum was kept in constant motion, and thus the twisting and pulling out went on regularly and simultaneously until the length of the walk was taken up. Then, by winding the yarn first on my fore-arm, and from that on the drum, I was ready to spin another thread. A late improvement of this kind of pioneer spinning is called political wire working, and had I kept pace with the improvements of the age, I might at present have been a most expert political demagogue of wealth and influence.

The unlearned reader might enquire what we did with the finer kinds of tow. It is well enough to apprize him, that next to rope yarn, in fineness, was filling for trowsers and aprons; next finer, warp for the same and filling for shirts and frocks; next finer, of tow thread, warp for shirts and frocks, unless some of the higher grades of society would use flax thread. Linen shirts, especially seven hundred, was counted the very top of the pot, and he who wore an eight hundred linen shirt was counted a dandy. He was not called a dandy, for the word was unknown, as well as the refined animal which bears that name. Pioneers found it to their advantage to wear tow linen and eat skim milk, and sell their flax, linen, and butter.

Frocks were a short kind of shirt worn over the trowsers. We saved our shirts by pulling them off in warm weather and wearing nothing in the day time but our hats, made of straw, our frocks, and our trowsers. It will be thus perceived that these things took place before the days of suspenders, when every one's trowsers lacked about two inches of reaching up to where the waistcoat reached down. It was counted no extraordinary sight, and no matter of merriment, to see the shirt work out over all the waistband two or three inches, and hang in a graceful festoon around the waist. Suspenders soon became a part of the clothing, and was a real improvement in dress. Not so with the underfoot strap of the dandy, the upward strain of which, together with the ascensional power of vanity in the walking balloon, seems nearly to lift him from the ground.

The girls had forms without bustles and rosy cheeks without paint. Those who are thin, lean, and colorless from being slaves to idleness or fashion, are, to some extent, excusable for endeavoring to be artificially what the pioneer girls were naturally; who, had they needed lacing, might have used tow strings, and if bran were used for bustles, might have curtailed their suppers. Those circumstances which frequently occasioned the bran to be eaten after the flour was gone, laced tight enough without silk cord or bone-sets, and prevented that state of things which sometimes makes its necessary to eat both flour and bran together as medicine, and requires bran or straw outside to make the shape respectable.

Not only about the farm, but also to meeting, the younger part of families, and even men, went barefoot in summer. The young women carried their shoes and stockings, if they had them, in their hands until they got in sight of the meeting-house, where, sitting on a log, they shod themselves for meeting; and at the same place, after meeting, they unshod themselves for a walk home, perhaps one or two miles. Whether shoes, stockings, or even bonnets were to be had or not, meeting must be attended. Let those who cannot attend church without a new bonnet, who cannot go two or three squares because it is so cold, or so rainy, or so sunny, not laugh at the zeal of those pioneers for religion. Religion barefoot is as acceptable as religion shod, and as easily come at too. If those barefoot girls could not knit as fine lace, they could knit better stockings. If they could not cut as fine figures in a

dance, they could make healthier mothers and housewives; and if they could not make as fine music, they could sing lullaby to much better effect. It is to be noted that among the pioneers *all* was neither goodness nor happiness. It was as easy to go to church for fashion's sake, or to see and be seen, then as now; in fact the ways of heaven are equal, but man very unequally acts his part on earth.

Turnips, walnuts, and hickory nuts supplied the place of fruit till peaches were raised. In five or six years millions of peaches rotted on the ground. Previous to our raising apples, we sometimes went to Martin's ferry on the Ohio to pick peaches for the owner, who had them distilled. We got a bushel of apples for each day's work in picking peaches. These were kept for particular eating, as if they had contained seeds of gold. Their extreme scarcity made them seem valuable, and stand next to the short biscuit that were so valued in times gone by. Pawpaws were eaten in their season. When we got an abundance of apples, they seemed to lose their flavor and relish. It is the same with every thing but heaven and virtue, which never fail, but greatly increase in relish with their abundance, and stand in direct contact with all sublunary good.

Mrs. Leaf gave me a beautiful white, black, and yellow kitten, which made the best squirrel catcher in the country. Mice or rats there were none. She was worth money, and lived fourteen years. We bought a heifer in the same fall, 1800, which made us a fine cow. She lived about as long as the cat.

Pasturage was abundant in summer, being composed mostly of nettles waist high, which made us fine greens, and thus served for both the cow and her owner; and yet, like every thing else on earth, seemed to balance the account by stinging us at every turn. Even the good pasturage of this new country, considered as a pasture, had its balancing properties; for the same rich soil from which sprang nettles and pasture in such abundance, brought forth also the ramps or wild garlic, which, springing first, were devoured by the cows.

Cows could not be confined, for want of fences; nor dared we neglect milking lest they might go dry, and for two or three weeks cows were milked in pails and the milk thrown out and given to the hogs. We never milked on the ground, as it seemed a pity, and some said it was bad luck. We never heard of milk sickness, or we might have been less disposed to fret at the ramps, and might have been thankful for being blessed with a disadvantage less frightful.

Our axe-handles were straight and egg-shaped. Whether the oval form and the crooked bulbous ends of the present day is an improvement or not is immaterial here to enquire; but had we used the present form then, I should at times have been fixed to the axe. The hand that holds this pen had, before it felt the cold of twelve winters, been so benumbed by chopping in the cold as to have the fingers set to the handle, making it necessary to slip them off at

the end, which could not have been done were they of the present shape. After the fingers were off, a little rubbing and stretching from the other hand would restore them, but would not dry up the blood nor heal the chaps with which they were covered. These and kindred things are well calculated to make one, by contrast, appreciate the blessings of leisure and ease until they become too common, when we lose our relish of them and the gratitude we ought to feel for time even to think.

On Saturday, July 31st, 1802, my brother Richard arrived at our cabin. He had been a sea-captain many years, and at the age of thirty-two abandoned his sea-faring life. I was exactly twelve years old to an hour when he arrived. He had left his family at or near Wheeling. His arrival was greeted as a great acquisition to the settlement, as he had a good education. He was born under auspicious circumstances. The neighbors soon had him a cabin up near the meeting house, and a school opened.

I had never been sent to school. He put me in three syllables in Dilworth's Spelling Book. I think the first lesson commenced with the word "abandon," and I *abandoned* that lesson and that book, for I swallowed the whole of it very soon. I never did confine my studies to a single lesson at school, but must know all the book contained. The teachers could keep me back in recitation, but not in knowing. I soon found that at the head of the class was my place by pre-emption.

After the quarter was out, sugar-making, land-clearing, corn-planting, &c., put an end to my regular schooling, but not to my progress. Within the hour allowed for rest at noon, I used to run a mile over the deepest and steepest kind of a hollow to spell at school. Having missed the evening's spelling I always began foot, but that did not annoy me, nor prevent me from ending head, when the mile must again be run over to dinner, and I to my work.

One spring, while I was hewing the side of a stump to set a flax brake, I was fortunate enough to split the middle toe of my right foot. Although a stiff joint, a large crooked toe, and a bad nail was the consequence, I always counted myself fortunate under the accident, for it gave me a chance of going to school a quarter. It was sore two months and a half, most of which time I never touched the forepart of my foot to the ground, but walked to the school, when the bare mention that my foot would be no worse hurt to stay at home would insult me. It was not *altogether*, and perhaps not *half*, the love of study that made me love school. There was in my composition a good portion of the love of play and frolic. Subsequently a strained wrist and a strained ankle, as well as a disease in one of my heels, which gave me great pain, for four months baffled the skill of Dr. Hamilton, of Mount Pleasant, were all, with other wounds and bruises, counted as blessings, because they gave me better opportunities for study.

Going home from school one evening, I took a different route. Upon the hill-side above me, I saw a most beautiful white and black, lively little animal,

with a fine bush. I thought surely no one had ever before seen so fine a frisk. Agreeably to a prevailing trait in my youthful character, which determined me never to leave any mystery in a book or on land without knowing something more about it, I took two clubs in my hands and went to reconnoitre his whereabout. On approaching the spot, I perceived by the smell that I had heard of the animal before, but as I never backed out because difficulties were presented, the approach was continued unperceived till within a few paces of him. He then discovered me, and ran very impertinently toward me, and looking me fully in the face, seemed to ask what I wanted. Keeping my ground, he made for a retreat, when the temptation to throw became too strong. The last I saw of him was just as the club was about to hit him, when he, by a way peculiarly his own, administered a perfume to my body not so agreeable as bergamot, but certainly preferable to the breath of a confirmed sot in the use of tobacco or alcoholic spirits. He also, at one and the same operation, administered eye-water to both eyes. It was for a few minutes powerful in effect, if not lasting in efficacy. In this respect, however, it was not behind most of the nostrums sold by less skillful quacks, and in one respect, at least, very much like many of them. I pocketed the joke and went home laughing about it. It was a lesson: had I made the best use of it and taken warning from it never again to be so much deceived by appearances, it might have saved me some trouble; but I thought more of Blair's maxim, that it was better to be imposed upon than to foster a suspicious disposition, and have let others impose on me by specious appearances very frequently since. I was not in quite as good humor about it as might be supposed from the face I put on, for I silently vowed vengeance on the next of the race I met with. The vow was faithfully redeemed about five years afterward, without being the least incommoded. By this time I was nineteen, and knew much better how to conduct an affair on the field of honor.

My faithful and industrious sister did much for us, as she did afterwards for her own family, by weaving. In the spring of 1804, she and my brother got married, the one to Sarah Arnold and the other to Joseph Garretson, whose autograph our readers have seen. The circumstances of our family were much changed by these movements. Infants instead of webs, and nursing exchanged for weaving. Change and contrast are both necessary to happiness, and novelty has most frequently a charm independent of the things changed.

On October 24th, 1804, my brother and I went out of the Friend's settlement to a corn-husking. As was common, the heap was divided. We were chosen on different sides. They had peach brandy, and handed it round freely. I thought that to be a man I must drink when men drank, and I got most comfortably drunk. The last of the husking I remembered was throwing corn in the husk. Total abstinence from all remembrance overtook me till they let me fall in carrying me to the house. Again I relapsed into total for-

getfulness till three o'clock, when I awoke with the chimney at the wrong end of the house, my brain turned topsy-turvy, and my feelings otherwise much worse than when I took the quack medicine above described. My brother had gone home; I followed him at daylight, and joined him at work. I expected surely the Friends would disown me, and was afraid to go to meeting or see an overseer for months. I marked the day in the Almanac, and determined never to be so beastly again, which resolution has not yet been broken.

About the same time, like other boys of that age, I wanted to be a man, or as near like one as possible, so I tried to chew tobacco. This made me most uncommonly sick. When I got over that spree, I determined to be a man without it, or not at all. To use neither spirits or tobacco is sometimes very uncomfortable, for a person cannot always keep clear of the breath and stench of those who are confirmed in the use of one or both. In such situations I have been nauseously sick and ready to say—

"O wad some power the gift gie us
To smell oursels as others smell us,
It wad from a' sic habits frae us,
And make us men.

I went to several teachers, the last of which was the present venerable citizen of Dayton, Aquilla M. Bolton. After going to school in all thirteen months and eighteen days, three months of which time was to him, I graduated, not by receiving parchment in form, but by again taking upon me my usual occupation of farming. While I was going to his school I walked near two miles, morning and evening, and chopped wood and fed cattle for my boarding. I often thought that if I only had the opportunities of some boys, how happy I would be. I would then check such a rising complaint by thinking that had I their chances, ten to one I would be just as idle as they.

Previous to this last quarter I signified to a teacher a wish to learn surveying. He loaned me the books, and I gathered up some of father's small instruments. We had a large crop in, but I knew I could find time. Surveying was all wrought out that summer, and, in the old fashion, written down. In my book I made this memorandum—"I have in the last three days calculated, plotted, and written down fourteen pages of Gibson's conveying, besides plowing ten acres of corn." I counted that good work. When I entered Bolton's school, I was either well versed in surveying, and its kindred mathematics, or else he said what he did not think, or thought what he did not know.

In my twenty-second year I took up school near Barnesville, where the bright blue eyes of one of my pupils, Sarah Patterson by name, (the same eyes that don't wear glasses now,) together with her rosy cheeks, seemed to monopolize in themselves all that was good, bright, or pretty in Euclid, Ferguson, Newton, Bacon, Martin, and a host of other authors that were dear to me. The purposes of my life seemed to be changed. Here let me drop a caution to the fair lasses, not to let their eyes shine too sparkingly around, for they know

not what harm they might do. How many good scholars in prospect they might spoil, and how much the course of life might be changed by them.

In removing to Fredericktown, before I was ten, somewhere near Merritstown, Fayette county, I saw a most beautiful valley of meadow. This impression made me determine in after life to live in Pennsylvania, and was the moving cause of my living in that state twelve years.

In 1824, I entered Shriver's brigade as engineer under the general government, in the examinations of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. J. Knight and I were the first two who commenced that work; and here it may be said I was again in the woods, and again a pioneer. Two campaigns were spent in those examinations, until the country, from the very head of the Youghagany to Pittsburgh, became familiar. Those examinations convinced me that a canal from Cumberland to the Youghagany never could be constructed, but a railroad throughout the middle section to supply its place could, an opinion I have yet seen no cause to change. At that time it was unpopular to mention railroads in any degree of connection with canals. General Simon Bernard was chief engineer of our department, a man truly distinguished for his industry, as he was for other excellent qualities.

In 1826, I became the assistant of C. W. Wever, esq., in the construction of the National road in Ohio, east of Zanesville. Here it was my fortune again to be a pioneer, for there were then no M'Adamized roads in the west, and none in the United States, except twelve miles of about half an experiment in Maryland. It was my business to superintend the gradation and McAdamizing for the United States till 1829, when I commenced the Maysville turnpike, which I superintended the whole six years of its construction. That road, together with the engineering of divers roads in Kentucky, and several diverging from this city, and some other roads in this state, will long remain as marks of seventeen years' labor, and will be looked upon as starting points, from which it may be seen whether the science of road-making has advanced or retrograded.

Ten fine children have in times past sat around my table. Other kinds of wealth I never was an adept at either collecting or keeping together. The lack of such a trait of character, I shall not regret until it is seen that money bestows merit, or that the value of the man is in direct proportion to the weight of his purse. Having seen some men do more good with one dollar than others with their thousands, the conclusion has been forced upon me, that riches are more frequently detriments than blessings. This is, however, not the fault of the property, but of those who possess it.

Thus, kind reader, you will see that we have, in this article, endeavored to connect the past with the present, not only by the direct line of survey, but by frequent offsets from the main line, as we proceeded. All we have said was thought either to belong to the history of the country, past or present, or to bear materially upon it, until the time we again assumed the task of pioneer in publication, by starting the first purely historical periodical that was ever attempted.

POST OFFICE FACILITIES.

Auditor's Office, P. O. Dep., July 13, 1843.

Dear Sir—Having in previous numbers collected most of the important facts forming the history of the post office establishment in the United States, previous to the adoption of the constitution, I shall proceed to show its condition during the first years of this government.

The Hon. Daniel Webster remarked, some years since, that the receipts in the several post offices might be generally relied on to prove the relative amount of business transacted in the different cities, towns, and villages, where offices were established. The remark struck me forcibly at the time, and is verified by undoubted facts. It may not prove true in all instances, for it is known, the receipts in many places are reduced by private enterprise and fraud; but in the main, few tests are more safe and certain. The general prosperity of the country is known by an increase in the funds of the department, and general derangement of industry is immediately felt in the loss of revenue. The comparison is not only valuable, between different offices at the same period, but at remote periods, and by comparing the present with the past, the unrivalled prosperity of the country is established and the changes in different places are made manifest.

The tables that follow may be uninteresting to many, who have kept pace with the increase of the post office revenue, and the extension of the mail routes; but a large proportion of our citizens, and particularly of our youths, have not turned their attention to the subject; and to them I hope the information may not be unacceptable. If, however, you find I am in error in this particular, and if you shall anticipate the loss of a subscriber by their publication, be pleased to suppress them.

The 1st article, 7th section of the constitution of the United States empowers congress "to establish post offices and post roads." A route was established, under the confederation, from Wiscasset, in what is now the state of Maine, to Savannah, in Georgia. This was the main route, and all the other routes were called cross routes.

An act of 22nd September, 1789, provided for the appointment of a postmaster-general, and continued the powers granted to him, to his assistant, clerk, and deputies; and the regulations of the post office department, as they were last under the resolutions and ordinances of the preceding congress, were continued until the (then) next session.

The following table will show the amount of postage collected in each office for one year, commencing on the 1st of October, 1789, and ending September 30th, 1790; and the amount collected in the same offices, commencing July 1st, 1841, and ending June 30th, ~~1841~~ 1842, which

is the present fiscal year, as established by law, for the post office department.

Amount of Postages received at the Several Post Offices on the Main Route, from Wiscasset to Savannah.

Post Offices.	*State.*	Postages for the year ending Sept. 30, 1790.	Postages for the year ending June 30, 1842.
Wiscasset	Maine.	$ 1 76	$ 1,282 11
Portland	"	171 15	11,605 97
Portsmouth	N. H.	416 87½	5,654 04
Newburyport	Mass.	231 58	4,584 66
Ipswich	"	23 00½	940 66
Salem	"	367 97	7,310 60
Boston	"	2,957 47	122,111 55
Worcester	"	11 47½	6,498 41
Springfield	"	74 17	6,170 97
Hartford	Conn.	271 42	18,855 47
Middletown	"	83 68	4,240 44
New Haven	"	211 81	13,558 58
Stratford	"	17 36	637 32
Fairfield	"	37 41½	533 94
Norwalk	"	17 61	1,909 19
Stamford	"	19 35	1,212 14
New York	N. Y.	4,840 05	393,908 67
Newark	N. J.	22 08	10,163 82
Elizabethtown	"	75 93	1,801 22
Brunswick, or New Brunswick	"	14 54	3,137 18
Bridgetown	"	5 00	839 48
Princeton	"	163 81	3,262 09
Ireton	"	136 94	discontin
Bristol	Penn.	17 04	1,162 76
Philadelphia	"	7,403 05½	191,579 35
Chester	"	23 97	957 84
Wilmington	Del.	180 07⅔	6,282 55
Elkton	Md.	44 45	1,288 40
Charlestown	"	19 12½	78 39
Havre de Grace	"	59 09	1,391 83
Harford, (discontinued 22nd May, 1833,)	"	28 11	
Baltimore	"	3,384 08	99,709 01
Bladensburg	"	93 04	533 59
Georgetown	D. C.	394 25	6,570 89
Alexandria	"	1,299 82	8,464 01
Colchester, (discontinued 7th October, 1815,)	Va.	30 00	
Dumfries	"	306 57	131 47
Fredericksburg	"	1,054 09	5,715 47
Bowling Green	"	25 32	411 29
Richmond	"	2,191 25	38,244 52
Petersburgh	"	1,509 86½	14,244 50
Cabin Point	"	41 50	209 61
Smithfield	"	48 69	621 63
Suffolk	"	137 72	901 99
Edenton	N. C.	258 37	1,485 11
Washington	"	103 83	2,093 74
Newburn	"	141 34	3,334 43
Wilmington	"	327 36½	7,157 12
Georgetown	S. C.	69 02	3,325 39
Charleston	"	953 46	54,506 96
Savannah	Geo.	291 39	24,608 19

Cross Routes.

Post Offices.	*State.*	Postages for the year ending Sept. 30, 1790.	Postages for the year ending June 30, 1842.
Providence	R. I.	$ 237 95	$ 23,281 64
Newport	"	227 49	5,562 13
Norwich	Conn.	115 71	4,842 90
New London	"	157 80	3,720 89
Lancaster	Penn.	74 00	5,686 71
Yorktown	"	41 91	3,073 80
Carlisle	"	111 85	4,186 40
Bedford	"	11 45	1,491 58
Chambersburg	"	33 98	3,346 75
Pittsburgh	"	110 99	37,102 40
Chestertown	Md.	208 94½	1,153 71
Chester Mills	"	65 73½	
Warwick	"	65 23	69 18
Easton	"	145 89	1,394 74
Duck Creek, or Smyrna	Del.	23 07	1,103 84
Georgetown Cross Roads	Md.	8 70	304 87
Williamsburgh	Va.	215 09	1,332 99
Hampton	"	38 33	513 38
Norfolk	"	1,059 02	15,417 69
Portsmouth	"	150 45	3,268 69
Annapolis	Md.	415 29	5,267 95
Shippensburg	Penn.	9 35	1,036 62
Hanover, C. H.	Va.	35 02	212 82
		$34,171 58	$1,218,600 23

Mr. Osgood, the first postmaster-general under the constitutional government, stated the amounts of the several post masters in office when the confederation ceased to exist, and asked the said (then) late postmasters whether the accounts against them respectively were correct. If the balance against any one was small, or if he had been a punctual pay-master, he was asked to continue in office.

In the above lists all the accounts do not commence at the beginning of the year, although they do generally; but in one instance, and only in one, does there appear to have been a change. At Elkton, Maryland, the account commenced in the name of John Murray, and closed in the name of John Sears.

Mr. Osgood, on the 5th of October, 1789, informed "the president of the United States" he had appointed Jonathan Burrall, one of the late commissioners for settling public accounts, his assistant, and he spoke of his merits in the following terms:—"His past services, as well as his abilities, entitle him, in my opinion, to a better place; and I hope in the new arrangement this office will be made better." The correspondence was principally carried on by Mr. Burrall. Mr. Osgood sent him to the south to examine into the character of the deputies, to re-appoint such as behaved well and would give good se-

curity to discharge faithfully the trust reposed in them, and to displace those who were not worthy of the trust, and to appoint others.

In this excursion, Mr. Burrall called at the post office at Elkton, in November, 1789, and left a letter for Mr. Murray respecting his accounts, and his continuance in office. On the 9th of January, 1790, he was again addressed and reminded he had not made his returns, nor settled his old account. This brought out his returns, which were acknowledged on the 24th of February following. It appears Mr. Murray had not paid an order which the department had drawn on him, and I will copy two sentences for the benefit of contractors, and the admonition of present postmasters who possess the like negligent habits:

"Your refusing payment of the order in favor of Mr. Van Horne, has been attended with considerable inconvenience. The revenue of the general post office is scarcely sufficient to pay the contractors for carrying the mail, and if the postmasters are not punctual in their payments the postmaster-general cannot fulfill his engagements. I hope you will take effectual measures for paying the balance speedily."

Mr. Murray, not wishing longer to retain the office, or fearing a removal, (probably from the close of Mr. Burrall's letter,) had stated that Mr. Sears would take charge of the office. Mr. Sears had also given the same information in his letter of the 15th of February, 1790.

It is evident, from Mr. Burrall's letter to Mr. Sears on the 25th of the same month, that *offices then*, and not *applicants*, went a begging. Mr. Burrall says, "I have received your letter of the 15th instant, informing me that you *will undertake* the office of postmaster at Elkton." Bonds, &c., were sent to him.

The power, if exercised, as it invariably was in the early history of this government, to remove a defaulter in paying over or disbursing the public money, is more effective and potent than the penalties of statutes. A comparison in the expense of transportation will follow in course.

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

G. Whitesey

MR. JAMES' LETTER.

Urbana, September 6, 1843.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, ESQ.,

I have looked over the first volume of the American Pioneer, and the numbers of the second as far as published, which you left for me in my absence; and I shall, with great pleasure, retain them as a subscriber. The volumes contain matter of special interest to me, and I shall find them useful. At the price of two dollars a year it is the cheapest magazine I have met with, and I hope you may succeed in maintaining its publication.

I propose two small corrections, which are proper for the present volume:—

1. The colonel Nathaniel Gist spoken of by Benjamin Sharp in his letter, vol. ii. p. 237, is not the person alluded to at page 59. The person there spoken of simply as "Gist," was Christopher Gist, who visited the Miami Indians in Ohio, during 1751, as agent of the Ohio Company, and was settled at Mill creek when Washington was sent by governor Dinwiddie with despatches to the French commandant on the Alleghany in 1753.

2. The origin of the name Sandusky, as given by Jacob I. Green, vol. i. p. 199, on the authority of the sons of the trader Sandusky, and which they concur in as correct, vol. ii. p. 325, is inaccurate. The Polish name Sowdowsky, from its similarity to the Indian name Sandusky, has doubtless become changed to the latter, but it is improbable of itself that the Indians first changed the sound of his name, and then applied it to the places thus designated. I have a note of a conversation with William Walker at Columbus, in 1835-6, at which time he was principal chief of the Wyandotts at Upper Sandusky, in which I asked the meaning of the word Sandusky. He said it meant "at the cold water," and should be sounded San-doos-tee. He said it "carried with it the force of a preposition." The Upper Cold Water and the Lower Cold Water, then, were descriptive Indian names, given long before the presence of the trader Sowdowsky. In the vocabulary of Wyandott words, given by John Johnston, esq., formerly Indian agent in Ohio, as printed in Archæologia Americana, vol. i. p. 295, the word water is given *Sa*, *un-dus-tee*, and in page 297 he gives the name of Sandusky river as *Sa*, *unduste*, or *water within water pools.*

Yours, respectfully,

John S. James

See page 326

"VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI."

Dr. Jno. W. Monette, who now resides in Washington, Adams county, Miss., is engaged in writing a great work on the discovery, settlement, and improvement of this great valley. We anticipate the appearance of this work with pleasure. The author sent us, for publication, an extended account, but which, for want of room, we are compelled for the present to lay aside, after giving a brief extract:

The work may be properly entitled "The Valley of the Mississippi," in three parts. 1st. *The Physical Geography.* 2nd. *The History of its Discovery.* 3rd. *The Political Geography.*

In speaking of the second part, the doctor says:—"It will be comprised in five books, as follows, viz:

Book 1st. The Early Explorations of the Spaniards in the Valley of the Mississippi, A. D. 1512 to 1819. 150 pages.

Book 2nd. France in the Valley of the Mississippi, 1635 to 1763. About 250 pages.

Book 3rd. Great Britain in the Valley of the Mississippi, A. D. 1758 to 1778. 130 pages.

Book 4th. Spain in the Valley of the Mississippi, A. D. 1763 to 1803. 90 pages.

Book 5th. The United States in the Valley of the Mississippi, A. D. 1756 to 1843. 500 pages."

Such is the arrangement of the historical part of the work which is in preparation, and for which the public will look with interest.

In reference to the American Pioneer, the doctor says:—"In prosecuting my work I have frequently found chasms in the chain of events connected with certain periods or transactions not easily supplied, without which the history must necessarily be imperfect. Again, certain points and transactions already detailed in history, may be illustrated or reconciled by the disclosure of some unimportant fact, or apparently irrelevent circumstance. In this way many things recorded in the Pioneer, although apparently unimportant in themselves, may have an important relative bearing upon other facts already recorded. In this way I have found much advantage in perusing the communications in the Pioneer, which I am pleased to find generally correct."

Every historian will feel the force of the above remarks, and every reflective reader see them to be true. In short, they cite one of the uses, but not the only use of such a work.

Are there not patriots enough to keep such a work in the press so comfortably that the editor can spend his whole time in rendering it interesting, useful, and sightly? This must be done, or the work will be abandoned. If it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and well it cannot be done without comfortable means. Nothing unreasonable is asked, and every true friend of this work will aid in setting it on a permanent basis.

MR. SHARP'S LETTER.

Warren county, Mo., July 14, 1843.

Mr. Williams—Long after Washington county, in the state of Virginia, had ceased to be the frontier (the whole of Russell county lying between her and the wilderness,) a party of Indians penetrated through the settlements of Russell county, and destroyed the family of captain Isaac Newland, (he being absent,) within six miles of Abingdon, on the north fork of Holstein river. These Indians were pursued by a party of men from around Abingdon, but having no experienced woodsman to conduct them, they were unsuccessful. Captain Newland was a thriving, active man, no doubt looking forward to long enjoyments in the bosom of a beloved family, and to preferment by his country; but in a fatal hour he found himself a lonely being, robbed of every thing he appeared to hold dear on earth! Grief, for a time, seemed to absorb all the powers of his mind and body; at last he settled down into a deep melancholy, regardless of every earthly object or occurrence. He ultimately sought comfort in religion, joined the Baptist society, and became a preacher. I never learned that he ever sought another connubial connection.

After a lapse of perhaps a year or eighteen months, this same party of Indians, as was supposed, again passed through the thinly settled parts of Russell county, and captured the wife of Mr. Henry Livingston, near Big Mockason gap, some thirty miles down the North-fork river below where they had done the former mischief; but before they could convey her beyond the settlements she made her escape from them and got home. We learned from her that the party consisted of eight Indians and a white man in Indian style, who called himself Benjamin. Mr. Livingston, for greater safety, then went to live with his brother, Mr. Peter Livingston, about ten miles higher up the river.

In the fall of 1793, I removed from Washington county to Powell's Valley, into a new frontier county, taken off Russell, called Lee, lying in the south-west corner of the state, where it terminates in a point between the states of Kentucky and Tennessee. If I am correct, early in the next summer this same party of Indians once more passed through the scattered settlements of Russell or Lee, to the residence of the Livingstons in Washington county. The two Livingstons had gone out into the field unarmed and unsuspicious of danger, when the Indians broke into the house and killed the Messrs. Livingstons' mother, an old woman, and a negro child, and took the two Mrs. Livingstons, all the children, a negro fellow and a negro

boy prisoners, and moved off with such other plunder as they fancied. As the children were running along before their mother, she made signs to them to take a path that turned off to a neighbor's house, and the Indians permitted them to run off unmolested, only retaining the two women and the negroes. Knowing that the Indians must pass either through Russell or Lee to gain the wilderness, expresses were instantly sent to both these counties. The court was in session when the express reached the court-house, and it immediately adjourned, and a party was organized upon the spot, under the command of captain Vincent Hobbs, to waylay a gap in Cumberland mountain called the Stone gap, through which it was supposed the Indians would most probably pass. On his arrival at the gap, Hobbs discovered that Indians had just passed through before him; he therefore pursued with eagerness, and soon discovered two Indians kindling a fire; these they instantly despatched, and finding some plunder with them which they knew must have been taken out of Livingston's house, they at once came to the conclusion that these two had been sent forward to hunt for provision, and that the others were yet behind with the prisoners.

The object of Hobbs now was to make a quick retreat, to cover his own sign, if possible, at the gap, before the Indians should discover it, and perhaps kill the prisoners and escape. Having gained this point, he chose a place of ambuscade; but not exactly liking his position, he left the men there, and, taking one with him by the name of Van Bibber, he went some little distance in the advance to try if he could find a place more suited to his purpose. As they stood looking round for such a place, they discovered the Indians coming on with the prisoners. They cautiously concealed themselves, and each singled out his man. Benje, having charge of the younger Mrs. Livingston, led the van, and the others followed in succession; but the Indian who had charge of the elder Mrs. Livingston was considerably behind, she not being able to march with the same light, elastic step of her sister. When the front came directly opposite to Hobbs and Van Bibber they both fired, Hobbs killing Benje and Van Bibber the next behind him. At the crack of the gun the other men rushed forward, but the Indians had escaped into a laurel thicket, taking with them a negro fellow. The Indian who had charge of the elder Mrs. Livingston tried his best to kill her, but he was so hurried that he missed his aim. Her arms were badly cut by defending her head from the blows of his tomahawk. The prisoners had scarcely time to recover from their surprise before the two Livingstons, who heard the guns and who were now in close pursuit with a party of men from Washington,

came rushing up and received their wives at the hand of Hobbs with a gust of joy. Four Indians were killed and five had escaped, and it appears they were separated into parties of three and two. The first had the negro fellow with them, and, by his account, they lodged that night in a cave, where he escaped from them and got home.

In the meantime a party of the hardy mountaineers of Russell collected and proceeded in haste to waylay a noted Indian crossing-place high up on the Kentucky river. When they got there they found some Indians had just passed. These they pursued, and soon overtook two, whom they killed. They immediately drew the same conclusion that Hobbs had done, and hastened back to the river for fear those behind should discover their sign. Shortly after they had stationed themselves the other three made their appearance; the men fired upon them, two fell and the other fled, but left a trail of blood behind him, which readily conducted his pursuers to where he had taken refuge, in a thick canebrake. It was thought imprudent to follow him any farther, as he might be concealed and kill some of them before they could discover him. Thus eight of the party were killed and the other perhaps mortally wounded.

The state of Virginia presented captain Hobbs with one of the finest rifles that could be manufactured, as a token of respect for his skill and bravery in conducting this pursuit and killing Benje. Thus ended our difficulties in that section of the country; no hostile Indians ever gave us any farther trouble.

I visited the elder Mrs. Livingston shortly after her return home, in order to learn the particulars, but she could give me but little satisfaction, observing that the whole appeared to her as though she had been in a dream; but her wounded arms gave striking evidence of the reality.

Yours, respectfully,

Benj. Sharp

EPITAPH FOR THE LOGAN MONUMENT.

Logan! to thy memory here,
White men do this tablet rear;
On its front we grave thy name—
In our hearts shall live thy fame.

While Niagara's thunders roar,
Or Erie's surges lash the shore :
While onward broad Ohio glides,
And seaward roll her Indian tides,
So long *their* memory, who did give
These floods their sounding names, shall live.

While time, in kindness, buries low
The gory axe and warrior's bow,
O, Justice ! faithful to thy trust,
Record the virtues of the just !

Jos. D. Cunning.

Our welcome contributor has again appeared, having been disabled by an accident. He has furnished other matter, a part of which is a drawing and description of the celebrated Dighton rock, but we regret to say, too late for this volume. Quere.—When will the Logan monument be built, if our citizens relapse into their late habits of speculation and extravagance, as means of doing so increase ? Will they not always feel too poor for any enterprise of the kind ?

MR. HINDE'S LETTER.

Mount Carmel, Ill., August 10, 1843.

John S. Williams, Esq.

Dear Sir—Your 8th number has been received. The Madison correspondence is correctly printed, except the "*tall*" colonel J. H. Daviess for the "late ;" and *Dr.* instead of *Mr.* John Madison. As to the first, *colonel J. H. Daviess* was not a *tall* man. While *east*, traveling in the car, one man left the back seat and sat beside me—for me to describe colonel Daviess as to *person*—his *gesticulation* being peculiar to himself. Such descriptions are now sought after with great avidity, and had it not been for the *upstart pretensions* of a "Historical society," which never did any thing, I should have published, many years ago, in a Kentucky paper, a descriptive view of the *prominent* leading men of Kentucky.

Of the *Old Court*, in 1802, all are gone, perhaps, but two lawyers, Mr. Clay and Mr. Pope, (judge Rowan recently deceased,) and *my poor self*, (the humble *deputy* clerk doing all the business,) are I believe the only survivors of the old Appelate court of Kentucky. This *retrospective* view produces very solemn thoughts! for we *three* will soon be gone also !

Colonel Daviess was a fine looking man, common size, square built, fair complexion and fair hair, fine features, and, as to peculiarities, like no body, but "Joe Daviess himself." *Jack Madison*, as he was called by all, claimed no *titles*. He succeeded his uncle, the governor, as auditor of public accounts. If he had been in my place in going east, and received the titles of doctor, judge, colonel, general, protestant bishop, then missionary bishop, he would have done as I did, "*repudiate*" them all, claiming only that of "*western pioneer!*" I only recollect one occasion that Jack ever claimed *Mr.* I was in company with him at the capitol, listening to an address of the Rev. Mr. Noel, on a funeral occasion, upon the death of captain Paschal Hickman, who fell at the River Raisin, with others. On leaving the capitol, walking *arm* in *arm*, as in "olden times," a little white-headed urchin ran up and called out, "Jack Madison, what are you doing with a *preacher?*" "Hear that!" and turning to the boy he used a rough word, "That should have been *Mr.* Madison in your mouth, sir," and we walked on.

God loved the pioneers!—near all of them embraced religion. How colonel Daniel Boon died, our friend J. M. Peck must tell us. His brother (and a wicked fellow he had been) and squire Boon got converted at the great *Caneridge* camp meeting. A neighbor of mine was present. *Governor Madison* died a triumphant Christian death; he wanted nothing but religion, and that God gave him in a dying hour. It was so with my friend Jack Madison on his dying bed: he asked and received salvation through our glorious Redeemer. I believe that James T. Martin, whose name you have, and Jack Madison, both escaped from death-bed's deep "gloom" to "glory." I had for many years remembered them at the throne of grace. The old president Madison was, I am informed, a *pious* and praying man, and I hope he is now in heaven. But I am wandering far away—excuse me, for retrospective views produce such thoughts.

Yours, respectfully,

Th. S. Hinde

To fill this small space, we just say, that much very interesting matter is crowded out that was intended for this number. We have crowded some out to get in Mr. James' letter for the correction of errors, which is a primary object with us. Since "Our Cabin" was in the engraver's hands, we have received three or four articles so much better than any thing we could write, that we have wished our article had never been written.

Cincinnati, September 23, 1843.

VOLUME SECOND CLOSED.

At the close of volume I, page 439, we made the following statement: "Many very interesting articles we have been obliged to defer to the second volume. Several new and able contributors will then appear who might reasonably have expected their contributions to appear in this. We can neither arrange nor notice articles agreeably to their merits, were it necessary; but we do intend in future to avoid dividing long and interesting articles, as far as possible. We had sometimes, very reluctantly, to do it to give the desired variety. Partly to enable us to carry out this resolution, but more to accommodate subscribers, many of whom for the first volume have paid the postage of thirty-two sheets, we intend to print on paper fifty per cent. larger. The pages, type, &c., will be the same size exactly, and issued in ten numbers: there will be given 480 pages, instead of 448, on twenty sheets of paper. Each number will contain forty-eight pages and be but two sheets—thus the subscriber will get thirty-two pages more of reading matter for two dollars, with but little more than half the postage. We think this is an alteration we are bound to make, not for our, but for their advantage."

Thus we discoursed at the end of the first volume, and so we promised in respect to the second, which has also come to its close, and is a standing witness that what is promised can, under ordinary circumstances, be performed. There is not an idea in the above declaration but has been most fully carried out. Several new and able contributors have appeared, until the engraved signatures amount to one hundred and twenty-three in this volume! We have made but one or two divisions or continuations of any article—we increased the size of our paper without detriment to its quality or the size of the page—we have given four hundred and eighty pages on twenty sheets—there has been no falling off in *any* respect, but an increase of interesting matter has been given, and much remains on hand. We know that subscribers have no reason to complain. We have ourself occupied but little room, but have much preferred to let the pioneer tell his own story in his own way. Our silence has been a matter of some complaint, but not justly; had we become a critic of narrative, or the champion of our own work, the intention of it would be destroyed. Some have wished to become better acquainted with the editor. In this we have indulged them by giving a pioneer sketch of "Our Cabin, or Life in the Woods," in which we have taken occasion to manifest our moral sentiments, as we have nothing to conceal in this way.

Volume III. will be similar to volume II. in every interesting respect. Whether there will be an increase of interest, must remain with contributors. Our list of these will receive an accession of new writers; the number of original autographs will be increased, and we solicit a continuance of the favors of those who have already aided us. The page, type, &c., will be, like the present volume, issued in ten monthly numbers of forty-eight pages each.

From a life of extreme activity the editor has entered into a sedentary one,

which, or some other cause, has impaired his health. He will, therefore, suspend his publication at least two months. His reasons are these:—1st. It is necessary that his patronage be increased. 2nd. It is necessary to dispose of back numbers of volumes I. and II. now on hand, to relieve him from embarrassments. 3rd. He must suspend his editorial duties on account of his health. 4th. He intends to keep the volumes within the years for which they are published, and this allows him, under the present necessary arrangement, a vacation of two months in each year.

Volume I. second (Cincinnati,) edition, worked on large paper, well bound in thin covers for mailing, at two dollars for one copy, or ten dollars for six copies. Volume II. also sent to order on the same terms, and volume III. sent as fast as published for two dollars in advance, for one copy, or ten dollars for six copies, or, which amounts to the same thing, five dollars will procure volumes I., II. and III., if sent in advance, or three of any of the volumes, either collateral or consecutive. Our present patrons are solicited to use their best efforts to increase our circulation. We think they can do it. The work is before them, and if every patron would procure another for us (and they could procure many were they to try in earnest,) they would not only put the work above the danger of a failure, but would enable the editor to add, at considerable expense, to the usefulness and ornament of the work; which, although not promised, has been, and still is intended, if the patronage of the work will justify it. So far it does not. Two volumes are sufficient to establish the practicability and utility of such a work, and at the same time to enable patrons to form a correct judgment of its merits; and, therefore, now to ask each and every one, not only to continue his patronage, but to solicit his neighbors and friends to become patrons, will not be deemed impertinent.

Yours,

Jno. S. Williams

Postscript.—After the matter for volume II. was made out, we received the following:

James Galloway

This signature should have succeeded that of Simon Kenton's, on page 167. Major James Galloway, having acted as penman for his father in that case, was the cause of the mistake in the Pioneer. The other signatures of James Galloway are correctly that of the son.

Just in time for this postscript, also, we have received intelligence from a source entitled to high credit, that the meaning of the word Che-le-co-the, is not "*town*," as is commonly supposed, and as expressed in volume I. page 205; but that it was the name of a fragment of the Shawanee tribe, that wherever they built a town it was called Che-le-co-the; and Pickaway was another fragment of the same tribe, and they called their towns Pickaway.

AMERICAN PIONEER.

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